FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XLVIII. NOVEMBER, 1853. No. CCLXXXVII.

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LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER, 1853,

CONTAINS,

MORALS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—FIRST PAPER.

THE NATURALIST IN DEVONSHIRE.

EMILY ORFORD.

CHAPTERS XXIV.—XXIX.

WHO IS SHE?

MODERN FRENCH MEMOIRS.

CARDINAL DUBOIS—THE ABBE GEORGEL—LOUIS XVIII.—MARQUIS DE MARCILLAC—MADAME DE BONCHAMP—COUNT JOSEPH DE PUISAYE—VICOMTE DE BARRAS—F. N. BABŒUF—MDLLE. COCHELET—G. J. OUVRARD.

UNCLE PETER.

SKETCHES OF THE COURTS OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

ROLLO.

ALEXANDER SMITH AND ALEXANDER POPE.

PIKE, SALMON, SILURUS, HERRING, AND COMPANY.

ESOX, OR PIKE—BELONE—SILURUS GLANIS—SALMONIDÆ—THE CLUPEAS—ALOSE—ANCHOVY.

A FEW WORDS FROM BELGIUM.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE *does not undertake to return papers that are sent to him for consideration.*

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

MORALS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[SECOND ARTICLE].

NOW, however, for the charges in detail. The first person alluded to is undoubtedly Leicester, or Lord Robert Dudley: as we shall first meet with him, and, as his case is altogether the most important, we are glad to begin with it. The character of this nobleman, as it has come down to us, is so objectionable, that the regard which Elizabeth is known to have felt for him has been of itself considered to be almost a presumption of the truth of the intrigue between them. From an early time those who most admired her felt a difficulty in accounting for it, and Camden is even driven to have recourse to a conjunction of the planets. But if Camden's judgment of Leicester's real character be anything near the truth, there is no occasion to look so far, and modern historians would find it difficult to recognise their own idea in the portrait which he has left us. Elizabeth had been the companion of the young Dudleys in her childhood; she had grown up with them at the court of her father, and in later years Lord Robert had been her companion in imprisonment in the Tower. She had thus been long and closely acquainted with him, and, in addition to the associations of early friendship, she knew him to possess many high qualities which would be valuable in a public servant. While he was the most accomplished gentleman in England, he was second only to Cecil in the strength of his understanding, and second neither to him nor to any one in his attachment to his mistress. No one really competent to form an independent opinion can question this, and he had as yet given no cause either to her or to the world to suppose that he had qualities of a less creditable kind. What he afterwards became it is less easy to ascertain, but it is not undesirable to notice a few of the more glaring misconceptions about him which are generally prevalent, and which are wholly without authentic support. His marriage with Amy Robsart, which is supposed to have been secret, was a public and splendid ceremonial, and is recorded in Edward the Sixth's diary as having taken place at Sion House before the Court. She lived ten years with him, and not an authentic syllable has transpired to show that the connexion was either unwelcome to her family or unhappy in itself. It is true that her death in 1560, before the circumstances of it were known, provoked injurious reports against Dudley, and Mr. Lever, an eminent Protestant clergyman, wrote earnestly to Cecil, telling him the rumours which were current, and begging that an inquiry might be made. The suspicion naturally arose from Dudley's favour with Elizabeth, which had tempted him, it was supposed, to remove the obstacle which lay in the way of his ambition; and this suspicion the reading and writing public, always disposed to believe the worst whenever it is possible, have been generally agreed to accept for an acknowledged fact obviously and certainly true. It still remained incredible, however, to some persons, that if Dudley was really at the time believed to have been guilty of such a crime, and if the suspicion had clung to him, he could have been allowed to remain on terms of confidential intimacy with Elizabeth; and recent discoveries have now justified their incredulity and placed his innocence beyond question. The Government had anticipated Mr. Lever's request. An inquest was held at Cumnor, which was purposely made as strict as possible; the jury were composed of substantial Oxfordshire country gentlemen, and amongst them personal enemies of Anthony Foster, at whose house Lady Dudley died; the result was a distinct declaration that the death was 'a very mis-

fortune.'* There was no unwillingness in the jury to find foul play, if there had been foul play to find, as may be seen in the report of the investigation; and Dudley, with an evident consciousness of the liability to suspicion to which his position exposed him, urged them by every means in his power to be as strict and as careful as possible. He had no reason to fear that inquiry would convict him, but he had every reason to fear the want of inquiry, which might leave him open to calumny.

It is remarkable that every one of the heaviest charges against Leicester breaks down in the same manner. There is not one which will bear investigating; both this story of the murder and all the rest are taken from a pamphlet, written by Parsons the Jesuit, called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, otherwise *Father Parsons' Green Coat*, which acquired an infamous notoriety as the most lying of all the lying publications of the day; and it is hard to know why, what was then infamous, should, by mere lapse of time, have become honourable and credible. A circumstantial reply to it was published by authority, and a volunteer answer, which is one long blaze of scorn and indignation, by Sir Philip Sidney. According to Sir Philip Sidney, who knew him long and intimately, the Earl of Leicester was a cavalier *sans reproche*, a noble and gallant gentleman, and we cannot tell why Sidney's word is not as good as that of Father Parsons. The latter we know could lie, and Sidney has always seemed to us a man who could not if he had tried. Lord North, writing to Burleigh on Leicester's death, speaks of him as having 'in his life advanced the glory of God, loyally served his sovereign, and lived and died with honour;' and regards his death 'as a great and general loss to the whole land.' What a mockery if he were the monster which he has been described! We have not the slightest hope of convincing the English public that a fact of which they are so indignantly certain, is no more than a mistake; we shall be satisfied if they will acknowledge that there is something to be said on the other side of the question, and will take some occasion hereafter (such of them as are disposed to write or publish anything on the subject) to read the account of Lord Leicester which they will find in the *Sidney Papers*. In the meantime what we now most desire is to discover the real footing on which he stood with Elizabeth; and with a view towards discovering what it was, to find out, as we easily can, in what light it was regarded by such a man as Sir William Cecil. If we find Sir William Cecil's conception of it probable, consistent in itself, and consistent with the accounts of other persons who had near and constant opportunities of observing, this will go far to satisfy us that Cecil saw it truly; at any rate it will be a substantial counterweight to what we may find afterwards brought forward to the contrary. And here our difficulty is rather with the abundance of our materials. Perhaps the following is the most explicit. It is a letter from Cecil to Christopher Mundt, political agent at Maximilian's Court:—

Negare haud possum quin is nobilis noster, de quo apud nos non mediocris extitit expectatio, nimirum Dominus Robertus tantâ existimatione est dignus ut merito possit esse Reginæ maritus. Verum hoc unicum illi fore impedimentum, quod natus sit subesse Reginæ; solumque eo nomine propter ortum suum impar esse videtur Reginæ ut sit maritus. Attamen propter virtutes, propter animi et corporis egregias et heroicas dotes, ita merito suo est charus Reginæ, ut ne fratrem germanum plus amare possit. Ex quo qui Reginam non ut par est sincere nôrunt, soleant sæpenumero conjicere eum futurum maritum. Ego vero video et intelligo, eam solummodo delectari illo, propter honestissimas suas et raras virtutes. Nihilque magis exerceri in illorum colloquio, quam quod cum virtute cohæreat ac a turpi amoris genere alienissimum est.

Nothing can be more distinct or more clear. The Queen was very fond of Lord Robert, his qualities, in the opinion of Cecil, fully deserving such fondness. She had thought of marrying him, but it was not for the interest of the State that she should do so, and she loved him as a very dear brother. It is at least pos-

* See *Romance of the Peerage*, vol. i. Appendix A.

sible that this may have been true: the question is, Was it true?

On the 4th of June, 1565, the Austrian ambassador in London, referring to the proposed treaty of marriage between Elizabeth and the Archduke, writes to Maximilian:—

Et cum totius hujus negotii maximus author et promotor sit et erit Illustrissimus Dominus Comes Leicestrensis Majestati vestræ Cæsareæ, et Archiduci Carolo ac toti domui Austriacæ affectionatissimus (sic) et deditissimus, et qui a serenissimâ Reginâ sincero et castissimo atque honestissimo amore tanquam frater germanus semper amatur, summo opere conducere meo judicio videretur, ut Majestas vestra Cæsarea, et serenissimus Archidux Carolus præfatum Illustrissimum Dominum Comitem, fraternis litteris salutarent et gratificarentur.

Here is the opinion of an ambassador on an important and delicate errand, who would naturally be jealous for the honour of his master, and least of all would dare to deceive him on a point so critical; who was evidently aware of the rumours which had gone abroad, yet who deliberately speaks of the Queen's feeling as 'the most chaste and honourable affection of a sister for a brother;' and of Leicester himself as having exerted himself in the highest degree to promote the marriage. This is in perfect keeping with what we quoted from Cecil.

Again: in the winter of 1564-5, Elizabeth, notwithstanding Mary Stuart's pertinacious refusal to withdraw her *present* claim to the English crown, had determined to acknowledge her for her successor if she would marry some English nobleman in whose loyalty she herself had confidence. Mary had affected to acquiesce, and Elizabeth fixed on Lord Robert Dudley as a proper person. Melville, then on a semi-official visit to the English Court, tells us in his memoirs that Elizabeth—

said she esteemed Dudley as her brother and her best friend, whom she would have herself married had she minded to have taken an husband; but, being determined to end her life in virginity, she wished that the Queen her sister might marry him as the meetest of all others. For being matched with him, it would best remove out of her mind all fears and suspicion. And that the Queen, my mistress, might have the higher esteem of him, I was required to stay till I should see him Earl of Leicester and Baron of Denbigh, which was done at Westminster with great solemnity.

Once more: in 1571, when it was proposed that Elizabeth should marry the Duke of Anjou, and Walsingham had gone to Paris to negotiate the treaty, he told the Queen Mother that—

in this matter her Majesty had made choice of two counsellors, the one the Earl of Leicester, whom she findeth well to allow of any marriage which her Majesty liketh, though otherwise wrongfully doubted, the other the Lord Burleigh. . . . To this she (Catherine) answered, that those two counsellors being of her Majesty's choice she could not but very well allow of; and, as to my Lord of Leicester, she had many ways good cause to judge him as a furtherer of the match. *Digges*, p. 69.

In a previous letter to Walsingham, Leicester had himself alluded to Catherine's doubts of Elizabeth's sincerity in desiring the marriage, and had added—

I do verily believe her Majesty's mind is other than it hath been, and more resolutely determined than at any time before. God's blessing upon her for us all, that we may live and see her bring forth of her own body such as may hereafter succeed as well in that happiness as in the enjoying of her kingdom.

We might multiply these extracts indefinitely, but there is no occasion for it. The general conception, as it was formed by competent persons, is sufficiently intelligible. Here is a nobleman, valuable as a minister, and attractive as a man. His Queen, under pressure to marry, and casting her eyes round her in her difficulty, allows them for a time to rest upon him. Satisfied that such a marriage would be of no advantage to the State she does not pursue it, but continues to regard him as a brother. He remains a valuable member of her Council, and appears taking an active interest in furthering more promising alliances, contented for himself to surrender whatever ambitious hopes he may have been led to entertain. This view of the matter has no internal difficulties that we know of, and is in keeping with the other history of the time and of his employments in it. He was engaged in the most arduous public service which has ever fallen to Eng-

lish Ministers. He was Chancellor of Oxford, and the first introducer there of the collegiate system; and wherever he is spoken of in the correspondence of the time by high dignitaries of Church or State, it is always with a respect proportioned to the character of the writer. The question which we have to ask ourselves is, Whether it was possible, notwithstanding all which we have said, that he was living through the whole of this period in culpable intimacy with the Queen. On the surface of it we should answer, impossible; but it is a matter of evidence, and Dr. Lingard shall prove it in his own words:—

> The woman who despises the safeguards must be content to forfeit the reputation of chastity. It was not long before her familiarity with Dudley provoked dishonourable reports. At first they gave her pain, but her feelings were soon blunted by passion; in the face of the whole court she assigned to her supposed paramour an apartment contiguous to her own bedchamber, and by this indecent act proved that she was become regardless of her character and callous to every sense of shame.—*Lingard*, viii. p. 406, fourth ed.

To this passage he attaches a note giving his authority—no less a person than a bishop and an ambassador—and he adds further particulars from the bishop's own despatches:—

> Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, in the beginning of 1561, informs the King, that, according to common belief, the Queen lived with Dudley; that in one of his audiences Elizabeth spoke to him respecting this report, and, in proof of its improbability, showed him the situation of her apartment and bedchamber. But in a short time she deprived herself of this plea; under the pretext that Dudley's apartment in a lower story of the palace was unwholesome, she removed him to another contiguous to her own chamber.

The story is repeated by Miss Strickland as a proof of Elizabeth's indelicacy, if it need not imply anything worse; and, as it stands, not without appearance of reason; although, indeed, few of us will be disposed to accept Dr. Lingard's first position, and admit that, because a woman despises impertinence, she is justly exposed to it. For the arrangements of the palace there may have been a thousand excellent reasons, with which it is impossible that we can be acquainted. What would any one of ourselves think of a foreigner presuming to draw conclusions on the morality of one of our own households from the disposition of the sleeping rooms? But in this case we are not thrown upon our charity for conjecture. Dr. Lingard did not carry the best of figures in his last charge, and we shall not find him faring any better with this.

The Bishop of Aquila, as Lingard perfectly well knew, was again and again detected in treasonable intrigues. He had protected a murderer in his house, and furnished him with the means of escape from justice, and was in notorious correspondence with the most disaffected persons in the country. In consequence of such continued 'abuse of his place and privilege,' Elizabeth was again and again obliged to apply for his recall, and Philip, not thinking proper to comply, and the misconduct of which she complained continuing, it was found necessary to confine him to his house, where he died. This much about him is to be found in all the common authorities, and is of itself sufficient to throw suspicion on any statements made by him which run counter to the general contemporary evidence. It so happens, however, that we possess a very curious piece of information with respect to the identical set of despatches out of which this bedroom story is taken, and we regret to be obliged to say that Lingard had seen the collection in which this information is to be found before making the latest additions to his History. In Wright's *Elizabeth*, vol. i. pp. 95-100, there is a long letter from Sir William Cecil to some unknown person (the address, we believe, has been torn off or destroyed), the whole of which will well repay the trouble of examining it, but from which we must content ourselves with the following extract:—

> Now I will touch the matter of the Ambassador's Secretary here unto you, who, as you write, is not born under the dominion of King Philip. The whole circumstance of that matter is very long, but yet I will write some part thereof. It seemeth that the Secretary hath some spark of conscience, and finding the Ambassador so fully bent to diminish the reputation of the Queen and this realm by multitude of practices and lies, con-

tinually sent over both into the Low Countries and Spain, and also to Rome and other places, could not longer contain, but gave some signification thereof. And because divers things written by the said Ambassador were known to be manifest slanders and lies of the Queen, the party was contented to have avowed the same to the Ambassador. But the matter could not be so used; for the Ambassador being partly told thereof, would in no wise have any recital made, but only required to have his Secretary being gone from him to return again, who, declaring himself to be in fear of his life, would not do so; but alleging himself to be no born subject of the King, nor otherwise bound to the Ambassador, he departed from hence to his own liberty; and at this day, as I hear, rather presseth the Ambassador to have his wages and certain sums of money which the Ambassador oweth him, than otherwise that he is demanded by the Ambassador to be restored to him.

The truth is, this Ambassador is a man very unmeet to nourish amity betwixt that King and the Queen, for his chief travel and labour is to disorder our estate by his Popish practices.

We do not wish in the least to appeal to Antipapal prejudices. Roman Catholic bishops may be and often are very honest men; but when a man's secretary first protests against being made to write 'manifest lies,' and, when his protest is not listened to, runs away in fear of his life that he may not be compelled to write them, it is really rather too much to expect that we are now to admit these very lies into court as good evidence, merely because the bishop found a less scrupulous amanuensis, or else wrote them himself with his own fingers.

It is possible that one of these despatches having come to light containing some scandal about the rooms, Elizabeth may in her disdainful way have desired that he should be shown over the palace; and that he revenged his disgrace with hammering a fresh weapon out of it. And it is possible that Lingard may have believed in Episcopal as well as papal infallibility; but as far as we are concerned, it seems as if there was nothing for us to do, but to dismiss the Bishop of Aquila, and call up the next witness.

Let us take James Melville, a great authority both with Lingard and all the scandal-mongers, although his assertions indeed fall infinitely short of what they require.

Melville, *se ipso teste*, came into England on purpose to deceive Elizabeth; he flattered and wormed his way into her confidence, and if he is to be believed, she was exceedingly kind to him. The reward he gave her was in keeping with his character, for he asserted as much as he dared against her, and he insinuated what he could not assert. He says that she showed him Dudley's picture in her bedroom; that she spoke of him with an affection, which to his unclean ears appeared ambiguous; that he could not think she was sincere in intending to surrender him to Mary. A more favourite story is the scene which he describes in Westminster Hall, and which he was detained to witness. We quoted him above, because his obvious ill-feeling gives weight to words, which he was certain to make as unfavourable as possible. . . . . Dudley, we remember, was created Earl of Leicester to qualify him for a marriage with Mary. It was 'done at Westminster with great solemnity, the Queen herself assisting to put on his ceremonial robe;' when he was on his knees before her, adds Melville, 'she could not restrain herself from smilingly tickling him, myself and the French ambassador standing by.' This once or twice repeated soon became, 'she tickled Leicester,' simply, and then perhaps when it got beyond books into conversation, 'she used to tickle Leicester,' and so on till it becomes a stereotyped part in the imagination of mankind. Conceive what might be made by a similar process out of an installation of a Knight of the Garter. We are unacquainted with the forms observed in creating Earls, but Elizabeth was never wanting to herself on such occasions, and we have no doubt that she did whatever was proper. In the meantime, how far Melville is likely to have been a truthful witness in this and the many other stories which he tells against her, these few facts may help us to form an opinion.

He acknowledges that at this very time he had a secret mission to bring Darnley into Scotland, when to Elizabeth he ridiculed the idea, and boasts of having outwitted her.

He assured her that Mary had no dealings with the Irish rebels, and in consequence sent word to Scotland that, 'In future my Lord Argyle must entertain O'Neal, the Queen not appearing to know thereof,' while Mary herself, he says, wrote at once to Elizabeth confirming what he had said . . . . and then he concludes, himself again the witness, against himself, with this most unparalleled piece of effrontery—

> These kind of writings (his own to the Scottish Court, and Mary's to Elizabeth) did seem to overthrow some intelligence which had been discovered. By this means my brother was suffered to remain in England, whereby the Queen's (of Scotland) friends so increased, that many whole shires were ready to rebel, and their captain named by the election of the nobility.

With a singular consent, the popular writers on these matters appear to have fastened on every most worthless authority. Another witness:—

In the autumn of 1560, a certain Arthur Gunther, groom to some noble lord or other, was pilloried, 'for scandalous talk touching the Queen and the Lord Robert Dudley,' one of his stories being, that 'the Queen had been at supper at the Lord Robert's house, and walking home with the link boys 'fell in talk with them, and said that she would make their lord the best that ever was of his name.' It is only just to Miss Strickland to say, that she treats this as it deserves.

In 1570, a man called Marsham was convicted of having said that, 'My Lord of Leicester had two children by the Queen, for the which he was condemned to lose both his ears.'

In 1572, Archbishop Parker, writing to Lord Burleigh, says that he had heard that some man—

> In his examination before the Mayor of Dover and Dr. Simmons, uttered most shameful words against the Queen's Majesty, namely, that the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Hatton should be such towards her, as the matter is so horrible, that they would not write down the words, but would have uttered them in speech to your lordship if ye had been at leisure.

About the same time was the conspiracy of Berney and Mather to murder Elizabeth and Burleigh. In the confession of the former before the Council (*Burleigh Papers*, Murdin, p. 194) we find that 'Mather upon the talk of the Queen's Majesty gave such vile words as are detestable to be told:' (pp. 203-4), that the same Mather said to him—

> What pity it were that so noble a man as the Duke of Norfolk should die now in so vile a woman's days, that desireth nothing but to feed her own lewd fantasy, and to cut off such of her nobility as were not perfumed, and place such as were for her turn, meaning you my Lord of Leicester and one Mr. Hatton, who as he said had more recourse unto her Majesty in her privy chamber than reason would suffer, with such other vile words as I am ashamed to speak.

After Berney's confession follows Mather's; pleading guilty to the slanders which he had spoken of the Queen, and begging her to pardon him for them, before his execution; laying his fault upon the Spanish Ambassador, who, he said, had repeatedly exhorted him to make away with Burleigh, and whom he speaks of as 'the seedman of my mischief, and chief cause of all my wrecks.'

It is in keeping with the general manner in which historians have treated this question, that Sir Harris Nicolas quotes the words of the slander from Berney's confession, and does not add Mather's acknowledgment that he had lied.

Lastly (for we need not again mention the Ferias) come our old friends Cardinal Allen and Dr. Saunders, Allen with his 'natural issue,' Saunders with his Anne Boleyn, *daughter* of Henry the Eighth, and both of them with their prayers to Elizabeth forming part of the English Liturgy, and then we have pretty nearly exhausted the producible witnesses.* The writer in the

* In 1586 a person appeared at Madrid, calling himself the son of Elizabeth and Leicester. The story which he told was unsupported, except by his own pretension, and was in itself incoherent and improbable. It suited Philip's purpose to show him some sort of countenance; but if his claim could have been plausibly maintained we may feel certain that some larger display would have been made with so important a personage.

Cabinet Cyclopædia quotes Osborne's *Memoirs*, and Gregorio Leti is also pressed into the service. But neither Osborne nor Leti professed to know more than that a great deal of scandal was floating about Europe; and that we know as well as they. They both wrote some century after the time to which the scandals belong, and neither of them offers so much as an opinion as to their truth. Osborne did not believe them, he did not disbelieve them. He was one of those men to whom belief in anything on earth or in heaven was alike impossible and indifferent; and Leti, a foreigner, in some instances we know was imposed upon with fictitious documents; while in support of the scandals he does not, as well as we recollect, so much as offer any evidence at all. We may therefore dismiss these, and review our list.

A countess whose 'naturel' was notorious, and who at least on one occasion made a public confession of lying.

An ambassador whose secretary ran away from him that he might not be forced to lie.

A Scotch courtier, who was on the whole proud of his success in lying.

A groom who was pilloried for lying.

An unknown rogue whose ears were cut off for lying.

Another whose words were so shocking, that the magistrates were ashamed to write them down.

Two murderers; and finally our cardinal and our doctor.

There are the witnesses. Would that we could say that Dr. Lingard was the only writer who has found them worthy of credit. For him there is some faint shadow of an excuse; theological antagonisms work wonders with human credulity. But that men, not members of the Roman Church, nor interested in the strife of the creeds, *gentlemen* and *English gentlemen* should have so polluted themselves, this would go beyond belief, if we were not too certain of it. It is very strange. Is there indeed, then, no more evidence? There may be possibly: Europe, as we have seen, was well supplied from the Spanish slander manufactory. Paper is long-lived, and there may be much more *of the kind;* but of the same kind, and of only that, there is not a fragment, not a hint, not a word, except what can be immediately connected with domestic traitors and assassins, or with the league of the foreign courts to crush the liberties of England. Shall we be told that only from them the truth in such a matter could be heard? There were thousands of Catholics in England, of rank and reputation; can nothing be found subscribed with an honourable English name? Pius V. was not the man to stop at trifles; yet the bull of excommunication is silent. And all those Puritans, Nonconformists, Anabaptists, Independents, they had reason enough of quarrel with Elizabeth. They were pilloried, exiled, imprisoned. In their moments of provocation did no syllable ever drop from them? Not one. Poor Stubbs, when his right wrist was cleft in two in Palace Yard, waved his hat over his head with his remaining hand, and cried, 'God save Queen Elizabeth!' thanking God that he had strength to say it. Under James the truth might have been told, and there were many ears wide open which would have been well pleased to listen to it. There was Hayward, he had no cause to love her. She had imprisoned him in the Tower, and left him there till she died; and when, nine years after, he undertook to write her history, there was an opportunity for him to retaliate. What does Hayward say of her?—

> Her virtues were such as might suffice to make an Æthiop beautiful, which, the more a man knows and understands, the more he shall admire and love. In life she was most innocent, in desires moderate, in purpose just; of spirit above credit and almost capacity of her sex; of divine wit, as well for quick conceit as speedy expedition; of eloquence, as sweet in the utterance, so ready and easy to come to the utterance. . . . . She was religious, magnanimous, merciful, and just; respective in the honour of others, and exceedingly tender in the touch of her own. She was lovely and loving—the two principal bands of duty and obedience.
>
> Excellent Queen! what do my words but wrong thy worth! what do I but gild gold!—HAYWARD'S *Annals.*

We will finish this aspect of the

matter with a letter, showing how a good man, who lived in the middle of all these things, felt about them. Lord Burleigh had not escaped slander. He, too, had been called 'the Queen's darling;' and the enduring pertinacity of the system at one time almost broke his spirit. One of the libels (from France, and written perhaps by one of the Seminary priests) fell into his hands, and he sent it to Archbishop Parker, who returned it with the following words, dated Sept. 11, 1573:—

SIR,—I return your lordship your book again. It is so outrageously penned, that malice made him blind. I judge it not worthy an answer. Some things were better put up in silence than much stirred in. Your conscience shall be your testimony to Almighty God. It is no new matter for such as take pains for the good government of the commonwealth to be reviled on. In my opinion these be very comfortable words which be uttered by our Saviour Christ, who shall be our Judge—Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all manner of evil of you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven. In these and like words I for myself repose my hearty quietness, beseeching Almighty God to comfort your mind in the blasts of these devilish scorpions. Your lordship's assured in Christ, MATT. CANT.

And now, happily, notwithstanding Sir Harris Nicolas's 'discoveries,' we are over the worst: we have done with murderers, traitors, exceptionable countesses, and priests 'made blind by malice,' and emerge into a less tainted atmosphere. Of the little band of statesmen who were chosen by Elizabeth in the first few years of her reign, the one who in recent years has been held in lightest esteem is Sir Christopher Hatton. His name has already appeared in the libels which we have quoted; but even persons who have not believed his relation to the Queen to have been of an immoral kind, have looked upon him merely as a favourite and courtier, distinguished for nothing except an elegant form and certain external accomplishments. It has been desired to depreciate Elizabeth by all available means; and, because Hatton was handsome and was accomplished, it served the purpose to assume that he was nothing else, and that these qualities were all-sufficient to command her affection. As it was with Leicester, so it has been with him; she was known to have liked them both, and therefore, before all things, it has been necessary to believe them unworthy of liking. We do not intend to fly from extreme to extreme; and, because Hatton has been robbed of his own feathers to re-decorate him from the plumage of his other great contemporaries; we will not say that he was as keen as Walsingham, as sagacious as Burleigh, &c. It was a remarkable time, and the greatest men in it were very great indeed. But to speak of him as nothing but a courtier is to speak ignorant nonsense. It is impossible to read his many despatches, or his speeches in Parliament, or generally to consider the position and the influence which he held in the country, without seeing that he was a genuine sound man, with a businesslike understanding and a generous heart. It is true that the lawyers complained when he who was not a lawyer was made Chancellor; but so they might now complain if Lord John Russell were made Chancellor; and yet it would be absurd to make that a reason for challenging the greatness of Lord John Russell's powers. In other respects (except in this matter of the Queen) Hatton was a man of unblemished character. He was the patron of distressed clergymen, and particularly of bishops who were in difficulties; of mild, gentle character, deserving, and apparently receiving, the good word of every one, except of the anti-national Catholics. Elizabeth, who had nicknames for all her ministers, used to call him her Mouton. Leicester was her Turk; Burleigh was her Spirit; Walsingham was her Moon. Hatton was her Mouton—an expressive title, and doubtless a characteristic one: the meaning of it is to be seen even now in his face, which is indeed, though very handsome, yet sweet and sheeplike; not without a touch of humour, but with gentleness predominating; the face of a very gentle, slightly humorous, goodlooking sheep. We have heard of the chemical affinities of opposites; and, as Elizabeth was at no time remarkable herself for sheeplike qualities,

it was possibly the presence of them in Hatton which attracted her to him. The sweetness of his nature had not impaired the soundness of his faculties; and there is no reason, therefore, why she should not have liked him, and every reason why she should. Of all men we ever heard or read of, he is about the last whom we should expect to meet with as the hero of a tale of scandal. He was rather, we should have thought, one of those very rare persons to whom even impure feelings would be unable to suggest themselves. However, as we do within our own experience find often human nature appearing in unexpected attitudes, the *à priori* improbability must not be allowed to pass for much.

In the case of Leicester, though we found scandal in abundance, we found no honest vouchers for it. In this of Hatton the witnesses (whatever it be to which they witness) are the supposed offenders themselves. In searching the State Paper Office for another purpose, Sir Harris Nicolas alighted by accident on some eight or ten letters, one from Sir Edward Dyer to Hatton, several from Hatton to the Queen, and two, or fragments of two, endorsed as written by the Queen, whether to Hatton or not is uncertain, but which will do as well as if they were, and which, in the words of the discoverer, 'will probably raise a strong doubt upon her Majesty's right to her favourite and well-known designation.' He has published them in his Memoirs of Hatton, and Lord Campbell has transcribed them (as we said) into the latest edition of his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' this being almost the only use which he has made (a little to our surprise) of Sir Harris Nicolas's otherwise valuable volume.

Whatever they prove, the letters are exceedingly curious; and as the subject is really critical, we shall insert the most important of them entire:—

Edward Dyer to Hatton, Oct. 9, 1572.

Sir,—After my departure from you, thinking upon your case as my dear friend, I thought good to lay before you mine opinion in writing somewhat more at large than at my last conference I did speak. And I do it of good will; for you need no counsel of mine I know right well; but one that standeth by shall see more in the game than one that is much more skilful, whose mind is too earnestly occupied. I will not recite the argument or put the case as it were, for it needeth not; but to go to the reasons such as they be:—First of all, you must consider with whom you have to deal, and what we be towards her; who though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman, yet may we not forget her place and the nature of it as our sovereign. Now if a man of secret cause known to himself, might in common reason challenge it, yet if the Queen mislike thereof, the world followeth the sway of her inclination; and never fall they in consideration of reason as between private persons they do. And if it be after that rate in causes that may be justified, then much more will it be so in causes not to be avouched—a thing to be had in regard; for it is not good for any man straitly to weigh a general disallowance of her doings.

That the Queen will mislike of such a course this is my reason, she will imagine that you go about to imprison her fancy and to warp her grace within your disposition—and that will breed despite and hatred towards you—and so you may be cast forth to the malice of every envious person, flatterer, and enemy of yours. Out of which you shall never recover yourself clearly, neither your friends so long as they show themselves your friends.

But if you will make a proof (*por verrano*, as the Spanish phrase is) to see how the Queen and he will yield to it and it prosper, go through with it; if not to change your course suddenly into another more agreeable to her Majesty, I can like indifferently of that; but then you must observe this, that it be upon a bye occasion, for else it were not convenient for divers reasons that you cannot but think upon.

But the best and soundest way in mine opinion is to put on another mind; to use your suite towards her Majesty in words, behaviour, and deeds; to acknowledge your duty declaring the reverence which in heart you bear, and never seem deeply to condemn her frailties, but rather joyfully to commend such things as should be in her, as though they were in her indeed—hating [†] my Lord of Ctm. in the Queen's understanding for affection's sake, and blaming him openly for seeking the Queen's Majesty's favour.

For though in the beginning when her Majesty sought you (after her good manner), she did bear with rugged dealing of yours, until she had what she

fancied, yet now after satiety and fulness it will rather hurt than help you. Whereas behaving yourself as I said before, your place shall keep you in worship, your presence in favour; your followers will stand to you; at the least you shall have no bold enemies, and you shall dwell in the ways to take all advantage wisely; and honestly to serve your turn at all times.

Marry thus much would I advise you to remember, that you use no words of disgrace or reproach towards him to any; that he being the less provoked may sleep thinking all safe while you do awake and attend your advantage.

Otherwise you shall as it were warden him and keep him in order; and he will make the Queen think that he beareth all for her sake, which will be a merit in her sight; and the pursuing of his revenge shall be just in all men's opinions, by what means soever he and his friends shall ever be able.

You may perchance be advised and encouraged to the other way by some kind of friends who will be glad to see whether the Queen will make an apple or a crab of you, which as they find, will deal accordingly with you—following if fortune be good; if not, leave and go to your enemy; for such kind of friends have no commodity by hanging in suspense, but set you a fire to do off or on. All is one to them; rather liking to have you in any extremity than in any good mean.

But beware not too late of such friends, and of such as make themselves glewe between them and you, whether it be of ignorance or practice. Well, not to trouble you any longer, it is very necessary for you to impart the effect of this with your best and most accounted friends, and most worthy to be so—for then you shall have their assistance every way—who being made privy of your fortune will and ought in honour to be partners of your fortune, which God grant to be of the best.

Your assured poor friend to command,

EDWARD DYER.

We shall throw all the letters together, and reserve what we have to say till we have the whole—or the whole which are important—before us. At present we only remark, that if the circumstances alluded to were of a questionable character, the effrontery of the English Court exceeded the worst we have heard of that of Catherine of Russia. Certainly no secrecy was observed, or thought in any way needful. Hatton had proposed to himself publicly to call the Queen and his rival to question; and Dyer himself recommends him to consult all his friends, making his own and her dishonour the subject of public conversation. But to go on with the letters. In consequence of what Dyer had advised, Hatton wrote thus to the Queen:—

MADAM,—In striving to withstand your violent course of evil opinion towards me, I might perhaps the more offend you, because the cause of my truth disagreeth with the rigour of your judgment; but the bitterness of my heart in humble complaints I trust you will hear for your goodness and your justice sake—may it therefore please you, my faults are said to be these, unthankfulness, covetousness, ambition.

To the first I speak the truth before God that I have most entirely loved your person and service, to the which I have without exception everlastingly vowed my whole life, liberty, and fortune. . . . . To the second, I have ever found your largess before my lack. . . . . God knoweth, I never sought nor wished more wealth, than to live worthily in your most sacred service, without mixture of any other opinion, purpose, or matter; I trust that in your holy heart this truth shall have its settled place. God for His mercy grant it may be so. . . . . To the third, God knoweth I never sought place but to serve you; though, indeed, to shield my poor self both nature and reason would have taught me to ask refuge at your strong and mighty hand. These late great causes that most displeased your nobles as of the Duke of N. and the Q. of S., the Acts of Parliament for religion, and other strange courses in those things taken, were all laid on my weak shoulders—under which when I shall fall, behold then the wretched man how he shall pass all pointed at. But to my purpose; if ever I inordinately sought either honour or riches, place, calling, or dignity, I pray God that Hell may swallow me. Believe not for your wisdom and worthiness the tale so evil told of your most faithful, be not led by the lewdness of others to lose your own that truly loveth you. . . . .

We do not trace the immediate effect of this appeal; but in the following spring we find Hatton seriously ill, and his mistress evidently relenting. Young Gilbert Talbot, son of the Earl of Shrewsbury—introduced for the first time to the great world—writes a letter

with the news of the day to his father, dated May 11, 1573, from which we extract what is necessary.

My Lord Treasurer ever after the old manner dealeth with matters of the State only, and beareth himself very uprightly. My Lord of Leicester is very much with her Majesty, and she showeth the same great good affection to him that she was wont. Of late he hath endeavoured to please her more than heretofore. . . . . My Lord of Oxford is lately grown into great credit—for the Queen's Majesty delighteth more in his personage and his daring and valiantness than any other—I think Sussex doth back him all he can. If it was not for his fickle head he would surely pass any of them shortly. Lady Burleigh (Oxford had married Burleigh's daughter) unwisely hath declared herself, as it were, jealous—which is come to the Queen's ears; whereat she has been not a little offended with her; but now she is reconciled again. At all these love matters my Lord Treasurer winketh; and will not meddle any way. Hatton is sick still; it is thought he will very hardly recover. The Queen goeth almost every day to see how he doth. Now is these devices, chiefly by Leicester as I suppose, and not without Burleigh's knowledge, how to make Mr. Edward Dyer as great as ever was Hatton—for now in this time of Hatton's sickness the time is convenient.—*Shrewsbury Papers in Lodge.*

A fortnight later Hatton had recovered sufficiently to move, and an Order of Council was made out, allowing him to go abroad for his health. On the 3rd of June he took leave of the Queen, and on the 5th he wrote to her the first of his 'Extraordinary Letters,' in answer to one of hers.

If I could express my feelings of your gracious letters I should utter unto you matter of strange effect. In reading them with my tears I blot them. In thinking of them I feel so great comfort that I find cause, as God knoweth, to thank you on my knees. Death had been much more my advantage than to win health and life by so loathsome a pilgrimage. The time of two days hath drawn me further from you than ten when I return can lead me towards you. Madam, I find the greatest lack that ever poor wretch sustained. No death, no, nor hell, nor any fear of death, shall ever win of me consent so far to wrong myself again as to be absent from you one day. God grant my return; I will perform my vow. I lack that I live by—the more I find this lack the further I go from you. Shame whippeth me forward—shame take them that counselled me to it. The life, as you well remember, is too long that loathsomely lasteth; a true saying, Madam, believe him that hath proved it. The great wisdom that I find in your letters, with your country counsels, is very notable, but the last word is worth the Bible—Truth—Truth—Truth; may it ever dwell in you—I will ever deserve it. My spirit and soul I feel agreeth with my body and life, that to serve you is a Heaven, but to lack you is more than hell's torment unto them. My heart is full of woe. Pardon, for God's sake, my tedious writing; it doth much diminish for the time my great griefs. I will wash away the faults of these letters with the drops from your poor *Lyddes* (another nickname it appears), and so enclose them. Would God I were with you but for an hour. My wits are overwrought with thoughts; I find myself amazed. Bear with me, my most dear, sweet lady. Passion overcometh me, I can write no more. Love me, for I love you. God, I beseech thee, witness the same on behalf of thy poor servant. Live for ever. Shall I utter this familiar term, farewell—yea, ten thousand thousand farewells. He speaketh that most dearly loveth you. Once again I crave pardon; and so bids your own poor Lids, farewell,

Your bondman, everlastingly tied.

There is a complete letter for a specimen. The rest are in the same style, following at various dates:—

The time is hallowed with me wherein I may, in this sort, exercise my devotion towards you. . . . Let it not be labour to read these few lines that proceed from me with so firm and holy a thought. This is the twelfth day since I saw the brightness of that sun. . . . Give me leave to remove myself out of this irksome shadow, so far as my imagination with these good means may lead me towards you, and let me thus salute you, *Live for ever, most excellent creature, and love some man to show yourself thankful for God's high labour in you.* I am too far off to hear your answer to this salutation; I know it would be full of virtue and wisdom, but I fear, for some part thereof, I would have but small thanks. Pardon me, I will leave these matters because I think you mislike them.

Still later,—

It might glad you, I speak without presumption, that you live so dearly loved, with all sincerity of heart I love yourself—I cannot lack you.

Then she appears to have sent

him a few lines, enclosed in a letter to her Chamberlain, Sir Thomas Heneage, whom she had sent abroad to take care of him. He answers—

The lining of Mr. Heneage's letter warmeth the heart's blood with joys above joys. Full sweet will such a life be that by so noble and sweet a creature is, with so glad and kind devotion, asked at the Almighty's hands (*she had been praying for him then*). God grant it you, not for myself I ask it, but that your everlasting bondman, with pure love and careful diligent faith, may everlastingly serve you.

There is a great deal more of the same sort. Love-letters are always long, and, to others than the parties interested, are often tedious. We will add but one more, for Sir Harris Nicolas draws particular attention to it. It was written long after, but in the old mood, for the smiles were vanishing again:—

April 3, 1594.

Would God I had deserved your former goodness, for God knoweth your good favour hath not been ever, or at any time, evil employed on me, your poor disconsolate wretch. I will leave all former protestations of merit or meaning; only I affirm in the presence of God, that I have followed and loved the footsteps of your most princely person, with all faith and sincerity; with a mind most single and free from all ambition, or any other private respects. And though towards God and kings men cannot be free of faults, yet, wilfully or wittingly, He knoweth that made me, I never offended your most sacred Majesty. My negligence towards God, and too high presumption towards your Majesty, have been sins worthily deserving more punishment than these. But, Madam, towards yourself leave not the causes of my presumption unremembered; and though you find them as unfit for me as unworthy of you, yet, in their nature, of a good mind they are not hatefully to be despised.

'If,' thinks Sir Harris Nicolas, 'the expressions in these letters are to receive their usual signification, it is difficult to disbelieve the reports which were then so generally prevalent.' He should rather have written 'which are now prevalent,' than 'which were prevalent then,'—the sort of persons among whom the reports to which he alludes prevailed *then* we have seen. But we will take his words to mean what he meant by them; and perhaps we shall be able to show that it is possible to receive these expressions even 'in their usual signification,' without being driven to a conclusion so unwelcome; unless what is the usual signification is to be determined for us by young ladies and gentlemen who have been reading Balzac and George Sand. Unwelcome, indeed, such a conclusion ought to be, however small, unhappily, the unwillingness to welcome to it in these modern sceptics of human virtue.

But before entering on what the letters really do mean, let us see what we shall be obliged to believe if we accept the Editor's interpretation.

Hatton, it is evident from Dyer's letter, had consulted him on a difficult and delicate question. He supposed himself to have received certain favours from Elizabeth, which had led him to fancy that he held a near and peculiar place in her regard, and he was mortified and miserable at finding himself supplanted by a rival. This much is perfectly clear.

Now, supposing these 'favours' to mean what are technically meant by the word in the language of profligate persons, Dyer himself, who bears the reputation of having been a remarkably noble-minded person, is reduced to the common level of infamous young men who share the secrets of each other's profligacy. No person of tolerable character could have been trusted with such a secret. This, however, is of little consequence; if Hatton was the Queen's paramour his friends are not likely to have been much better. Neither Hatton nor he, however, were absolutely insane. Secrets of this kind are dangerous. If they are spoken of at all, it is with hushed breath; and letters, if by accident or rashness they contain such things, pass from the eye of the reader into the fire. Elizabeth's temper, too, was critical, and she was known to be proud of her title of Virgin Queen, whether she deserved it or not; yet Dyer writes, and adds no caution to destroy what he writes; Hatton keeps his letter; and of all places in the world it is found in the State Paper Office. Not only this; but Hatton is to consult all his friends. We know

what young men are, and what such secrets are; they burn the lips till they are out. All London would have rung with it in two days. It must have been public, scandalous, notorious. Perhaps it was then—and if it was anything it certainly was. Burleigh looks through his fingers. One statesman openly backs one lover, another backs another; the backer being himself a discarded lover. Such a scene of profligacy was not to be found at Capreæ. At Capreæ, at least, there were no daily services, solemn court prayers, appeals on all occasions to God or the gods. No high priest that we hear of wrote to Macro or Sejanus, comforting him under the ill words which were spoken of him or of his master; calling them the blasts of devilish scorpions, and promising him a reward in Heaven. Let the English Church look to it. It was to this Queen of courtesans, and the infamous circle which pandered to her appetites, that in a human sense the English Church owes its present existence.* Scarcely, if Tiberius in a laboured oration had desired that on his marble urn might be written 'the unspotted Emperor,' would the Roman Senate have shouted applause. Scarcely could a Roman poet have been found who, standing in imagination beside his cradle, in the person of some inspired soothsayer, would have uttered over him such a prophecy as this:—

> Let me speak, Sir,
> For Heaven now bids me, and the words I utter
> Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
> This royal infant (Heaven still move about her!)
> Though in her cradle, yet now promises
> Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
> Which time shall bring to ripeness; she shall be
> (But few now living can behold that goodness)
> A pattern to all princes living with her,
> And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
> More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
> Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces
> That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
> With all the virtues that attend the good,
> Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her;
> Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
> * * * * *
> She shall be to the happiness of England
> An aged princess: many days shall see her,
> And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
> Would I had known no more—but she must die,
> She must: the saints must have her—yet a virgin,
> A most unspotted lily shall she pass
> To the ground. And all the world shall mourn her.

So Shakspeare's Cranmer prophesied what Shakspeare saw and knew; and words so strong as these are scarcely to be set aside on the ground of any supposed privilege of poets to lie.

Well, then, what do the letters mean? We can only say what they appear to us to mean. Whether our interpretation or that of Sir Harris Nicholas is the more probable, others, not we, must decide.

They are not the only writings of the time which have suffered in their interpreters. It is, unhappily, certain, that by some persons of vicious imagination, Shakspeare's sonnets also have been supposed to bear a meaning of a detestable kind. Unable to conceive that emotions of a passionate affection could possibly be felt by friend for friend, they have either thrown aside his 'extra-

* 'But the gracious providence of Almighty God hath, I trust, put these thorns of contradiction in our sides, lest that should steal upon the Church in a slumber, which now I doubt not but through His assistance, may be turned away from us; bending thereunto ourselves with constancy—constancy to labour to do all men good, constancy in prayer unto God for all men—her especially whose sacred power joined with incomparable goodness of nature, hath hitherto been God's most happy instrument—by Him miraculously kept for works of so miraculous preservation and safety unto others, that as, 'by the sword of God and of Gideon,' was sometime the cry of the people of Israel, so it might deservedly be at this day the joyful song of innumerable multitudes, and (which must be eternally confessed even with tears of thankfulness) the true inscription, style, or title of all churches as yet standing within this realm, 'By the goodness of Almighty God and His servant Elizabeth, we are.'—HOOKER. *Epistle Dedicatory to Whitgift, ad fin.*

ordinary language' as a poetical rhapsody, or else discovered in it impure allusions. And so in our own immediate time, the grief of the living poet for his lost friend has been called overstrained and unreal. It would not be real in ourselves, and, therefore, cannot be real at all. And, indeed, in this instance there is some form of excuse, for the emotions which breathe through *In Memoriam*, like that old 'wonderful love passing the love of women,' are now, unhappily, as rare as they are beautiful. But the age of Elizabeth was more fertile in generous feeling: Shakspeare's sonnets were then no more than the exquisite expressions of an affection which all understood and many experienced; and Hatton's letters, too, would then have needed no laborious exegesis; and, except to some Cardinal Allen or Count of Feria, would have worn no ambiguity of meaning.* Poor Hatton! he little dreamt when he sate writing those words in his room at Antwerp, to what uses they would by-and-by be turned. There is a fatal power in these symbols of thought; saying to every one pretty much what he desires them to say; revealing themselves just so far as the reader's heart qualifies him to understand.

Once upon a time—for it is almost like an old tale—there was a real thing called chivalry—not in poetry and romance, but in real practical life. Once upon a time there was such a thing as an intense and reverent devotion, most pure, and yet most passionate, of man for woman, which no breath of sensual thought ever so much as sullied. Such was Dante's love for Beatrice. Such was Petrarch's for Laura—however modern critics are perplexed and scandalized to learn that Dante was married happily elsewhere, and Laura was a wife and mother when Petrarch first looked upon her. The noble ladies of the feudal courts counted the knights by hundreds who were fighting far away in the Holy Land, or on other gallant enterprises, and who, next to God, had vowed fidelity to them. It was no jealous, no exclusive propriety which these knights desired. In Sir Philip Sidney's beautiful words, 'Love fellowship maintained friendship between rivals, and beauty taught the beholders chastity.' If there was rivalry, it was only which should offer the loftiest service; and if there was jealousy, it was but which should be acknowledged as having deserved the best. Chivalry, like everything else which is human, had its extravagant tendencies: on one side it became idolatry in the worship of the Virgin; on the other, it became at times ridiculous. But who does not see that with Don Quixote the extravagance is not in the feeling, which is nobleness itself, but in the object, which an extravagant fancy had idealized? The peerless Dulcinea was never more to him than his bright particular star in the ideal heavens, unattainable, unapproachable, except by reverence from far off, and reverent service. He has no personal claims on her beyond the claim to adore her incomparable beauty; and if he had heard, that instead of being shamefully enchanted, she had married the village schoolmaster, he would only have been certain that the schoolmaster was the Emperor of India in disguise, and Dulcinea would have been more ideal, more glorious than ever. It is not the feeling which is ridiculed, but the form which it assumed. Through a long cycle of human history, the character which we call chivalrous was everywhere recognised as noble, as excellent, as

* Lord Bacon would have even thought them admirable; at the close of his Tract, *In felicem Memoriam Reginæ Elizabethæ*, he writes, 'Quod si quis ex tristioribus leviora illa exaggeret quod coli, ambiri, quin et amoris nomine se celebrari et extolli sinebat atque volebat, eaque ultra sortem ætatis continuabat, hæc tamen si mollius accipias admiratione et ipsa carere non possunt, cum talia sint qualia in fabulosi narrationibus inveniantur de reginâ quâdam in insulis beatis ejusque aulâ atque institutis quæ amoris administrationem recipiat sed lasciviam prohibeat; sin severius habent et illa admirationem eamque vel maximam quod hujusmodi deliciæ non multum famæ nil prorsus majestati suæ officerent nec imperium relaxarent, nec impedimento notabili rebus et negotiis gerendis essent. . . . . Verum ut sermones nostros claudamus fuit certe ista princeps bona et morata; etiam talis videri voluit vitia oderat, et se bonis artibus clarescere cupiebat.'

the highest which human nature could attain. The best men had most of it; the rest in their degrees aimed at it, imitated it, affected it, counterfeited it; all acknowledging it.

The Elizabethan age lies at the close of the era; the world was passing through a transformation, no one could tell into what; and, as is invariably the case at such times, the forms, the language, the affectations of the expiring period, are forced into an artificial prominence. The beauty of the old is felt more and more as it is passing away: and men cling to it, and hold fast by it, and labour to persuade the spirit to remain with them by fond imitation of the shell. There were more tournaments under Elizabeth than under Cœur de Lion; and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* remains a perpetual instance how much that is noble, even heroic and sublime, may be imprisoned in the most unreal of forms. In many respects this book is a type of its time. There perhaps never was a period in the history of this country in which there was so noble a generation of men, so much self-sacrifice and devotedness. And there never was any queen or woman, with such high qualifications as those of Elizabeth, placed in circumstances to call out in so high a degree that real chivalry of the heart which we will hope never utterly dies at any time or place.

A young woman—for she was young when it all began; beautiful, too—for she was beautiful; standing alone against Europe, the perpetual mark of the assassin, yet never quailing; greatest ever in greatest danger; she, the one champion of what in England, at least, every best and greatest man believed to be the cause of God; what young, generous-hearted man could help devoting himself to her? Even in these dispassionate days there are hearts enough which would leap at such a call, and forget for a while their private love-makings and money-makings. And now let the affectations of the age have furnished all this feeling with a language, and we see the young English chivalry crowding round Elizabeth's throne, throwing at her feet themselves, their fortunes, and their lives; imploring with all manner of passionate extravagance—from the most singleminded devotedness to the most conceited euphuistic coxcombry—to be allowed to live for her and to die for her. In a few it was hollow, but with the many it was sound. They did what they said. These were the men who fought her battles, who did give their lives for her, and—what was perhaps less easy—gave their money; equipping armies, paying campaign expenses, furnishing fleets, fighting, cruising, intriguing; at her work, whatever her service required, and three times blessed when she paid them with a smile or a kind word. This, as we understand it, was the Court of Elizabeth, and here, if anywhere, is the clue to the mysterious letters. Let us try whether it will lead us through them. We will suppose the poor Mouton to have been one of these young enthusiasts, and one of the simplest and truest of them. He 'calls God to witness that he has everlastingly vowed his life, liberty, and fortune to his mistress's service;' and till we see better reason to distrust him, we must believe that he said what he meant. He was proud to serve her—proud as the Knight of La Mancha to serve his Dulcinea, and proud of the especial notice with which she distinguished his devotion. Let us suppose further—for Elizabeth was no ideal Queen of Fairyland, but a very flesh and blood woman, with as many great gifts and as many little weaknesses as were ever united in a single mortal body—let us suppose that she liked to have all those handsome young men about her: that a personal enjoyment of their devotion to herself mixed itself with her admiration of their loyalty (she was forty at the time when the letters were written, and it is an age when ladies set especial value on such attention); that she liked to see them round her, to receive their homage, and to chain them to her, one after the other, by particular favours. Nothing is more likely; but Mouton could not see it so, or could not bear it if he saw it. He had given her all he had: he had given her his heart and soul; and, after a little, it appeared to be but a child's toy to his unfaithful mistress,

to be trifled with for an hour, and thrown by for a newer amusement. And then he is heartbroken, dreams passionately of expostulating and reproaching, fashions fluent speeches of indignant despair, believes that the sun is gone out in heaven, and at last consults his friend, who tells him that after all it is no such great matter; let him be himself again, 'put on another mind,' and do his duty like a man and a faithful servant, and all would be well. That was what the Queen really valued, and that was the way to recover her truant affection. And Mouton takes the wise advice and does his duty: does it so well that in trying times he draws on himself the especial hatred of the disaffected and the traitors, narrowly escaping a plot laid to murder him, and he finds that this answers better than reproach, and that after all the Queen had never ceased to love what was truly to be loved in him. He falls ill; she goes to inquire for him every day, and though modern writers may sneer, her subjects loved her for it then. She sends him abroad, and sends her own chamberlain to take care of him; she writes to him kindly and affectionately, telling him among other things that she prayed for his recovery. Why should he not love such a woman? How could he help loving her? Why should he not write, as he did, of that prayer of hers—

> Full sweet will such a life be, that by so noble and sweet a creature is, with so great and kind devotion, asked at the Almighty's hands. God grant it you; not for myself I ask it; but that your everlasting bondman may, with pure heart and diligent faith, everlastingly serve you.

Not for himself. There was little thought for himself in poor Hatton, as common reflection ought to have convinced any one. What is the first use which he makes of his returning favour—but, at the risk of her displeasure, to urge on her the never-ceasing prayer of her Ministers, that she would marry. 'Live for ever,' he says, 'excellent creature, and love some man to show yourself thankful for God's high labour in you.' It is the echo of Shakspeare's entreaty to his friend:

> Dear my love, you know
> You had a father; let your son say so.

Elizabeth wrote many beautiful things in her life, but scarcely, perhaps, anything more beautiful than this. There is no particular reason to think it was written to Hatton, but it shows what in all such relations her real feelings were:—

> A question once was asked me thus: Must aught be denied a friend's request? Answer me, yea or nay. It was said, Nothing. And first it is best to scan what a friend is, which I think nothing else but friendship's harbour. Now it followeth what friendship is, which I deem to be one uniform consent between two minds, such as virtue links and naught but death can break. Therefore I think that the house that shrinketh from his foundation shall down for me; for friend leaves he to be that doth demand more than the giver's grant may with reason yield, and if so, then my friend no more—my foe. God send thee mend; and if needly thou must will, yet at the least no power be thine to achieve thy desire; for when minds differ and opinions swerve, there is scarce a friend in that company. But if my hap have fallen in so happy a soil as one such be found that wills but that beseems, and I be pleased with that he so allows, I bid myself farewell and then I am but his.

Sir Harris Nicolas allows that this letter does something towards doing away the injurious impressions which he had gathered from the rest. But even here he finds traces that 'the Queen sometimes repressed improper wishes'—Truly to the unclean all things are unclean;—but we will leave him now, noticing but one more of his comments, in which he outrivals even Cardinal Allen. Alluding to the last of Hatton's letters, 'It is remarkable,' he says, with little-minded significance, 'that though this letter is full of humility and contrition, and though he admits his too high presumptions towards her Majesty, yet he prays her to remember the causes, which were,' as he says, 'as unfit for him as unworthy of her.' He supposes that Hatton is reminding the Queen that she once had done a discreditable thing. It is very like the 'natural issue.' In one of the most ordinary of the Elizabethan antitheses, he tells us that her kindness to him had been as much above his merit as she had stooped below her dignity in showing it.

And now need we say any more?

Let us lay the two interpretations side by side, and choose fairly whichever offers the fewest difficulties. Shall we suppose Queen Elizabeth to have been an infamous woman, who, with a circle continually round her of those who alternately shared her favour, turned as she pleased from courtier to courtier, changing them as her appetite tired, as she might change the dishes at her table; that, in a manner too shocking to be conceived, all this went on without disguise or concealment, winked at by the statesmen, passed by with indifference by the clergy—a thing so notorious as never to be even mentioned in the enormous mass of correspondence, private and public, which remains to us; or, if the rumour of such a thing is mentioned, mentioned with a hypocritical affectation of horror, which is still more detestable? Shall we take this? It is what Cardinal Allen tells us was the real truth; and if we take it at all we must take the picture complete, for there is no feature of it which can be softened. Shall we take this? or shall we take the other, in which there is no shame at all—no shame, but rather beauty? Surely if we hesitate at all it will be because it is so hard, when we fancied that we had detected a disgrace, to find that it is but a new virtue. We can bear to retire upon a smaller fault, where before we had supposed a great one. But it is humiliating to our discernment to acknowledge so vast an error.

Well, then, we must make the fall a soft one. It is cruel to be obliged to think so very well of our fellow-creatures, and we must contrive to leave some loophole for a depreciating word. There is Bacon's alternative; we may consider such love toying beneath the dignity of serious times and persons. We may comfort ourselves, too, with recollecting that we have discovered genuine traces of weakness, vanity, and perhaps littleness. All this is something, and may serve in a measure to reconcile us. From our foreign ambassadors, too, we will not part without a word of palliation. It is true that they were all engaged in conspiracies to assassinate the Queen and revolutionize the kingdom; but we must remember that Elizabeth was excommunicated, and therefore the first was permitted, and the second had the promise of a blessing. And we must say seriously for them that they were strange to English manners, and may perhaps have been only mistaken, when at first we thought them wicked. Sir Philip Sidney describes the court 'as the marriage-place of love and virtue,' and the Queen as 'a Diana apparelled in the garments of Venus.' It is quite possible that they mistook the costume for the reality, and interpreted what they saw by their experience of Paris and Madrid.

So, therefore, let us leave them: with the stories which remain, stories in which the names appear of the Duke of Anjou, Simier, Raleigh, Essex, Oxford—we have no intention of proceeding. We have seen what the evidence has been for those which we have examined—for the rest there is really none. Their feeble title to be believed is presumptive probability from the truth of the first; and when these fare so badly at the trial, why should we tempt the patience or disgust the good feeling of our readers with any more of it? Rather let us drive it all out of our memory and forget that it has ever been.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO NEW SOUTH WALES IN 1853.

WE sighted the low line of coast about Sydney Heads, at ten A.M., took a pilot at three, and came to an anchor in Sydney Cove at six. We were agreeably surprised by the beauty of the harbour, of which, though we had heard a good deal, we had not heard enough. It is a winding inlet, about seven miles long from the Heads to the Cove, and varying from half a mile to two miles broad. It is diversified by islands and headlands innumerable, all covered with wood, though now unfortunately the wood is low scrub only, the tall forest trees having been almost all cut down. The shores rise into low hills, without any great boldness or beauty of outline, but still very pretty and picturesque, from being covered with villas and gardens, peeping in every direction through the 'bush.' The life and animation which is almost essential to beauty of landscape, are supplied by the numerous shipping with which every part of the harbour is studded. The town of Sydney does not appear to great advantage from the sea, the only remarkable building being the Government House, a rather fine baronial-looking edifice, though of a style (the Tudor Gothic, not very well carried out) which is not suited either to the age or to the country. It is beautifully situated in a large, well-wooded park, called the 'Domain;' the rooms are capital. The harbour is, I should think, unrivalled for commerce. Its peculiar excellence consists in the numberless coves and bays, the uniform depth of water, which enables the largest merchant ships to lie alongside the shore, the goodness of the anchorage, and the absence of all hidden dangers, except one reef, where a light-ship is moored. The number and movement of the shipping are wonderful; the day before we came in, eleven ships, with 700 people on board, arrived from Melbourne alone; and the departures are of course proportionate. We landed as soon as the vessel came to an anchor, bent on buying peaches, and taking a walk in the 'Domain,' all but a small part of which is open as a place of public recreation. As it was Sunday evening, too, we went to service in the first church we came to, a most queer looking building, which we were told was the first permanent Anglican church erected in the southern hemisphere, and which was comically enough, as we were told, called St. Phillip's, because Governor Phillip was in office at the time. We observed nothing very remarkable in our walk, except that there were two tame emus at the gate of the 'Domain,' which the soldiers at the guard-house were feeding with bread, and that all the people, especially the women, whom we met, seemed to be very smartly dressed. During the night we had our first taste of the Sydney mosquitoes, which we found to constitute a plague to new comers hardly to be described.

Next morning we landed again after breakfast, and went to the Botanical Gardens, with which we were delighted; they are justly the pride of Sydney. Almost every country and climate in the world has its vegetable representative there. There is the oak, the lime, and the pine, beside the banana, the mango, and the bamboo, all flourishing in nearly equal luxuriance. I never regretted so much before not being a botanist, and I thought how —— would give the best year of his life for an evening's walk here. However, even an ignoramus like myself could admire and enjoy the picturesque situation of the gardens, on the shores of one of the lovely inlets of the harbour, the taste with which they are laid out, and the extreme beauty and variety of the plants, trees, and flowers. I left —— on some benches close to the water, while I started to look for lodgings. It would be endless to recount the adventures and disappointments of that search, which lasted two whole days; I visited, I should think, fifty houses, including the chief hotels, and was rejected everywhere. At one place where I thought I should be successful, the negotiation was peremptorily closed when the landlady heard I had children; at another, the landlord, a cross little

man, who asked me six guineas a week for two small rooms and the use (along with the other lodgers) of a parlour, finally repulsed me by announcing that his servants could not cook for us, although we might have the use of his kitchen to cook in for ourselves. At most places, however, the answer was prompt and decisive—'We have no room,' till I really began to think I should have to beg or borrow a couple of tents, and get leave to pitch them in the 'Domain.' In the end, however, I fared better than I could possibly have expected; for, having gone into a shop to buy a hat, and mentioning by chance my forlorn situation to the hatter, he said perhaps he could manage to accommodate us; so I took him at his word, and carried him off to get his wife's consent, and see the house. To make a long story short, we got a good large sitting-room and two bedrooms for the comparatively small sum of 4*l.* a week. This was on the third day of our travels in search of a lodging, and during the whole time I had done hardly anything but search. My belief at the time was, that I had got precisely the last decent lodgings which were to be had in Sydney, and that the next comers must sleep in the streets. As soon as we got into them I proceeded to deliver the letters of introduction I was armed with, and we soon found ourselves embarked in a 'vortex of dissipation,' receiving and returning visits, dining out, and driving. I was made, too, an honorary member of the Australian Club, a very comfortable and gentlemanlike establishment, with some seventy or eighty members. Nothing could exceed the kindness and cordiality with which we were received everywhere.

Our first drive was to the 'South Head,' where the lighthouse stands, about nine miles from Sydney, along the shore of the harbour. It is a beautiful drive, on a pretty good road, up and down hills, and presenting various most lovely views of the sea, the shipping, the town, and the wooded hills skirting the harbour. The road is lined with the grounds of villas, which are generally built close to the water; every now and then you pass through a bit of the original forest, which is as unlike as possible both to that of New Zealand and that of Europe. It has neither the dense foliage, luxuriant creepers, and impenetrable underwood of the former, nor the green glades, alternating with cover, of the latter. The Australian woods, composed chiefly of different species of the eucalyptus, or gum-tree, are sparse, scanty, and altogether destitute of shrubs and parasites. The gum-tree's leaves are hung perpendicularly, not horizontally, so as to present the sharp edge to the sun, and the consequence is, that the shadow even of the thickest of the trees is hardly perceptible. They stand, too, so far apart, that it is easy to ride, and even to drive, amongst them in every direction. Another peculiarity is, that every summer they cast their bark, which falls off in strips, leaving the wood bare and white, till the young bark forms and covers it again. I understand that on the alluvial flats, trees arrive at a great size; but they never equal those of New Zealand or Van Diemen's Land; indeed, if the stories I have heard, from apparently good authority, be true, no country in the world can in this respect be compared to Tasmania. One tree was described, in a paper read before a literary society in Hobart Town, as forty-two feet in diameter three feet from the ground! and one hundred and eighty feet to the lowest branch. No wood anywhere, I believe, equals in hardness some of the Australian timber, especially what is called the 'iron bark,' upon which, when seasoned, the sharpest axe makes no more impression than on marble. Some of it has lately been exported to England, with the idea that it may be used in ship-building. It is too heavy for the beams, ribs, or planks, but it would probably be suitable for keels, the main pieces of rudders, &c., where great strength and hardness are required. The best native wood used at Sydney is what they call 'cedar.' It is very handsome, resembling mahogany. The only pine I saw (except a few Norfolk Island pines) was the 'Moreton Bay,' the wood of which is brittle, so that New Zealand timber, being softer, less liable to shrink, and easier to work than the gums, is in

great request throughout Australia. I will just mention here an extraordinary instance of rapid vegetation which came under my own knowledge when I was last at Wellington, in New Zealand. I saw in the garden of a friend, in whose house I was living, a Van Diemen's Land gum-tree, which he assured me was exactly six years old, and which, on being measured, was found to be rather more than sixty feet high. It was sufficiently large in the trunk to have made four posts in an ordinary rail-fence, and what made it more remarkable was, that the wood was of a very hard kind. We were much struck with the beauty of the vegetation in the little gardens with which a large proportion of the houses in Sydney are furnished. Among the trees, the most remarkable are the Norfolk Island pine (tapering upwards like a sugar-loaf, with wonderful regularity of outline, and feathered with fan-like foliage to the ground) and the weeping willow, the idea of which we are accustomed at home to connect exclusively with the neighbourhood of water, but which flourishes all over the arid, rocky, and sandy hills in and round Sydney with a luxuriance and vigour which I never saw elsewhere. Of the shrubs, I admired most the bananas, pomegranates, acacias, vines, and, above all, oleanders, which were in full flower when we were in Sydney, and, with their bright pink blossoms, made the most dusty streets look gay.

There are not many pretty drives about Sydney, the neighbourhood consisting chiefly of low, sandy, barren hills, which require a great deal of care and cultivation to make them productive. For miles along the western and southern roads you see nothing but paddocks, fenced in and laid out in foreign grasses for the use of the stock sent down to the Sydney markets. But except market gardens, for which the sandy soil seems not ill adapted where water is to be had, there is no cultivation near Sydney.

It was rather lucky that there was not much to tempt us to drive into the country, for we found the hire of the hackney coaches (cabs they call them) ruinously expensive. The first day we were to dine at Government House, I sent my servant to call one off the stand, and when he brought it he told me the man asked 15*s.* for taking us there (not back), a distance of about a quarter of a mile. On my informing him I should not pay so much, he very coolly drove away, leaving us, at the last moment, to walk. The fact is, these cabmen dislike having anything to do with gentlemen and ladies; they prefer diggers, who will give one of them a 5*l.* note and tell him to drive till it is worked out.

I think the thing that struck me most on going into society was the depreciating, complaining tone in which people in general talked of the colony. Every one seemed longing to leave it; and most of those whom I met expected to do so, after a longer or shorter ordeal of money-making martyrdom. This tone impressed me particularly by its contrast with that which prevails in New Zealand, where you meet with comparatively few people who don't stand up for their adopted country, and look forward cheerfully to living and dying there. No doubt the discontented spirit which is so apparent among the Australian gentry is in a great measure attributable to the effect of the gold-diggings, which have grievously interfered, if not with their pecuniary interests, yet with their comforts, luxuries, and still more with their importance and relative position. It is difficult, by quoting statistical figures, to convey an idea of the extent and consequences of the social revolution which this wonderful discovery has brought about. It is not merely, or chiefly, that wages have risen from seventy-five to one hundred per cent.; but that, in fact, speaking generally, the masters and servants have changed places; the former are dependent on the latter, must humour them, bear with them, get them to do as much as they will, and be thankful as for a favour. The labouring classes have become, too, not only independent, but thoroughly restless. Few servants will stay in one place more than a month or two, not, perhaps, because they are dissatisfied, or because they expect a better, but for the sake of a change. They know they can get another place

directly. No one thinks now of asking or giving a *character*. You are only too glad to get a 'distressed needlewoman,' or an 'Irish orphan,' or even an 'old lag' from Tasmania. Society, so far as it is connected with entertainments, is, in consequence of all this, comparatively speaking, at an end in Sydney. People have not servants to entertain with. I was surprised to see so few smart equipages in Sydney, having heard a good deal of the wealth and habits of display of the people. But I was told the reason of this was, that you can get no one to drive your carriage, or, if you do, the chances are he is such a man as you would not like to trust your horses or your neck to. The rate of wages for the upper class of servants did not seem to me so exorbitantly high as I expected. A servant of mine got a place as in-door servant, at 45*l.* a year; and I think no one gives more than 50*l.* A good cook, if such were to be had, could get very high wages: a bad one gets 60*l.* a year. Women servants are hired generally by the week. An ignorant Irish girl, who waited in our lodging, got 10*s.* a-week and her washing, and grumbled at it, though she had only 6*l.* a-year, she admitted, in Dublin. The labourers on the streets got 7*s.* a-day. Shepherds generally from 35*l.* to 40*l.* a-year, though I know particular instances where they have gone for less. Mechanics are very difficult to get. I found it almost impossible to find a carpenter to fit up our cabins in the ship we were going home in; one man put up a couple of shelves for me, very badly (a job which a good carpenter would have done in two hours), and charged me for his time and nails 15*s.* The next day he could not, or would not, come at all. The effects of the want of labour are visible everywhere. Notwithstanding the immense demand for house-room, and the consequent high rate of house-rent, there is hardly any building going on at Sydney or in the neighbourhood. The chief exceptions to this are the banks, which, regardless of expense, are building magnificent houses and offices for their business of the stone of the country. Sydney is built on a quarry of excellent stone; and the predominance of that material in the houses strikes a stranger very much, especially one who comes, as we did, from a country where nothing but wood is used. The only chance people have of getting a stationary servant or labourer is, by meeting with one of steady habits, who *has tried the diggings*. Many such, having gratified their curiosity or love for speculation, and met with ill-luck, return to their old callings, and stick to them. Various attempts have been made to meet the demand for labour, both by promoting European immigration, and by importing Chinese and half-castes from India; these last are affectedly called 'Eurasians' (*quasi* Europe Asians) in Australia. Perhaps between four and five thousand of these foreigners have been introduced into New South Wales. It is rather difficult to say how far the result may be considered favourable, you hear so many conflicting accounts, according to the experience of each individual. But on the whole, I am inclined to think they do well up the country as shepherds, but not well in or near the towns, where they meet with many of their countrymen, who make them discontented, and entice them to break their indentures. The plan adopted in importing them, I was informed, is this—the master of the ship makes them sign, in China or India, an indenture, binding them to work at specified wages, generally 10*s.* a month and their food, for any employer whom he may procure; the term of service is generally five years. When he arrives at Sydney or Moreton Bay, he sells the services of these labourers, either to those who have bespoken them at a fixed price, which is the usual way, or to any one who will take them, and at the best price he can get. It is generally 14*l.*, I believe. Though this modified slave-trade is economically advantageous, no doubt, and constitutes a valuable check on the white labourers, it involves unquestionable evils in a social and moral point of view, which, if the system should require any great extension, would more than counterbalance its advantages. The introduction of a large population, exclusively male, alien in blood, religion, and language,

and incapable of amalgamating with the English, would sow the seeds of all manner of troubles in the future. In California, which is only three weeks' sail from China, and where 30,000 or 40,000 Chinese are already established, the Americans are getting very naturally a good deal alarmed about the matter. The Legislative Council of New South Wales, who are all 'masters,' have passed a very stringent 'Masters and Servants Act;' some of its provisions quite recall the old laws of the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, which attempted, by regulating wages, by punishing vagrancy, and by other similar means, to keep down the rising independence of the labourer. One clause, for example (I was told, but I did not see the act), forbids under penalties hiring a servant without his producing his discharge from his last place. In the late act regulating the diggings and the miners, an analogous provision empowers the Commissioners to refuse a licence to any man whom they suspect to be a runaway servant until he prove the contrary. These provisions are of course practically evaded, so as to be a dead letter. Again, in an act which has just been passed with the view of facilitating the recovery of passage-money advanced to immigrants by the Emigration Commissioners out of the public funds, there is a provision for getting the passage-money paid by employers, to whom the immigrants are, under certain circumstances, to be hired out against their will. The whole tendency of the Council's legislation, in short, shows the remarkable extent to which the aristocratic or employers' interest predominates in that assembly. Female servants are more difficult to be procured than male, they get married so quickly. Many stories are told of girls standing at their masters' doors being accosted by strange men, who have told them they were diggers come down to look for wives, and requested these young ladies to accommodate them. I happened to hear of one such case particularly, which I knew to be authentic, where the offer was made and accepted precisely in that way, and the wedding celebrated with the splendour usual on such occasions, ten days afterwards. The girl was an 'Irish orphan,' and her lover could not find dresses expensive enough for her in Bathurst, where the match was made. The shopman had (literally) to *put on* some twenty per cent. to the price before he would take the articles. However, Sydney is considered well off as regards labour when compared with Melbourne. Anecdotes without end are current about the anomalous state of things there. A friend of ours, who had just returned from Melbourne, told us that when he was leaving the hotel, he asked a Melbourne gentleman what he ought to give the servants. 'Why, I hardly know,' was the reply; 'I should think their notions were rather grand, for I know the boots estimates his income at 1600*l.* a year.' Another gentleman, who had been in the colony before, returned from England lately. At the hotel he asked in the middle of the day to have his boots cleaned. The man stared. 'Why, you've had 'em cleaned once to-day already, and we think here that's enough. However, you was a good sort of a chum when you was here before, so I'll give them a dusting over for you this time.' With all this independence and scarceness of manual labourers, there is, both at Sydney and Melbourne, a large class so redundant as to be actually distressed. I mean the class of immigrants who, with the education and habits, either of gentlemen or of middle society, such as clerks and tradesmen, have no capital. They cannot dig, and they are ashamed to hire themselves as shepherds, waiters, &c., until in a state of positive destitution. One of the banks having advertised the other day for a clerk, is said to have received *ninety* applications the next day. The same friend whom I quoted before told me he saw at Melbourne three young gentlemen, all of them (I think) barristers and graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, who were earning their bread by getting water up from the Yarra in a hand-cart, and retailing it among the huts and tents which have sprung up in the suburbs. Many barristers, physicians, and educated men of various callings are working on the roads of Victoria, where they

get 10*s.* a day. Others have been formed into a select police corps, called the 'gentlemen cadets,' who are said to cost the Government in pay, equipments, horses, &c., 500*l.* a year each. The Melbourne Government, however, can well afford even such extravagant salaries as this; it hardly knows what to do with its revenue. It has voted 317,000*l.* for the police; 29,000*l.* towards the commencement of a university; 50,000*l.* for schools; 36,000*l.* for payment of clergy, and immense salaries to all its officers. Still it has a huge balance at the bank. The revenue for the last quarter of 1852 was 600,000*l.*, and that of the first quarter of the current year upwards of 800,000*l.*; and this with a population still under 200,000, and a taxation so light as to be almost nominal. Their production of gold and wool only, that is, of exportable commodities, was estimated, last year, at 16,000,000*l.*, or at the rate of more than 100*l.* a year for every man, woman, and child then in the colony.

I find I have wandered a good way from my subject, which was the inconvenience felt by the upper classes at Sydney from the scarcity of labour. Another thing which annoys them is the abundance of money. This requires explanation. Most of the 'upper classes' have had a large share in the general prosperity. The banks have realized untold profits. All the merchants have done well; some have made large fortunes in the last two years. Even the stockowners, though of course they have had the hardest battle to fight, are probably better off than ever, the increase in the price of wool and of meat having more than compensated for the increased cost of production. The only people who have suffered are those who live on fixed incomes, and perhaps some professional people, especially clergymen. Still, notwithstanding all this, the present effect of the abundance of money on those who were well off before is not pleasant. They are no longer the rich *par excellence;* they are jostled at every turn, often outbid and outshone by those who had been their inferiors, perhaps their servants. The wife of one of the highest functionaries of the Government was in a shop looking for a dress. One was shown to her, but on being told the price, she said it was too dear. A common labourer who was standing by told the shopman to 'let her have it; he would pay for it.' A captain of a vessel looking among the sailors' haunts for men, addressed one, evidently a common seaman, and asked him if he would ship. 'What is the size of your vessel?' said the man, consideringly. 'There she lies,' said the captain; 'she's a barque of 400 tons.' 'Just the vessel I want,' said the other, pulling out an immense roll of notes, 'if you'll sell her, I'll buy her, and ship *you*.' Now, all this sort of thing is very galling to one's aristocratical pride, quite independently of the positive discomfort. The gentleman, though he may be positively richer, is relatively poorer. He can afford perhaps to pay fifty per cent. for what he buys, and does not mind it; but he finds it very difficult to console himself for being thrown into the shade as regards outlay and display by men whom he would not in old times have allowed to wait at his table.

In many ways the increased abundance of money interferes with the existing arrangements of society, which have not yet become adapted to it. For instance, the whole scale of fines or pecuniary penalties imposed by law ought to be altered—*i. e.*, raised. Men care nothing now for paying what was a serious sum formerly. The judges complain that there is a miserable attendance of jurors. It is far cheaper for a man of business to pay the fine than to lose his time; and so with everything else of this kind. The clergy, again, complain very much, and justly, of the effect upon *their* position. To some extent their emoluments are derived from the State, which devotes a certain sum to church purposes, divided, according to population, among four denominations — the Anglicans, Romancatholics, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans. Of the whole sum, the Church of England gets about half, and this is appropriated to the payment of holders of certain cures, on the certificate of the bishop. It has not been increased, as the corresponding fund at Victoria has, in

proportion to the increase of population, so that it is now very inadequate to the wants of the colony, and requires to be 'supplemented' by voluntary subscriptions. Besides, as I have said, the same money now goes much less far than it used to do; while, on the other hand, I am told, as a general rule, the vast increase of the general wealth has not produced any increase worth talking of in subscriptions to religious purposes; so that, on the whole, with very much more to do, the clergy, speaking generally, have really a smaller income—that is, an income giving them less command over money's worth, than before. Official salaries, again, have not been yet, except in a few instances, raised so as to meet the increased expensiveness of living. On the whole, therefore, from one or all of the foregoing causes, 'good society' in New South Wales is decidedly discontented with its position, and is seriously thinking, (or, at any rate, loudly talking) of abandoning it, and going away. If things continue long as they now are, I must say I shall not be at all surprised at the best people going. I can conceive no social state more disagreeable to live in than a community in which the labouring class is composed of gamblers (all gold diggers become gamblers in habits and character), and the aristocracy, that is, the richest and most powerful people, are the *successful* gamblers. At the same time, though the emigration of the more educated and civilized people from New South Wales would be a natural consequence of the existing state of things, it is not the less a very deplorable consequence, and must aggravate all the evils of that state of things immensely. Perhaps this prospect of a perpetual straining off of the best portion of society is the worst element in the probable future of Australia.

Politics in New South Wales are in rather a curious and anomalous state. With many liberal professions, and a very real wish to alter radically in many respects the present regimen, the Legislative Council are evidently to a great extent also under a distinct and partly inconsistent influence, which prevents them from venturing to press their principles to legitimate conclusions. For example, in the Constitutional Bill which was prepared last year by their committee, and which has probably passed, with more or less modification, during the current session, there is, on the one hand, a distinct assertion of the principle of local self-government, in the clauses which distinguish between local and imperial legislation, and prohibit any interference on the part of Downing-street with the former, in that which vests local patronage exclusively in the Governor and Executive Council, and in that which transfers the management of the waste lands to the Colonial Legislature. On the other hand, in the same bill, I find a provision for constituting a Nominee Upper house, and another for granting to the Crown in perpetuity a civil list which will make it, to a very serious extent, independent of the colonists; while no attempt is made to fetter the governor—*i. e.*, the responsible servant of the Colonial Minister—in his powers of unlimited control over the legislation and government of the colony. In the political society of Sydney the same contradictory tendencies are still more apparent—that is, a strong jealousy of British interference, checked by a fear of what may possibly happen if it be withdrawn, and a wish to guard against democratic excesses, even at the expense of some portion of the desired local independence. It appears to me that the chief cause of this is to be found in the peculiar position of the present governing, or rather legislating, class. These are, to a preponderating extent, men of considerable fortunes, derived from stock-feeding. The preponderance of the 'squatting' interest (which corresponds with what is called the 'landed interest' at home, in opposition to the commercial and labouring interests) is not accidental; it depends chiefly on two things: first, the arrangement of the electoral districts, by which the squatting districts have a great deal more than what would be their proportionate share of the representation, if the proportion were calculated according to wealth or population; and, secondly, the non-payment of the members of the Legislative Council, which of course renders it impossible

for any man to sit in it who has not an independent income, and leisure; so that the representation is thrown very much into the hands of the stock-owners, who are almost the only people possessing these qualifications. But the squatter's position, though temporarily powerful, is felt to be pre-eminently insecure. Although the occupiers of vast tracts of land, which they keep out of the market by their privileges, they have no leases, only the promises of leases; and these promises, I am told, are so vaguely worded, that a Government anxious to evade or revoke them, would find no great difficulty in doing so. Again, their political position is insecure; the general tendency of events, especially since the discovery of gold, has been to elevate the commercial, mining, and other labouring classes far more than the squatters. The latter are assuming gradually the attitude of an unpopular aristocracy maintaining a prescriptive and legal ascendancy against a vigorous and progressive democracy. The consequence is, that though they wish to transfer power from Downing-street to their present depositaries of local authority and influence, they do not choose that the transfer shall be so complete as to throw them altogether into the power of those classes of their countrymen whom they dread more than Downing-street, should the latter become predominant in the colony. In such a case (the 'aristocracy' think) a nominee chamber and a gubernatorial veto might be very useful bulwarks against revolutionary legislation. They are also naturally desirous to get the control over the waste lands into colonial hands *now*, while *they* are supreme in the legislature; in the hope that if they can establish a *status*, such as would be satisfactory to themselves, that *status* may, with comparative facility, be preserved from disturbance by the conservative forces of the constitution. The first thing that will be done when the lands are handed over to the colonists, is to lower the price, probably to 5*s.* an acre, for all land not exceptionally situated. I believe there is also a plan for allowing the price to be paid by instalments; at any rate, in the case of existing leaseholders wishing to purchase their holdings. Such a measure would probably be acceptable to all parties; the popular party wish to make land accessible on easy terms to the labourers, while the squatters hope that, if the proposed change be carried into effect while parties stand in their present relation to each other, it may be framed so as to secure for themselves whatever land they want, and practically to turn their precarious tenures into freeholds.

A remarkable proof of the influence which prevails in the council, is to be found in the new 'gold regulations.' Ever since the discovery of the gold mines, the 'Crown,' that is, the Executive Government, has levied a tax of 30*s.* a month upon diggers. The equivalent for this was *exclusive* right to dig in a piece of ground so many (I think eight) feet square, so that it practically came almost to the same thing as a rent of that amount. This fee was calculated to be, and I believe really was, somewhere about one-tenth of the average earnings of the diggers. When the Crown surrendered to the Colonists the control over the gold revenue, it devolved upon these latter to re-consider the subject of the regulations, which were admittedly defective as regards machinery for enforcing payment, and the authority of the commissioners generally. A committee of the council sat and heard a great mass of evidence. By them, or rather by the council acting on their recommendations, two alterations of great importance were made in the existing law; one, that the fee of 30*s.* a month should be levied not only on diggers, but on every individual resident at the diggings, and practising any trade or calling; the other, that aliens should pay a double fee. A bill embodying these alterations was prepared, and passed through the council without any opposition worth speaking of. The first of these provisions above-mentioned, by imposing a poll-tax of 18*l.* a-year on those who minister to the wants of the miners, in fact constitutes an additional tax on the latter, who have to pay for the services and commodities of those people a price sufficient to compensate for the sum

in which they are mulcted. The result was, of course, a proportionate discouragement to the pursuit of mining, and few, I think, can doubt that such was the intention of the legislature. Certainly the miners have no doubt on the subject, and look upon the clause simply as a differential duty on one kind of industry, imposed for the purpose of protecting another. This impression is confirmed by the view generally taken of the double tax on aliens. All the diggers believe that one primary object, at least, of this clause was to prevent the Chinese from leaving their employers in order to dig for gold. Besides the other obvious objections to the double tax on foreigners, there is this decisive one, that it cannot be enforced. It is true that the law gives to the commissioners a discretionary power which might be converted into a monstrous engine of oppression, actually directing that the burthen of proof should lie upon the applicant, and that he shall not be entitled to his licence unless he can show to the satisfaction of the commissioner that he *is* a British subject. But as hardly anyone could do this, the practical result is, that no one is asked to do it, and as the commissioners are, of course, equally unable to prove the contrary, they content themselves with simply asking the question—'Are you a British subject?' and any foreigner choosing to tell a lie gets his licence. Probably this law will have been altered in the present session of Council. In the meantime it has had a very injurious effect on the estimation in which the Council is held among the labouring class, and has produced a strong feeling against the squatting interests especially, to whose influence it is attributed.

In Victoria, I understand that a similar antagonism has developed itself between the great stock owners and the other classes of society. There also the former, all-powerful of late years in their influence under the regimen of the Colonial office, secured for themselves most advantageous pastoral regulations, and in virtue of these regulations have locked up vast districts of land in the most advantageous situations, and well fitted for agricultural purposes, and kept them as sheep runs, under promises of leases. But the stock owners have not in Victoria, as in New South Wales, succeeded in keeping, under the present semi-representative constitution, the power which they had under the former one. From what I have heard, I should imagine that their class consisted more largely of men who came out only to make a fortune, and who did not think it worth while to take the trouble of entering upon a colonial political career. Besides, late events have had a far more revolutionary effect on society in the younger than in the older colony, for obvious reasons. Whatever the cause may be, it is certain that the Legislative Council of Victoria is decidedly 'anti-squatterish' in its tendencies, and not only so, but generally more democratic and Yankeefied than that of New South Wales. Last year they presented a memorial, or passed resolutions, to the effect that the squatters had made too good a bargain, and that their runs ought no longer to be kept out of the market. Mr. Latrobe, the Lieut.-Governor, is understood to be favourable to the popular side of this question, and has backed the Council's request, in forwarding it to the Colonial Minister. It is to be observed, however, that the privileges of the stock owners in Victoria are far more injurious practically than in New South Wales, because their runs come nearer to the capital, and include much more valuable land, as well as because, from the greater influx of population, and the more rapid making of fortunes, there is a greater want of new land for agricultural and other purposes; a greater desire, in short, of the power to purchase freeholds.

The result, of course, of the enormous wealth which has been extracted from the Australian mines within so short a time, and by so small a community, has been to create a complete glut of capital. Every field of investment is choked. Millions of money are lying idle in the banks (for example, the branches of the Union Bank alone at Melbourne and Geelong had upwards of 2,000,000*l.* of deposits last February), and the ordinary rate of interest has fallen to a point unprece-

dentedly low, considering the comparative precariousness of colonial securities. All house property, bank shares, in short everything that will yield an annual income, has run up to an enormous price. The same is the case with all land in or close to large towns, especially Melbourne. Mr. Latrobe has, I am told, made a large fortune by an involuntary land speculation. When he first went to Port Phillip as Lieutenant-Governor, there was no official residence for him. He was compelled, therefore, against his will, to buy a few acres of waste land, on which to make a house and garden. He did so in a convenient situation, but where land was then of no value. For this little place it is said that he could now get 70,000*l.*, and I can well believe it, for a gentleman whom I knew told me he had actually sold for 35,000*l.* half of a property in Melbourne, the whole of which cost him 3500*l.* a few years ago. To give an idea of the value of houses, either in Sydney or Melbourne, is difficult, for it increases every day as immigrants pour in, the exorbitant price of labour preventing people from building. I was told, on good authority, of one gentleman who came out from England as agent of a mining company, with a salary of 500*l.* a year and 100*l.* *a year, as lodging-money, in consideration of the circumstances of the times.* After immense difficulty, he thought himself lucky to get a house (unfurnished of course), with four very small rooms, a kitchen, and a garret, which, as he had a family, was the very least he could get on with. For this he had to pay 600*l.* a year. I need not add that he had written home to request either that his salary be doubled, or that he be relieved forthwith.

Rural land has not increased in value proportionably to other descriptions of property. For this many reasons are assigned; first, that there is but little good agricultural land to be had in New South Wales; this does not apply so much to Port Phillip, though in both colonies the squatters monopolize the best of the land; secondly, that it has not been the habit of the labouring class in Australia (at least of late, since the upset price has been raised) to invest in land; thirdly, (and this, I think, is the true reason), that agricultural land is of no use as an investment to any one who looks for an immediate return, unless he be a labourer, who intends to farm it on his own account, and with his own hands. Now, the mass of the labourers who have been successful at gold-digging do not become, or at least have not yet become, farmers. They prefer, generally speaking, to go on digging for gold. So that it does not suit any class just now to speculate in rural land.

There was nothing, I think, that I enjoyed so much at Sydney as the facilities for bathing. It is not considered safe to bathe in the open water of the harbour, on account of the numerous sharks by which it is infested, but a set of baths has been established in the hull of a ship which has been moored some twenty yards from the rocks, and which gives access to a very good piece of water for swimming purposes, railed in at both ends, and supposed (I know not how truly) to be inaccessible to sharks. The heat of the weather during almost the whole of our stay at Sydney was very oppressive; not hotter than that which I have felt on particular days in other countries—I think the highest was 92 in the shade at the lighthouse on the South Head (which is the coolest place about Sydney)—but more continuous. We had not one really cool day, though sometimes after a very oppressive morning a south wind would suddenly come on in the afternoon, and the thermometer would drop twenty or thirty degrees in half an hour, which produced from the contrast a temporary sensation of positive cold. There was no rain except now and then a short shower, and twice, I think, thunderstorms. The chief plagues connected with the climate are the dust and the mosquitoes. When the wind blows strongly from the southward, it is what the Sydney people call a 'brickfielder;' that is, it carries with it dense clouds of red dust or sand, like brickdust, swept from the light soil which adjoins the town on that side, and so thick that the houses and streets are actually hidden; it is a 'darkness that

can be felt.' The people, when a 'brickfielder' comes on, keep in their houses, and carefully close every inlet. Nobody faces the wind that can help it. To a stranger the mosquitoes are even worse. The morning after our arrival in the cove we looked on each other's faces with horror; it was as if we had all been seized by some violent eruptive disease. And so it continued with hardly any mitigation to the end of our stay. Mosquito-curtains were utterly unavailing; from the moment the sun set we were covered by these abominable insects, and our hands, arms, legs, and faces were in a perpetual state of acute inflammation from the sores which the bites occasioned. In the lodging houses every known species of vermin, from rats to fleas, abounded besides, so that I used to look with a kind of horror upon the time of going to bed. The last thing we did always was to spend a quarter of an hour in killing all the animals we could discover about the beds—a very useless trouble, I believe, for what we could kill was but a drop in the bucket. It is very singular that after a certain period of residence in mosquito haunted countries, people cease to suffer much from the bites. They just feel the first prick, but it neither swells nor inflames, and is not felt a few minutes after. I cannot understand the reason of this, but the fact is undoubted. Whether from the change of climate or some other cause, we were all ill at Sydney, one after the other. Hydropathy could hardly be practised at Sydney, for during far the greatest part of the year there is no such thing as *cold* water; that which we drew from the pipes which supplied us was always above 70°. It is surprising that they do not import ice, as is done now in almost all hot climates. I suppose that hitherto the number of those able to afford such a luxury has not been great enough to provide an 'effectual demand,' but the late immense increase of the general wealth must bring this with other luxuries.

After we had become a little settled in Sydney I determined to go to the diggings on the Turon. There were two ways of going. One was to buy or hire a horse and ride, the other to take one of the two 'coaches' which ply daily between Sydney and Bathurst. I was told that the first would be far the most comfortable, and on every account I should have preferred it, but that it would take up too much time. But that objection was fatal, so I took my place by the Bathurst 'mail coach,' paying 2*l.* 10*s.* for the 'box-seat,' which I was especially advised to secure. It started from the post-office at half-past four, P.M., and I met it there at the time appointed. Seeing the front boot left open to receive the mail bags, I stood by the wheel till they should be put in, as there was no place for me to put my feet upon while the boot was open. The coachman seeing me stand there called out, 'Ain't you going with us?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well, then, I advise you to get up somewhere, for I shall start the moment the bags are in.' This sentence, delivered in a tone and manner that seemed to be studiously made as insolent as possible, was my first specimen of what I soon found was the ordinary mode of proceeding among this class of people in this country. The coach was a very good omnibus, with four excellent horses, well appointed too; and I began to think my friends had misinformed me when they warned me against the mail. We drove to Paramatta, fifteen miles, in two hours. The road is Macadamized and in tolerable order; the country very ugly and uninteresting—a small proportion of it is still covered with forest; the greater part is divided into paddocks, with post and rail fences, with muddy water holes interspersed among them, and now looking very yellow and uninviting to man or beast. There was nothing however to distinguish the look of the road very markedly from what one might see in England, except the number of sheep, cattle, and horses which one met, driven by wild-looking stockmen in their shirts, white or blue, with broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hats (a sort of chip), long boots, and tremendous stock whips, and the wool drays, two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by from four to ten horses or bullocks, generally the latter, and carrying from one to two tons of wool in bales. The public-

houses are frightfully numerous, yet it seemed to me as if we stopped at all of them, and wherever we stopped our driver took a glass of grog, and then had a few minutes' lounge and gossip, so that we had to go at a good pace when moving in order to keep our time.

Paramatta is a neat little town, at the head of the navigation of the harbour. It is a kind of suburb to Sydney, many men of business living there, going into Sydney by the steamer every morning, and returning in the afternoon. At Paramatta I found to my great disgust that we were to 'change coaches,' as it was called, in other words to exchange our coach for a spring-cart, something like a very rough Irish 'inside car,' with a driving seat that held two, and a body that professed to hold six, but was really fit only to hold four with tolerable comfort. The new 'coach' had a new driver, and I found that it is not the custom for successive drivers to be bound by each other's arrangements, so I lost my 'box seat,' which had been already engaged by a Paramatta passenger. The body of the car was choked up by two large sacks of corn, and by the luggage of six passengers, so as to leave literally no room at all for their twelve legs, which of themselves were more than sufficient to fill it. However, as we had to go *that* way and *there*, or stay behind, we, six of us, clambered into the horrible 'instrument,' and lay or sat or stood upon each other in a kind of heap, which as we proceeded became more solid as it shook down, till I doubt whether a casual passer-by would have discerned that it was composed of human limbs and bodies. At this point began the real sufferings of the journey, sufferings which all that I had heard but faintly enabled me to realize. At Penrith, twelve miles further on, I again took my place on the 'box,' and a fresh victim was placed 'inside.' This was an unwary move on my part; bad as was my position before, it was decidedly made worse by the change. The 'box' was a narrow bar of wood, without any back or sides, and sloping steeply backwards. Every jolt therefore of course tended to throw the wretched sitter violently into the body of the car, a tendency which he could only resist by convulsively clinging to his slippery seat with the calves of his legs. During most of the time I was sitting on the inside of my legs, the centre of gravity depending considerably behind and below the bar before mentioned. And the jolts—what shall I call them? They were rather headlong plunges into an apparently bottomless abyss than jolts of the ordinary kind. You went down with a 'send,' like a ship pitching 'bows under' in a head sea, and how the springs (for there were springs, though they were nearly blocked up) bore one, even the least, of these terrible shocks, is to me an inexplicable marvel. The bodily suffering, also, was greatly aggravated by the other annoyances of the journey. In the first place, during the early part of the night it rained rather heavily, and a drizzling mist continued through the whole of it; then the companions I was afflicted with! I don't remember having on a journey in any other country met with habitual and wanton incivility. But here everybody you came in contact with, drivers, passengers, hostlers, chamber-maids, seemed to take a sort of pride in being rude and insolent, so that by degrees I became really almost afraid to address the slightest observation to any one, as it was pretty sure to produce an answer which tempted one to quarrel outright. I have learned in knocking about the world not to be very squeamish or particular, but really it made my blood run cold to hear the drivers on this mail blaspheme at their horses, each other, their passengers, everything and everybody. I did not think the English language could have furnished such epithets and terms; nor could anything exceed the barbarity with which they treated their horses, which were after the first stage wretched animals, in no sort of condition, and as wretchedly equipped. It was impossible to look without shuddering at the state of their shoulders and withers, which were generally little better than one great festering wound, and nothing but the most unsparing application of the whip would have got them into motion at all. The vehicle was of

course a very light one for four horses if the roads had been of the ordinary kind; as it was, however, there was always as much as they could do, and generally rather more. Each driver worked the mail for about ten hours, and then, with hardly any rest, drove the return mail back again. In returning, I sat beside one who, by the time we got to Penrith, had driven without intermission for twenty-seven hours. When I say 'without intermission,' I should add that he had stopped for periods varying from five minutes to half an hour at every single public-house he passed in those twenty-seven hours, *i.e.* probably about forty, the result of which naturally was, that during the latter part of his drive he was more than half drunk and fast asleep. On the whole, I may say I have seen the public carriages of a good many countries, some of them not very far advanced in civilization; but in discomfort, insecurity, unpunctuality, and general barbarism, the mail between Bathurst and Sydney far surpasses them all. It professed in Sydney to arrive at Bathurst at six P.M., *i.e.* twenty-five hours and a half from Sydney. But we 'knocked up' on the road (every second day, at least, they either 'knock up' or 'break down') and the passengers had to walk four miles to the next stage, from whence we sent back fresh horses to the mail. The result of this, and of some minor accidents, was, that we were four hours late, and did not get to Bathurst till ten.

PROPERTIUS AND HIS ENGLISH EDITOR.*

MR. PALEY'S reputation as a classical scholar is so well established, that a new work of his may well dispense with a reviewer's voucher. His name on a title-page is a sufficient guarantee that the book to which it is prefixed will be found to be edited with conscientious care and discriminating judgment; otherwise we should have felt bound to apologize as best we might, for not earlier noticing a book which we read some months ago with profit and pleasure. Our welcome, though late, is not the less hearty, and we gladly take the opportunity to say a few words about the old author and the new edition.

And first of the old author. Sextus Aurelius Propertius was born about the year 55 B.C., being a few years junior to Virgil and Horace, and a few years senior to Ovid. His 'floruit' thus falls in the very middle of the Augustan period, when Latin poetry reached its acme, such as it was, its golden prime. And yet there is no one of all the 'Corpus Poetarum' whose poems are less read. In England, where we cannot be charged with undue neglect of the Augustan poets in general, no edition of Propertius has appeared for the last hundred and fifty years. He is seldom, if ever, 'set' in University examinations, and we doubt whether he has ever been quoted in parliament by any of those legislators who are constantly expressing in elegant latinity their unconquerable fear of the Danai, and their impartial resolutions with respect to the Trojan and the Tyrian. This neglect is, in our opinion, not altogether undeserved. At all events, the causes of it are obvious on the most cursory perusal of the poet's work. His really great qualities are marred by serious defects: defects so great that the author, even with the aid of the most accomplished editors, can never become popular in the sense in which Virgil, Horace, and Ovid are popular. If he had ever been popular with our fathers, they would have shortened *his* name too, and called him Properce.

First and foremost among these defects, we may reckon an artificial tone, a want of naturalness, which leaves the reader cold and unimpressed, even by the strongest and most fervid language. 'Si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.' So said the acute critic whose own poems, though in a less degree, fall under the same censure. Indeed, this same artificial tone, this falsetto,

* *Propertius, with English Notes*, by F. A. Paley, Editor of *Æschylus*. London: John W. Parker and Son; Cambridge: John Deighton, 1853.

is the besetting sin, the congenital weakness of all the sweet singers of Rome.

Circumstances did not permit a spontaneous development to Roman poetry. The poetry of the people of Latium, instead of growing out of rude lays into great epics, the delight of all classes from prince to peasant, never outgrew its early rusticity, and sank under the contempt with which foreign culture inspired the upper classes. The muses of Greece expelled the Camenæ of Italy from every native grove; Pan and his satyrs drove out the fauns; and we have much reason to regret that it was so, for neither muses nor satyrs ever felt themselves perfectly at home. To drop metaphor, the transcendent excellence of Greek poetry in every department excited such unfeigned admiration among the comparatively rude Italians, that, despairing of rivalry, they contented themselves with imitation. Ennius's boast was that he was a second Homer, and the highest praise which the admirers of Plautus could bestow on him was, that he had successfully copied Epicharmus. Lucretius, to inculcate the doctrines of Epicurus, adopts the form of Empedocles: nay, as if it were a crime in the eyes of Roman critics to invent anything, Horace takes care to justify his satires by the example of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes. Hence the great mass of Latin poetry does not deserve the name of poetry, in the highest sense of the word; it is like a collection of school-exercises done by very big and very clever boys, deserving a first-class mark, but never quickening the pulse or moistening the eye of the reader. The merits of the Roman poets under Augustus are the same in kind as those of the French poets under the Grand Monarque; both worked with consummate skill and grace upon foreign models. In this general condemnation, it must be understood, we do not include the satiric and didactic poems; the former being, notwithstanding the partial disclaimer of Horace, of indisputable Italian birth; and the latter almost meriting the compliment which Cicero paid to his countrymen in general, long before they had deserved it in any one particular. 'Meum semper judicium fuit,' he says, 'omnia nostros aut invenisse per se sapientius quam Græcos, aut accepta ab illis fecisse meliora quæ quidem digna statuissent, in quibus elaborarent.' Besides, seeing that in the scattered fragments of Greek poetry which time has spared we can trace so much direct imitation, it cannot be doubted, that if we had the rest by us, a comparison would leave but little to be set down to the credit of Roman invention.

The passages in which we are able to institute a comparison, tend for the most part to show the infinite superiority of the Greeks, and to make us deplore the caprice of fate, which has destroyed the originals and spared the copies. How poor is the 'Dissolve frigus' of Horace as a translation of the κάββαλλε τὸν χειμῶνα of Alcæus! and how much better the song of those older poets 'who did but sing because they must!'

Nevertheless, in all those whom the world has agreed to call the great Latin poets, there are touches of nature, snatches of native melody, which may be discerned by almost any eye, like grains of gold in quartz, more precious than all the mass besides; and in several, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid especially, the formal excellence goes far to compensate material deficiency. To the muse of each we may apply that beautiful distich of the Pseudo-Tibullus:

Illam, quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

And it was this latter quality which insured to these poetical triumvirs of Rome their immediate and undisputed pre-eminence in popularity. For (to resume a former comparison) the Roman standard of taste, in the days of Augustus, was very much like the French under Louis Quatorze; form, and not matter, was the test of the poet's excellence. So far as we can make out, the other poets of the Augustan age seem to have been popular exactly in proportion to their skill in versification: Tibullus first, Propertius second, Gallus third. At least, such seems to have been the order of preference in Quintilian's time; for after citing Tibullus as the best elegiac poet, he adds:

'Sunt qui Propertium malint.' 'There were some who liked Propertius better.' 'Durior utroque Gallus;' and accordingly the remains of poor Gallus have been left to mingle with the dust of some cross-road long ago. Judging from the paucity of manuscripts, and those apparently all derived from one, Propertius seems to have narrowly escaped a like fate. He never attained anything like the popularity of his aforesaid contemporaries, owing to his comparatively rugged style; and he never will be so great a favourite with a modern reader, because the artificial, unreal tone which we complain of in them is much more obtrusive and offensive in him. It was his misfortune to have chosen for his model, Callimachus, himself the most artificial and pedantic of all the Greeks, a poet of the third century B.C.—a time when the true Helicon was well-nigh dried up. So that while in Horace something of the passion and tenderness of Sappho and Alcæus live still, in Propertius we have only the imitation of an imitation, twice removed from nature. He aimed at nothing higher than being the disciple of Callimachus and Philetas, a poet of the same school.

Callimachi manes et Coi sacra Philetæ
In vestrum quæso me sinite ire nemus.
Primus ego ingredior puro de fonte sacerdos
Itala per Graios orgia ferre choros.

The 'purity' of the 'fountain' is more than questionable. If he had selected Callinus or Tyrtæus for his exemplar, his poetry as well as morality would have been all the better; but unhappily, the Romans in his day seem for the most part to have lacked entirely the calm critical power of Horace, and to have regarded all the Greek poets with the same indiscriminate reverence, just as in the 14th and 15th centuries the classical poets were worshipped together as the almost equal gods of an unapproachable Olympus.

The verses above quoted show that Propertius would have accounted it the highest honour to be styled the Roman Callimachus, and this title (as a learned and travelled friend informs us) is accorded him in an inscription over the gate of Spello, a little town near Spoleto, which claims to be his birth-place. This claim is founded upon a passage in which he tells us that he was born on the confines of Umbria and Etruria, one of the few notices of his real self which his poetical theory permitted him to leave us. As for the 'amour,' the various phases of which supply topics for all but the last book of his elegies, not a single incident can be accepted as historical. His howlings on the threshold when Cynthia shuts him out; his songs of triumph in the boudoir when she lets him in; his denunciations of fortunate rivals, and penitential confessions of occasional infidelities, are not suggested by real incidents, but in all probability by similar themes of Callimachus or Philetas; the cruel exclusion, the gracious admission, the rivals and the mistress, are all fictitious, like the Lydias and Glyceras in Horace, or the piping shepherds in Virgil's Eclogues.

That there was in Rome some lady of Cynthia's class with whom the poet had a *liaison*, is probable enough from what we know of Roman morals; that there were a dozen is more probable still; but that this *liaison* or *liaisons* suggested, or were in any degree connected with the poems, is by no means capable of proof.

It is amusing enough to see how the German editors accept these feigned incidents as if they were so many undoubted facts, and deduce therefrom an inferential biography of the poet. Mr. Paley very rightly ignores most of these baseless speculations, although even he is disposed to concede a historical reality to many characters and events forming the subjects of the poems, which to us seems more than doubtful. The prætor, for instance, that 'wealthy, but not very intellectual personage,' is, to our thinking, only a rival of straw, whom the poet sets up for the pleasure of bowling him over by a series of indignant hexameters and pentameters. We are bound, however, to accept these matter-of-fact views as an evidence of the poet's skill, and a set-off against the charge of unreality which we have been urging as the grand defect of his book.

The next defect which we have to

notice in Propertius is his difficulty. We say advisedly 'defect,' because it arises not from the profundity or novelty of the thoughts he has to express, but apparently from a want of mastery over the means of expression. The sense, for the most part, is easy enough when you have got at it, and would have been fully given by Ovid in the simplest of distichs. One objects to crack a very hard nut, when there is little or no kernel inside. At all events such an occupation is not congenial to the English tooth; but these same hard nuts have attracted a crowd of German editors, who crack away lustily, making wonderfully wry faces in the operation. We might multiply instances of difficulty needlessly created by the use of imperfect phraseology, if space permitted. Let the following suffice, B. i., El. 8. The poet is endeavouring to deter his frail mistress from accompanying the unintellectual prætor to Illyria.

Tune audire potes vesani murmura ponti,
Fortis et in dura nave jacere potes?
Tu pedibus teneris positas fulcire pruinas?

Fulcire! 'This,' says Mr. Paley, with great truth, 'is a remarkable use of a word which usually means to support, as a pillar props a roof. It may be explained on the statical principle that resistance is equal to thrust—*i. e.*, if the roof presses on the pillar, the pillar presents the same counter-thrust both to the roof above and the earth below. Barth's explanation is absurd.' Every explanation is absurd, because the text is absurd. Ovid would never have penned such a phrase.

Take another passage in B. iii., El. 15:—

Quod si tam facilis spiraret Cynthia nobis
Non ego nequitiæ dicerer esse caput.
Nec sic per totam infamis traducerer urbem,
Urerer et quamvis nomine verba darem.

The last line is explained to mean 'nor should I have been annoyed so much in spite of my caution in concealing her real name.' This may be the sense intended, but assuredly nobody save Propertius would have employed such words to convey it. It reminds us of the perverse ingenuity of nature in volcanic countries; building up a great mountain of painful ashes to hold a crater with nothing in it.

Take again the finale of the 17th elegy of the same book, wherein the poet is warning some susceptible friend of the deceitfulness of things in general, and women in particular:—

Vidistis quandam Argiva prodire figura,
Vidistis nostras; utraque forma rapit.
Illaque plebeio, vel sit sandicis amictu,
Hæc atque illa mali vulneris una via est.
Cum satis una tuis insomnia portet ocellis,
Una sit et cuivis femina multa mala.

We should be as much puzzled as the commentators to interpret the last quatrain, yet we feel convinced that, if we did by any effort reach the proper point of view, we should find 'nothing in it.'

Another source of perplexity to the reader, which by a little care on the author's part might easily have been avoided, is the capricious way in which he changes the persons (we use the word in its grammatical sense.) For example, in B. iii., El. 26, after speaking of Virgil in the third person, he suddenly and without reason addresses him in the second. *Tu canis umbrosi*, &c., then six lines below speaks of him in the third, *ille*, and in the very next couplet reverts to the second person, —*Tu canis Ascræi*, &c. What reader can grasp such a Proteus as this? Other difficulties arise from the rapid change of tense without apparent rhyme or reason; others again from the unexampled use of the potential mood. How often, too, are we puzzled by the appearance of a strange ablative case, not referable to instrument or agent, or any other grammatical class! For instance, in B. iii., El. 3, speaking of an artist who had made a fine picture of the god Amor, he says,—

Idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas
Fecit et *humano corde* volare deum.

Humano corde volare! No wonder that, as Mr. Paley says, 'these words have been very variously interpreted.' 'Hertzberg,' he proceeds, 'seems clearly right in considering them the ablative of place to "flit *in* the human heart.' To our mind there is nothing *clear* about it. Besides, how could a picture represent the god as flitting in the opaque locality in question? We venture

very doubtingly to hazard the suggestion that in this picture, where every detail was allegorical, the wings of the god were so drawn, with the tips joined, as to represent the shape of a human heart. But we don't expect anybody to agree with us. There are many passages in Propertius about which nobody assents to anybody.

Another defect which pervades the poems, all but the last book, is their monotony. It is all very well for the lover to say *Cynthia prima fuit, Cynthia finis erit;* but Cynthia is not enough material for 3500 lines of verse. *Il est ennuyant avec sa Cynthie,* and most readers are tired out before they arrive at the finis.

Fourthly, and lastly, the pedantry with which, in imitation of Callimachus, Propertius has overloaded his verse, repels and disgusts his readers. His muse is bent double under the weight of mythological lore which she is doomed to carry; and not content with hitching into his couplets all Olympus and half Hades, under their usual names, he disguises them with such quaint epithets and adjuncts, that, for the life of you, you could not find them out without a page of Apollodorus in the notes by way of explanation. For example, who is acquainted with the 'filia Eveni?' or 'Salmonis?' or 'Edonis?' Can anyone point out on the map the 'regnum Thesproti,' or 'Teuthrantis unda?' Who recognises Ariadne under the title of 'the languid Gnosia?' or Protesilaus under the sobriquet of 'Phylacides?' yet all this recondite learning Propertius presupposes in his readers. An ordinary female would not be likely to be moved by such illustrations of passion, so Propertius, foreseeing the objection, determined to make his ideal mistress a *docta puella.* If there ever were such a person, what a relief it must have been to her to get away to Illyria with her unintellectual Prætor. '*Il faut avoir aimé Properce pour savoir tout le bonheur d'aimer un bête.*' (Shade of Talleyrand, forgive Cynthia the plagiarism!)

The last book is by far the most interesting, and is in great measure free from the faults we have imputed to the rest. Indeed, Cynthia only appears twice—once in the flesh, and once as a ghost. The remaining elegies of this book are mostly devoted to Roman antiquities, for Propertius seems to deserve the credit of conceiving a work such as Ovid subsequently took up and half completed, under the well-known name of Fasti. The fourth Elegy, which relates the picturesque tale of *Tarpeia,* is well worth notice, and shows what Propertius might have done if he had been content always to draw his inspirations from Roman legend and Roman scenery, and had dared to act and write honestly and truthfully, instead of conforming to the mawkish sentiment and fashionable dissoluteness of the times when 'corrumpere et corrumpi sæculum vocabatur.' The third Elegy, an epistle from Arethusa to Lycotas, reminds us of the Heroides; and the eleventh, which closes the whole, in which the shade of Cornelia is supposed to address her mourning husband, is perhaps the finest elegiac composition which time has spared to us in either language. The metre is almost Ovidian in its facility and smoothness, while there is a strength and power in the diction to which Ovid can afford no parallel. The date of the elegy may, with almost certainty, be referred to the year 16 B.C., six years later than any other of his poems to which we are able to assign a time. Had he really been devoting the interval to natural philosophy, as in one of his elegies he threatens? The thing is probable enough, and doubtless any systematic study exercising his powers of inductive reasoning, would tend to wean his fancy from pedantic models like Callimachus, and base ideals like Cynthia. We cannot doubt but that the poetry of his middle age, had he been spared to write it, or it been spared to us, would have been found free from the affectations which beset the poetry of his youth. It is not improbable that his intimacy with Ovid, who we know was bound to him *jure sodalitio,* may have had some effect in tempering the harshness of his metre, and the asperity of his style. At the time when this latest poem of Propertius was written, Ovid would be twenty-seven. The fol-

lowing lines, which we quote from the poem in question, will bear out our praise.

Hæc est feminei merces extrema triumphi
Laudat ubi emeritum libera fama rogum.
Nunc tibi commendo communia pignora, natos.
Hæc cura et cineri spirat inusta meo,
Fungere maternis vicibus pater. Illa meorum
Omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo,
Et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis;
Cum venient, siccis oscula falle genis.

Such was the strength and tenderness which the muse of Propertius could attain, when she deigned to appear as a Roman matron, and had cast aside the false trappings of a Greek courtesan.

Even in the earlier productions we find glimpses here and there of better and nobler thoughts, reminding us of the sustained beauty of his last poem. We will pick out two or three examples chiefly from the first book. Here is a sweet bit of fresh nature (he is dissuading his mistress from the vanities of the toilet) :—

Aspice quos summittit humus formosa colores,
Ut veniant hederæ sponte sua melius;
Surgat et in Solis formosius arbutus antris,
Et sciat indociles currere lympha vias.
Litora nativis collucent picta lapillis
Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt.

And again, in the same Elegy, we have a charming line—

Uni si qua placet, culta puella sat est.

Here is a couplet full of tenderness :—

Et pariter miseri socio cogemur amore
Alter in alterius mutua fiere sinu.

How true and well-put is the sentiment in this line :—

Sæpe venit magno fœnore tardus amor.

In the next he is protesting his fidelity even beyond the grave :—

Illic, quicquid ero, semper tua dicar imago;
Trajicit et fati litora magnus amor.

Here is a striking, and, so far as we know, original simile with which he presents his humble lays to Augustus :—

Ut caput in magnis ubi non est tangere signis
Ponitur hic imos ante corona pedes,
Sic nos nunc inopes laudis conscendere carmen
Pauperibus sacris vilia thura damus.

Lastly, admire the happy audacity of the phrase which he employs to characterize civil war, wherein every victory was calamity and defeat :—

Nec totiens propriis circum oppugnata triumphis
Lassa foret crines solvere Roma suos.

These and other passages, together with several entire poems of the two last books, prove that Propertius possessed undeveloped powers, which might, under happier influences, have raised him to the very first rank of Roman poets; and it is these indications, proving that the man was better than he chose to seem, and worthy of higher aims, which make us follow, with a certain interest, the otherwise dreary phases of the affair with Cynthia.

Moreover, if the poems had been ten times duller than they are, the student would not be justified in neglecting an author who was on terms of familiar friendship with Virgil and Ovid; accustomed, doubtless, to meet Horace at the table of their common patron; thus living among the best poets of the best time; whose vocabulary, therefore, at least is worth the learning, and whose strange constructions and abrupt transitions, though blemishes in themselves, and undeserving of imitation, afford no bad practice for the powers of a young critic.

On all these grounds we think Propertius well deserves greater attention from teachers and students of Latin. An objection may be taken on another score, namely his immorality. This objection is anticipated by Mr. Paley in his preface, and refuted with manly good sense. The truth is Propertius is rather *unmoral* than *immoral*. He does not seem to be conscious of more than folly in his supposed amour; the ethics of the question are simply ignored. Had there been an attempt to justify his conduct on moral grounds, the book would have been immoral; had there been an attempt to stimulate the passions by filthy descriptions it would have been immoral; but, as it is, ignoring the right and the wrong, frigid and not voluptuous, the book is, as we have ventured to call it, *unmoral;* and will therefore improve a young man's

latinity, and leave his principles as it found them.

The neglect of Propertius in England, and the want of a good English edition, have doubtless acted and reacted mutually as cause and effect. That want is now supplied by the book before us. This new edition is based chiefly, as the editor tells us, upon that of Hertzberg, the most recent, laborious, and ostentatiously learned of German editors; but the notes of Jacob, Lachmann, Kuinoel, Barth, &c., have been pressed into the service for the explanation and illustration of disputed passages. We think that the present editor has shewn excellent judgment in selecting the most probable of conflicting interpretations, and he has obviated a very common objection to English notes by the felicitous brevity of his style. Indeed the skill which he displays in saying all that is necessary in the fewest possible words, is worthy of all praise and imitation. Although attributing more weight than we should be inclined to do, to the opinions of Hertzberg, he does not follow him or any of the former editors servilely, but by the exercise of a refined taste—a quality much wanting in most of his predecessors—he avoids the errors and absurdities which pedantry, or perverse ingenuity, or a desire of novelty betrayed them into. We are glad to find that he has obliterated all the asterisks with which the pages of Propertius have been of late defaced, and that for the most part he has restored the old divisions of the separate poems. If you were to put three asterisks wherever an abrupt transition occurred in our author, they would be as plentiful as full stops in the Propertian punctuation. We think that Mr. Paley might even have gone a step further, and restored the old division into four books, which modern editors have without sufficient warrant altered into five. No doubt, the poem which used to count tenth in the second book has the air of a proem or preface; but a preface to what? Let the second and fourth couplets answer:

Jam libet et fortes memorare ad prœlia turmas,
Et Romana mei dicere castra ducis.

Ætas prima canat Veneres, extrema tumultus;
Bella canam, quando scripta puella mea est.

If a preface to anything, it should be to a series of poems on the warlike exploits of Augustus, having, as he says, said all that was to be said about Cynthia. But the third book to which this poem now serves as introduction is just as full of Cynthia as the former, and the poem therefore is as much out of place at the beginning of the third book, as it was in the middle of the second. The second book as we find it in recent editions is far too short to have formed a 'libellus' of itself, and there is not the slightest evidence in support of Lachmann's assertion, that a great part has been lost. The question is however of no great importance, and cannot be resolved except conjecturally one way or the other. Our own view of the matter is this: Propertius when very young published a volume of Elegies exclusively amatory, under the name of *Cynthia*, the success of which first made his reputation. This is implied by the couplet of Martial, lib. xiv., 189:

Cynthia, facundi carmen juvenile Properti,
Accepit famam, nec minus ipsa dedit.

These poems were afterwards incorporated, perhaps with emendations, in the larger work of which he speaks as his 'tres libelli,' containing the poems now divided into four books. The last book consists of poems written at various times, some very early, which the poet kept by him, intending them for a separate work, and retouched before publication. Whatever Lachmann may say, we maintain the last poems to be on the whole more carefully finished than the earlier ones.

There are many passages in this author meeting our eye as we turn over the leaves, about which we feel sorely tempted to descend into the *melée* of critics, and do battle with all comers, but that we fear the public outside the lists would look with little interest on the bloodless fray. We content ourselves with briefly discussing one passage which has caused an unusual amount

of inkshed—quite a 'passage of arms.' It occurs in the 3rd book, 16th el., 21st line. Cynthia is supposed to be wailing over the ashes of the poet:—

Certus eras heu, heu, quamvis nec sanguine avito
Nobilis et quamvis navita dives eras.

The difficulty lies in the word 'navita,' for Propertius was not a sailor in any conceivable sense, real or metaphorical. Accordingly, it has been corrected into 'non ita' or 'haud ita,' one or the other of which is doubtless the true. But the interest of the passage lies in its connection with another question. Most of the MSS. in their title page (so to say) give the poet's name thus:—'Sextus Aurelius Propertius *Nauta*,' and the commentators generally suppose that the false reading 'navita' in this passage suggested the additional agnomen. Mr. Paley, on the other hand, supposes that the agnomen of the title-page caused the corruption of the text. We venture to give a conjecture of our own, which will account for the 'nauta' in a different manner. It is known that Callimachus, our poet's great exemplar, wrote, among other works now lost, a book called *αἴτια* (in which we believe was included the poem imitated by Catullus in his 'Coma Berenices.') Now, our theory is, that when Propertius published his poems in their present form, he gave to them this very general and comprehensive name, or else some subsequent admirer accustomed to style him the Roman Callimachus, gave the Callimachean title to the poems. The title-page would therefore run thus:—Sexti Aurelii Propertii IV. AITIA. (There were four books, remember.) The I and V coalesce into N, and the further corruption of the incomprehensible NAITIA into NAUTÆ is very natural and easy.

But to borrow a line from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's last budget speech:—

Jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

Indeed, we are half afraid that our remarks on such a musty old-world subject, may have already outlasted the patience of readers whose attention is distracted enough by the shifting scenes and moving incidents around them—trade and politics, telegraphs and trains, agitated funds and oriental perplexities. An age in a state of chronic crisis has no leisure for literature.

Our editor, in his preface, adopting the opinion of the author of *Varronianus*, laments the decline of classical scholarship in general, and Latin scholarship in particular. Not that we should study Greek less, but Latin more, for the Romans, he says, 'exercised an enduring influence upon mankind, to which the Greeks offer no parallel whatever.' In this assertion we cannot agree. It is true that modern law, and the nomenclature of modern forms in Church and State, universities and corporations, are derived from the Latin, which, indeed, would be a reason for studying the jurists of the Lower Empire, in preference to the poets of the Augustan time; but all higher and deeper things—our religion, our literature, our art, our philosophy, our very thoughts, are cast in a Greek mould. Much that we derive immediately from Rome, comes ultimately from Greece. The Ilissus had flowed into the Tiber before the Tiber overflowed the world. Greek intellect is and will be dominant and supreme, in all places and in all ages. We believe, therefore, that men do right in following out their instinctive preference for Greek over Latin; it is the instinct which makes the child love the parent more than the pedagogue.

Dissenting, as we do, on this minor point, from Mr. Paley, we think that both he and Dr. Donaldson will agree with us in protesting against an unreasoning notion now prevalent, that, somehow or other, railroads and steamboats, and Great Exhibitions, have superseded and superannuated the study of ancient languages and literature. We venture to believe, and are prepared, in fitting time and place, to prove that, even if men get to travel, sail, and spin ten times as fast, if universal suffrage becomes universal, and the whole world agrees to talk Anglo-Saxon through its nose, nevertheless the study of classics must remain, then as now, the essential basis of a liberal education.

UNCLE PETER.

Part II.

MR. MERTON had not been in London for years; it must have been a strong motive power that could move him from Hursleigh. Soon after breakfast, however, one morning, to Mrs. Howard's astonishment, the carriage drove round to the door. Mr. Merton had not signified his intentions to her, lest she should insist upon accompanying him. The carriage had not waited many moments when he appeared in the morning room, equipped for his journey.

'Well, ladies,' he said, 'you will be able to amuse yourselves, I hope, for a day or two without your host. I am going to town, Mrs. Howard, to consult Dr. A—. I have long thought of it, and determined upon it at last.'

'To town, sir, and alone!' exclaimed Mrs. Howard. 'Julia, Eleanor, my dears, we must not permit it; we will go with you, my dear sir—one or all of us. If you had but given us notice of your intention, we should have been ready at this moment.'

'And now it is too late. Dear me!'—looking at his watch, he exclaimed, 'I shall but just have time to save the train, if that. Good-bye, Mrs. Howard; good-bye, girls.' And he hurried away before it was possible to arrest him, to promise an impossible promptitude in getting ready to accompany him, or to suggest waiting for the next train, or anything of the sort. Mrs. Howard saw the carriage wheel round and sweep along the avenue, with a dark anticipation of some impending calamity, from this singular exception to all the ordinary habits of his life.

The train proceeded on rapid wings to London; it was almost the first Mr. Merton had travelled by, and the clear morning and the rapid motion already made him forget for nearly an hour that there was anything the matter with him. He was soon in London, and a cab conveyed him from the station to the house of Dr. A—, with whom he had made an appointment.

Dr. A— received him with courtesy; they were old friends, and he expressed much regret at seeing him look so thin and ill. After hearing all the symptoms of his case, he promised to write a prescription for him. 'But,' he said, 'what I should chiefly recommend to you is to get as soon as possible change of air, change of scene, change of society, change of everything.'

'That is precisely what I wish to get,' said Uncle Peter, 'and find it impossible to procure.'

'Impossible!—my dear sir, to whom is it possible, if not to you?'

A sudden accession of communicativeness came over Uncle Peter, and he related his present situation to the kind physician.

It is extraordinary what singular communications physicians do receive from their patients. Dr. A— received more than most others. He had an immense practice, and unlimited sympathies. This did not surprise him at all. He smiled, and paused for a few moments.

'If you will take my advice, my dear friend, you will not go back to Hursleigh at all; you will sit down, and write from here to say that I wish to have you for a few days under my eye, after which it is probable that you will go to some watering-place for a few weeks for change of air. If you will be guided by me, you will go on the continent; to Spa, in Belgium, for instance, the air and waters of which would, I am sure, set you up in no time.'

Mr. Merton sat transfixed; he could scarcely take in the notion of leaving Hursleigh, and going on the continent; but Dr. A— made light of all difficulties. There were but two hours of sea passage; he knew that he was a good sailor, and that he talked French; everything now was so easy to the traveller, that he would be as comfortable, he assured him, as at an English watering place; while he would have a change of life more complete than he could procure in England, and enjoy the advantage of the iron waters, from which Dr. A— anticipated much benefit in his case.

'I am going out myself,' said Dr. A—, 'but I leave you all implements of letter-writing, and you will find

Mrs. A— above, in the drawing-room. Where is your carpet bag?'

'My servant has taken it to the Clarendon.'

'I will call there as I pass,' said Dr. A— in a decisive tone, which admitted of no denial, 'and send him here with it.'

He was out of his room and in his carriage before Uncle Peter had well time, if he had been disposed to do so, to object to the arrangement.

It was an awkward letter to write; but Uncle Peter did write it, and sent it to Hursleigh by his servant, with orders to pack up and get all in readiness for an absence of some weeks.

When the letter was written, he sat in Dr. A—'s study with a continental Bradshaw in his hand, over and over again following with his eye the line of the Belgian railways: he could not make out that Brussels was exactly in the necessary route to Spa, but he had never seen Brussels, and he wished to see it, and by a very slight detour he might see it. But then Captain Merton and Lady Helena were residing there, and he did not wish to see them; no, certainly he did not wish to see them; they had shown no great wish for his society—why should he manifest any for theirs? No, he certainly would not see them, but he might see Brussels notwithstanding; everybody went to Brussels—why not he?'

He had heard from public rumour something of his nephew's history since his marriage; but public rumour had not got quite hold of the right story; there was the patent fact that Captain Merton was done up, that he had sold his commission, and his furniture, and pictures, and gone to economise abroad. So far the world could see, but the world is never content with seeing such simple, straightforward results, without knowing, or pretending to know, the cause or causes which led to them. Now it had seen in this case the expensive elegance of Lady Helena Merton's furniture, carriages, dresses, jewels, and entertainments—all certainly above their means; and the current account of poor Merton's misfortunes was mixed up for the most part with blame of the extravagance of Lady Helena. The world judged from what it saw; how could it see or know that it was Captain Merton who was thoughtless and extravagant; that his wife had been ever shrinking from a display which his less refined taste was continually forcing upon her? Mrs. Howard, from certain information which she possessed, might have corrected the history which came to the ears of Uncle Peter of his nephew's disasters; but, for obvious reasons, she forbore to do so, and exaggerated, on the contrary, the slight floating reports she had heard against the worldly prudence of Lady Helena.

'The first act is over,' Uncle Peter had been continually saying to himself since the news reached him. He had made up his mind from the first that Charles Merton would run precisely the same career as his father had done, and he had determined that if ever, with blighted hopes and ruined fortune, as his father, he should seek his assistance and society, Hursleigh should then be his home. His own experience of society had been very limited, and his obstinate prepossessions against a class had so blinded him to what might be the varying character of the individuals which composed it, that he was considerably astonished that Lady Helena, after ruining his nephew, had not proceeded at once to leave him.

But years now had passed on since 'the first act' of the drama Uncle Peter had long since played out in his own mind had terminated, and there seemed no prospect of the second being accomplished. He heard that the Mertons were living at Brussels, that they had one child, and that they were not very well off, and that was all. He had been all along disappointed that his nephew had not applied to him for assistance; he did not think that he should have helped him, but he should have liked to have been asked to do so. And now he felt a sort of curiosity, blended, doubtless, with more of lingering affection than he chose to acknowledge to himself, to take advantage of the coincidence of having been himself ordered to Belgium, and his nephew's residing there, to reconnoitre their proceedings without introducing himself to them, and judging somewhat more by his own

observation than by the reports of others.

Great was the consternation at Hursleigh when Mr. Merton's note arrived. Mrs. Howard read it and re-read it, but she could extract no comfort from it; it was very kind and very polite—it begged her, indeed, not to hurry her departure, but it gave, at the same time, no encouragement for that indefinite prolongation of her visit which she had contemplated, still less did it give her a clue to Mr. Merton's destination, or a pretext for offering to accompany him on his travels.

As Mrs. Howard had, in point of fact, no engagements at all, and as she had intimated to all her correspondents of the town where she resided, that it would be probably some considerable time before she should be able to return to her 'sweet home,' and relinquish 'the dear but arduous duty which she had undertaken,' she thought it best, to save appearances, to take her daughters for a month to the seaside, after which she could return to Laurel Lodge with tolerable propriety. This she accordingly did; and explaining to her friends that this change in her plans had been caused by her own health having broken down under the charge which she had too rashly undertaken, she received the due commiseration which such an announcement was calculated to produce.

Late one summer evening, when the darkness had begun to descend upon the town, and the lights long since to appear in the shops, an elderly gentleman might have been seen walking about in a purposeless kind of way in the streets of Brussels; whilst the daylight lasted, he had confined his perambulations chiefly to the neighbourhood of the church of St. Gudule; he had walked round and round it, and wandered for some time inside it, and yet the peculiar beauty of its exterior and interior had been much lost upon him, for his mind was full the while of other thoughts, from which the new scenes wherein he now found himself could not at that time divert it. At last, when it grew darker, he walked slowly to quite another quarter of the town, and might have been seen for some time pacing backwards and forwards before a row of tall white houses on the opposite side of the street. He looked anxiously into the upper windows of one of these, but no light appeared in them, nor any sign of human habitation in the house, except in the lower part of it, which was fitted up as a shop.

At last, having gazed earnestly upwards, as he walked, for some time, he seemed to come to a sudden determination, stopped short, crossed the road, and entered the shop.

When he had done this, he stood transfixed for a few moments in the presence of a tall, elegantly dressed woman, who looked at him, without rising, from the opposite side of the counter.

The lady evidently imagined that his silence and confusion resulted from inability to express his wants in a language which she would understand. She therefore, with a good-natured smile, but very indifferent English, made a suggestion about 'gloves,' which were the usual purchase made in her shop by her male customers.

Peter Merton recollected himself and his French in a moment, 'Yes, he wished for some gloves certainly, the choice of which he protracted for some time, and then asked casually, if there were not an English gentleman and lady lodging in the house.'

Her face brightened as she replied —'Yes, there had been certainly such persons in the house; did Monsieur wish to see them? Ah, how unfortunate! what a loss! they had left Brussels but the day before, with their charming little girl, who was not very well, for change of air.' She grew more and more voluble, having evidently embarked on a congenial strain. 'Ah, how sorry they would be to miss seeing their friend—they had so few friends —would he leave his card, his name, that she might tell them what they had lost?'

No, he would not.

The lady was not at all disconcerted; she proceeded to expatiate on the beauty of Miladi and on that of Monsieur; on all the various agreeable qualities which she had discovered in them since they had been lodgers in her house; they

seemed to have all the virtues under the sun, but, added the lady, when she had exhausted her panegyric, 'Alas, they were poor, very poor.'

'And how does Miladi bear that?' inquired Uncle Peter.

The shopwoman looked surprised at his question, but proceeded at once to answer it. 'Ah, it was not Miladi who had borne it worst, it was Monsieur; when they had first come, she had been quite saddened to see the extent of Madame's self-denial that Monsieur might enjoy little luxuries which she had denied herself; but Madame was so good, so religious, she had not thought before that a Protestant could be so religious as she was.

Mr. Merton was somewhat astonished and a good deal disappointed at what he heard; he took off his hat and bade the lady good bye, and sallied out again into the streets; he regained his hotel, went to his bedroom, where he lay awake, revolving many things, until the next morning, at an early hour of which he set off by the first train that would conduct him on his way to Spa.

It was a rainy day, and the country through which he passed was very uninteresting. His spirits were much depressed—he kept asking himself now, again and again, why he had left Hursleigh? or if he must have left Hursleigh to leave Mrs. Howard, why he had left England? The rain had ceased, but it was still damp and uncomfortable, when he found himself ensconced in the coupé of a great awkward diligence, that was to convey him from the railway station to his destination, which lay some distance from it.

He might have observed ere this that the character of the scenery had much changed; that instead of the flat, uninteresting country through which his journey lay at first, wild wooded hills, and streams, and chateaux, and cottages, lying pleasingly interspersed amongst them, had now succeeded on all sides. But he had sat back in his carriage absorbed in his own melancholy reflections, and quite unheedful of the aspect of the external world. Now, at length, as the vast, slow old machine rumbled uncomfortably along, he looked through its shaky windows, and with every disposition to find fault, could not but be struck and pleased by the very picturesque road through which they drove. In spite of the rain that had fallen, there seemed here a strange lightness in the air, through which, as the shades of night began to fall, he saw tiny fireflies floating in all directions beneath the woods that skirted the roadside.

A foreign watering-place is somewhat dull to a solitary Englishman, particularly if he be not inclined to enter into the amusements of the place, as was the case with Uncle Peter. He did not play billiards, nor rouge-et-noir, nor cricket—facilities for all of which he might have found there; he saw no one that he knew, and therefore was not invited to join any of the picnics, riding, and other parties got up by his countrymen whom the search after health or amusement had congregated on the same spot. And yet he was not dull exactly; though he avoided all the usual places of public resort, he spent his days pleasantly enough, going long distances into the beautiful surrounding neighbourhood upon the back of one of the stout ponies of the Ardennes, or short ones upon his own legs (which, to say the truth, he preferred). The table-d'hôtes amused him, with all the ever-varying food which they present, not only to the bodily but the mental appetite of one so observing as himself. He had the English papers, too, which took up here, as at Hursleigh, no inconsiderable portion of his time. He fell, in a few days, into a sort of routine, which, if it were not enjoyment, was certainly more like it than the life he had been leading lately at Hursleigh with Mrs. Howard for his guest.

One morning of peculiar beauty he had walked out for a mile or so into the country, following a route which he had not before taken; it conducted him, through wild and winding paths, along the brink of a mountain-stream which chafed and whitened beneath his feet. The scene was somewhat artificial—the hand of art had evidently assisted there the hand of nature; but it was pleasant enough, in the heavy heat of

the noonday, to find yourself sheltered by tall, graceful beech-trees that rose on either side of you, and listen to the fall of running water. Uncle Peter found it so; he had brought a book out with him, and an umbrella, which, when abroad, invariably replaced the spud which was his ordinary companion at Hursleigh. He sat down upon a picturesque fragment of brown rock, on which he first carefully laid his pocket-handkerchief. He opened his book, but did not read much; he fell into a reverie, more agreeable by far than any he had for a long time past indulged in. The hard frost, that years of solitude and prejudice had gathered about his heart, melted away before the genial influences of the scene and hour. His thoughts went back to his earlier days, the days of his boyhood, which were the only ones that had been brightened by anything like a strong affection in his life. No shadow of bitterness or brooding melancholy lay upon his heart; all was sunshine around him and within. I think, had his nephew—nay, even his niece—stood before him at that moment, he would not have hesitated to forgive every error of the former, and forego every prejudice against the latter.

But the two figures which at last did disturb him from this agreeable state of mental serenity were not his nephew nor his niece, but a young, bright-looking Belgian servant-girl, in a buff sort of jacket, a black petticoat, no bonnet, but the cleanest of white caps over her rosy features, and soft, braided, brown hair, by the side of whom walked a little girl of singular beauty, and no less remarkable intelligence and liveliness of manner. Her ringing laugh and voice had resounded through the pathway long before they came in sight; now that they had turned the corner formed by a mass of rock covered with underwood and wild flowers, he could hear distinctly what they said.

'Here is the old place,' said the little girl; 'let us sit down; I will give you another lesson in English.'

The nursemaid laughed, looked round, and the eyes of both fell on Uncle Peter, who was sitting close beside them, his figure at first concealed by the rocks and overhanging branches of the trees.

He rose at once, took up his umbrella, and walked abruptly onward in an opposite direction; not annoyed by having his solitary musings interrupted exactly—he was in too genial a mood for that just then—but anxious rather to leave them in possession of a spot which for some reason they preferred.

He walked on some little way, and again sat down, where he was quite out of the reach of their voices, nor was in any danger of interrupting them. He had not sat many moments, however, when the two figures he had before seen crossed the wooden bridge which hung high over the stream that he had just traversed himself, and advanced straight towards him, the little girl holding in her hand a pocket-handkerchief that he had left behind him in his somewhat precipitate retreat.

She came forward with a certain childlike grace and innate politeness, so different from the grace and politeness of a French child, that he at once discovered she was English, although it was in French that she addressed him, as she explained that she had found his pocket-handkerchief upon the rock upon which he had been sitting.

'Thank you,' he said to her in English, with a more thorough smile than had illuminated his face for years.

The child's face brightened—it was bright enough before, but the ray of unexpected delight which broke over it now added strangely to its lustre and its beauty.

'You are English,' she said; 'mamma is English, too, and papa; but I have never been in England; never, at least, since I can remember. I was in England once, but that was years ago. Will you tell me all about it?—how long is it since you were there?'

Uncle Peter had been said by those who knew him best not to be fond of children; the assertion was untrue; he liked them, and often wished to get on with them, but could not do so; he had been, over and over again, so mortified by the ill success of his rough overtures to them, that he had for years ceased

to make any. But here was a child who seemed to take to him at once; there was not a dash of forwardness in her manner, but she was not afraid of a certain hardness in him which had deterred other children; perhaps it was that he had so much less of it this morning than usual; however this might have been, she sat down at his side without hesitation, and talked to him with an ease and grace which captivated him at once, and apparently the Belgian nursemaid too, who stood by gazing from time to time admiringly upon her young charge.

'I think papa and mamma would like you,' said the little girl, musingly, after she had conversed with him for some time; 'they do not see many persons, scarcely any English; but I think they would like you. Will you tell me your name, that I may tell them all about you?'

'My name is Merton,' said Uncle Peter.

'That is very strange; it is their name and mine,' said the little girl; 'I am called Merton, Helena Merton.'

Uncle Peter started, and looked fixedly upon his young companion; the truth flashed upon him at once; there was no great resemblance of feature to his nephew, but there were tones in her voice which had already reminded him of something, he knew not what, which he had heard before. The voice was like Charles Merton's, but still more it seemed to him like his brother's.

'Can you tell me your father's Christian name,' he said, quietly, 'my little girl?'

'Yes; it is Charles.'

He sat for some moments in silence and indecision as to what should be his future movements. If his nephew and his niece were at Spa, he must certainly leave it, was his first thought. Need he do so? was his second—need he doom himself again by prejudices, the folly of which he was beginning to see more clearly, to a desolate old age, cheered only by the venal society of a woman like Mrs. Howard? Why not be reconciled to his nephew at once, and, with this child, whom he already felt that he could love, go back and fill the old house at Hursleigh with gaiety and delight? But how be reconciled? Who was to make the first overtures? Not he; and would his nephew? If he had not made them before, was it likely that he would now? And then, again, the thought of Lady Helena recurred, whom he had so long been accustomed to picture to himself as haughty, disdainful, and extravagant, that even the different picture conveyed of her character by their landlady at Brussels had not succeeded in conveying a thoroughly different impression of her to his mind.

'Charles is papa's Christian name,' repeated the little girl, 'and now will you tell me yours?'

'It is of no consequence,' said Uncle Peter gravely. Another silence succeeded, broken again by the little girl.

'It is raining,' she said; 'look what large drops!'

They were large indeed—the first of a heavy shower: they lay black and broad upon the stones beside them. Thicker and faster they came, till the trees became no shelter, and at length the best thing seemed, to be reconciled to a thorough wetting, and reach home as soon as possible.

'We do not live far from here,' said the little girl, 'and there are trees the whole way.'

They gained the high road, shaded by a long avenue of limes—they hurried rapidly along, Uncle Peter protecting his little friend with his large umbrella, but deriving little benefit from it himself, until they came to a small white house, separated from the road, with a garden in front of it.

'This is our house,' said the little girl, 'wont you come in?'

'No, thank you,' said Uncle Peter. He saw her safely sheltered from the shower in the projecting porch of the old house, and hastened quickly away.

He was almost sorry that he had done so afterwards: it seemed like declining to avail himself, on his part, of any opportunity for a reconciliation that might occur. He never doubted that the little girl would tell her story, and that it would at once be discovered who he was; and every footstep that he heard for the rest of the day, about the door of his

apartment, he imagined to be his nephew's.

But Charles Merton was at Liège that day on business, and Lady Helena was too much engrossed with anxiety about the little girl having been out in the rain, to understand more from her story than that an old gentleman, an Englishman, had given her the protection of his umbrella.

'Was it not odd, mamma; his name was Merton?' persisted the little Helena.

'Very,' said Lady Helena. 'But I trust, my dear child, you may not take cold; you have been so much better since you came to this place, that it would be sad indeed if this wetting were to throw you back.'

The rain continued all that day, and the greater part of the next; but in the evening, Uncle Peter considered it sufficiently dry for him to venture forth from his rooms, to which he had been imprisoned for the most part during the rain.

He took a short walk in the very opposite direction to his nephew's house; he then went for a short time to the Redoute, where he had been accustomed to go and look at the papers in an evening; but this night, when he got hold of the *Times*, he could not command his attention sufficiently to understand it; he felt nervous and uncomfortable; he cast his eyes continually upon the group of persons similarly occupied with himself, to see if any addition, and what, had been made to their number; he looked up at every fresh entrance into the room, but he saw none but the faces—with many of which he had now become familiar—that were wont to frequent the place. At last he threw down the paper, and walked to the gaming tables; he looked round them both. There were old, hard faces there, and young eager ones; but they did not interest him to-night. There was a fashionably dressed young Englishman carelessly losing a low mountain of little gold pieces, and a sharp-featured woman of the bourgeois class accumulating with wolf-like rapacity a high mountain of large silver ones. But his eye wandered over all, and rested upon none; then he gave a sigh of relief, perhaps because he did not find what he so strangely wished and as strangely dreaded to behold there; and then he took up his hat and stick, and descended the stairs.

In the dark archway which leads into the street, two persons were talking; he stopped involuntarily, arrested by the tones of one of the two voices.

'I think I shall go in, and have a shy at the tables,' said one voice.

'No, you wont,' said the other; 'you will come and have some tea with my wife.'

'I never take tea,' said the first voice, hesitatingly.

'At all events, you wont go in there; or if you do, you wont play. My own experience has been so fearful' (the voice here, which he had recognised, grew low, but was perfectly distinct in its intense earnestness) 'that you will not deny me such benefit as I may derive from it, in the right it gives me to advise another.'

'How seriously you take the loss of a five-franc piece.'

'Yes; because a fortune may follow it. Come along.'

'Well, you must promise me a song from Lady Helena to make up for my self-denial.'

They walked out. It was moonlight; but the pavement was shadowed by the tall white houses, and neither of the two perceived the short figure of the old man, which followed them at some distance.

Uncle Peter saw them both enter the house where he had parted with his young companion. The upper windows were open, and voices, and occasionally a light laugh, could be heard by him as he stood outside. And then, after a while, for he remained there long, came the sound of a piano, and of a woman's voice, deep, and rich, and clear. It seemed of unusual compass and considerable cultivation. First, he heard an elaborate piece of foreign music. Then a few chords were struck, and some simpler English songs were sung. He could hear the words of them as he stood outside. One there was that he knew well, and had been very fond of in days gone by; but he had not heard it for long, and it came over him now with a power which brought the tears to his eyes. It was one of the Irish

melodies—'Oft in the stilly night.' The words of the last stanza rang in his ears. He could not shake them from him. He walked up and down, repeating them. It seemed that they must have been written for himself, to describe the situation in which he had been so long.

At last, the front door opened, and the visitor departed. They were now alone—Charles Merton and his wife. An irresistible impulse came over the old man: he walked up to the door, and rung the bell.

It was opened by an old servant of Captain Merton, who had remained with them through all their reverses, and who recognised him at once. He ushered him at once up stairs. He had nerved himself for a scene—the thing, of all others, he most dreaded; but, as is not uncommonly the case in such circumstances, no scene was enacted. They were glad to see him, and of course surprised. Charles Merton introduced him to his wife; a glance at whom dispossessed Uncle Peter at once of the last of his prejudices, if any yet remained in her disfavour.

All seemed to be natural, and in the common course of things; if he had spent every evening with them for months he could not have felt more at home.

They talked of ordinary subjects; wished to order tea for him, which he declined; and then, when he rose to depart, Charles Merton said, in his old frank tones—

'You will let us see you again, uncle; I have not yet introduced you to one of my family—the little Helena.'

'I will breakfast with you to-morrow,' said Uncle Peter, 'if you will permit me, taking you on my way back from my spring; but I need not an introduction to Helena—we are already friends;' and he explained their previous meeting, and Lady Helena was surprised of course that she had not at once detected who the child's companion had been.

He came the next morning to breakfast, and afterwards proposed a walk to his nephew, in the course of which, by a series of blunt questions, he ascertained the whole history of his affairs.

'And why did you not let me know all this before?' said Uncle Peter, when he had learned everything.

'I wrote to you before we left England, and told you much of what you have asked me about now; when I received no answer to my letter, it can scarcely surprise you, I think, from your knowledge of my character, that I did not write again.'

'Wrote to me before you left England? I never got your letter. I have never heard from you since your marriage.'

'It is surprising that you did not receive my letter; I carried it to the post myself, too anxious at the time about its result not to take every pains that it should reach its destination. I did not tell my wife then that I had written it; she knew all, and was reconciled to the worst. I longed indeed that that worst might not come, but I would not destroy her heroic fortitude by suggesting a hope of assistance in our difficulties, which might be, as indeed it proved, delusion. And yet,' he said, thoughtfully, 'I am glad, dear uncle, you never got my letter. Had I got easily out of my troubles, I should never perhaps have learned, as now I have, to overcome so completely the habits which had led to them. I should never have known my wife, too; never seen such strength and gentleness of character in her as I did not believe existed upon earth. And more, I should never have known myself, my selfishness, and sin. I have learned much intellectually in these last few years, for I have studied hard with a hope to turn my labours to account in some way so as to improve our position. But I am chiefly of all thankful to the moral lessons which I have received from her, and which I feel to be the most valuable and the most indelible of all.'

Uncle Peter was sadly perplexed about the missing letter; too long an interval had elapsed since it had been written for him to entertain any chance of discovering what had become of it; it was therefore with very little hope of obtaining any information on the subject that he said to his servant, when he came into his room that evening—

'Thompson, I have learned this morning that a letter sent to me by my nephew four years ago, one of great importance, miscarried, and never reached me.'

'I always said, sir, you never got it,' exclaimed the old servant, quickly and indignantly.

Uncle Peter prosecuted his inquiries, and learned that the letter had in due course arrived at Hursleigh, that it had made a considerable sensation in the servants' hall, where Charles Merton had ever been held 'in high consideration,' and where his estrangement from his uncle and Hursleigh had been unceasingly deplored. Thompson remembered the letter coming; he remembered the expectations which had been formed about it among the old servants; he remembered its being taken into the saloon by a new footman recently engaged, who had not been present at the discussion among them about the letter, and who knew nothing of the Captain. He remembered himself asking Thomas how his master looked when he received the letter, and Thomas saying that he did not know there was a letter for Mr. Merton; that he had given all three to Mrs. Howard. He always had his suspicions that his master never got that letter; and he was plunging into a history of the very unfavourable prepossessions entertained from various little circumstances against Mrs. Howard in the servants' hall, but was checked decisively by his master, who did not suffer the familiarity of an old servant to go so far as to listen to reflections from him upon a relation and a guest of his own.

But the case certainly did look awkward against Mrs. Howard; he thought long how it would be right to act concerning it; the footman, Thomas, had long since left his service, having been discovered to be too impracticably stupid to remain. He felt that to charge Mrs. Howard with the suspected act would be only to meet with the most calm denial of all knowledge of it; nor did he see any means of bringing it home to her, even if he did not shrink, as he did, from the publicity which must attend any attempt to do so.

Hursleigh is now a happier mansion than it has been for many years; it has been just refurnished, and music, and flowers, and the merry voice of childhood, adorn its once deserted apartments. It is not a place, even now, where much entertainment of the neighbourhood goes on; but Lord Elsmore and his family are ever welcome guests, and sometimes some of the neighbouring families are invited to meet them. Mrs. Howard is never seen there, nor her daughters; it is said that she received one day a letter in the cramped hand of Uncle Peter, which arrived when she was in the midst of a select circle of morning callers; that she read the early part of it aloud, which described the entire restoration of the health of her 'dear relative,' and of his purpose of speedily returning to Hursleigh; but suddenly it was noticed that she stopped short, started, read on rapidly to herself, turned pale, rose from her chair, and with a hurried apology left the room and her visitors. A bell was speedily rung, and it is said that the small jug of very hot water which Hannah then carried up stairs in answer to it, was really used for the purpose for which it was demanded — to dilute a very considerable dose of sal-volatile.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

IT is recorded of Sir Martin Frobisher, a renowned mariner in the time of Elizabeth, that when attempts were made to dissuade him from engaging in the discovery of a north-west passage, he declared, 'It is the only thing in the world that is left yet undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate.'

This, be it remembered, was uttered nearly three centuries ago, since which period a vast number of attempts have been made by various nations to solve a problem full of interest to the man of science and commerce. For, when the early exploration of bold voyagers had dashed the hopes of the merchant by assuring him that if a passage existed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, it could never, on account of the enormous accumulation of ice, be used as a route to India, men whose aspirations ran higher than mere Mammon-worship felt desirous to lay bare the mysteries of the northern regions of our wonderful planet, where—

——— blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky,
With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years;
Amidst immensity they tower sublime,—
Winter's eternal palace, built by time.

But we must not despise the early adventurers; for although it was with the view of attaining the land of pearls and spices by a shorter and less tiresome route than that round the Cape of Storms, that they went forth in their frail and small barks upon the dark northern waters; yet as pioneers in the great work of geographical discovery, and as men of indomitable perseverance and courage, they are entitled to our warmest admiration. And when we consider the nature of the Arctic Regions, and their vast area, our wonder is increased that throughout so many generations so many men have been found willing and ardent volunteers to explore those stern wastes even at the imminent peril of their lives.

If, then, such fame and renown were promised three hundred years ago, when Arctic exploration was in its infancy, to him who should discover the North-West passage, how greatly must the glory of such a discovery be increased at the present time, when so many trials have been made to solve the problem.

The name of M'Clure, as the fortunate discoverer of a passage between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans round the coast of North America, will stand out among the throng of Arctic voyagers with proud pre-eminence. We are not unmindful that much of the path which he followed was already known, but he is entitled to all honour and praise for going forward when that path terminated, incurring by so doing great responsibility.

But this high prize has not been won by the English flag without great cost. While we exult that our small island, ever in the van of civilization and human advancement, has added fresh glory to its history by this discovery, we are painfully reminded that in all probability a gallant crew, headed by an officer who was Nelson's companion—his equal in courage, and as good as he was brave, have undoubtedly endured great hardships in their endeavours to accomplish an undertaking which it is impossible to deny is attended with many dangers.

This is a terrible penalty to pay for our victory, but it is the nature of all enterprises developing great results to involve considerable risk and suffering;—without these, where would be the glory?

Si non Euryalus Rutulos cecidisset in hostes,
Hertacidi Nisi gloria nulla foret.

Thinking of these things—for the probable fate of Franklin and his companions will haunt our imagination like the skeleton form in the halls of festivity—it is a cheering consolation to know that the humility and piety of the chief of the long lost Arctic voyagers which was shared by his officers, must have imparted great comfort to those under him in the dark and stern hours of trial. Like that 'devout gentleman and philosopher,' Sir Humphry Gilbert, who, when exploring the Arctic regions three centuries ago, endeavoured to console his unfortunate companions

in the presence of death, by assuring them that

> ——— Heaven was as near
> By water as by land,

so we feel persuaded that Franklin by his heroic example and resignation, of which he gave so many proofs during the terrible sufferings encountered in his North American journeys, has been of the greatest service to his companions, by sustaining their spirits during severe trials.

It is not our intention to write a history of the attempts to discover the so-called North-West Passage. This would require far more space than we have at our disposal. We propose, therefore, merely putting on record, in our pages, which have chronicled, on more than one occasion, the proceedings of the recent Arctic Expedition, the story of Captain M'Clure's voyage.

This officer having acquired considerable Arctic experience in the first searching expedition of Sir James Ross, in whose ship he acted as senior lieutenant, was promoted to the rank of commander, and immediately volunteered for the second expedition, by way of Behring's Straits, the command of which was entrusted to Captain Collinson. The ships selected were the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, which had just returned from Barrow's Straits. They were new ships, and in excellent condition.

Captain Collinson sailed in the early part of 1850, and along with Captain M'Clure, arrived within the Straits in the month of July of that year. His instructions were to pass through the Straits, and proceed afterwards in whatever direction he thought the most promising to find traces of the missing expedition.

Great stress was laid on the importance of not separating from his colleague, with whom he was desired to keep up constant communication.

Very soon, however, after the two ships had entered the straits, Captain Collinson parted from Captain M'Clure, and sailed to Hong Kong, where he passed the winter, returning to Behring's Straits in 1851.

Under these circumstances it would, undoubtedly, have been more prudent had Captain M'Clure followed his commander. But such a course was not contemplated. Without heeding a signal of recall made by Captain Kellett, of the *Herald*, who was his superior officer, Captain M'Clure dashed on, willing to take the heavy responsibility which such a step involved, and was soon lost sight of. This happened on the last day of July, 1850, at which time the *Herald* was off Cape Lisbourne. When two years had passed, without any tidings of Captain M'Clure being heard, great uneasiness was naturally felt respecting him, for he had declared, in the most emphatic manner, that he would find Franklin or 'make the passage;' and he also stated that should his ship become entangled in the ice, and barred further progress, he would, in 1853, with as many volunteers as were willing to accompany him, forsake his ship, and make the best of his way across the ice to Melville Island.

This intention caused the Admiralty to send Captain Kellett, with provisions and a steam tender, to that locality, and it is not a little curious that Captain M'Clure should, by this judicious proceeding, have been rescued by the very man who had endeavoured to deter him from his perilous undertaking.

It seems, from his journal, that the opening in the ice, which promised so favourably, did not extend far. The pack soon became very heavy, and accordingly the *Investigator* was navigated back to its edge, along which she sailed, in hope of finding an opening to the north. Failing, however, in discovering any lead in that direction, Capt. M'Clure proceeded easterly, keeping close to the American coast. On the 11th August he passed Jones' Island, the shores of which were found thickly strewed with drift wood, and, continuing his course, frequently having only a mere thread of water, arrived off the Mackenzie, on the 21st August. A little to the east of the mouth of this river, at a place called Point Warren, they held communication, by means of their interpreter, with two Esquimaux, who stated that the rest of their tribe had taken flight, apprehending that the white men had come to revenge the murder of one of their brethren, whose grave was indicated.

Captain M'Clure does not appear to have examined this grave, but he probably regarded the story as a fabrication. In his despatches he says, that the tribe do not trade with the Hudson's Bay Company, giving as a reason, that their officers had given them poisonous water.

At Cape Bathurst, which was reached on the 31st August, a tribe of Esquimaux about 300 in number was seen. Many natives went on board the ship, and from their statements, Captain M'Clure is fully convinced that neither the ships, nor any of the crews of Franklin's Expedition have ever reached their shores.

Pursuing his career to the East, he arrived, on the 6th September, abreast of Cape Parry, from whence high land was seen to the north-east; this was visited and taken possession of. It is represented as being upwards of 1000 feet high on the southern side. Subsequent explorations showed that this land is a continuation of Banks' Land, and is an island, to which Captain M'Clure has given the name of Baring. To this we must enter a strong protest. For although Captain M'Clure had an undoubted right to call the southern portion of the land by the name of Baring — yet, considering how important a share of Arctic discovery is due to Sir Joseph Banks, we think it scarcely fair not to give his name to the large island discovered by Captain M'Clure, the northern extremity of which was already called Banks' land. To the east of this island, but separated from it by a strait, fresh land was observed, which was taken possession of and named Prince Albert Land, and to the strait the name of Prince of Wales was given.

As this Channel bore north-east and presented a favourable aspect, Captain M'Clure sailed up it until the 8th October, when having been for several days closely beset by pack ice, his ship was firmly frozen up in lat. 72, 46 N., and long. 117, 44 W. This check was most disheartening, for explorations showed that they were on the threshold of Melville Straits, into which this channel opened.

This discovery established the existence of a north-west passage.

The ensuing summer was awaited with great anxiety, but unhappily when the *Investigator* was liberated from her winter quarters, it was found quite impossible, on account of the setting of large masses of ice to the southward, to pass out of the Straits into Melville Channel. Under these circumstances Captain M'Clure, unwilling to lose the open season, retraced his steps to the south of Baring Island, and sailed along its western and northern side, until he came to lat. 74, 6 N., long. 117, 54 W., when his progress was arrested by heavy ice. At this point he was within about 70 miles of Melville Island. Here the *Investigator* was frozen in, and from the date of her arrival there (Sept. 24, 1851) until the 16th of April of the present year, all efforts to move her have been fruitless.

We can well understand that this second check, when on the eve as it were of triumph, must have been a sore trial to Captain M'Clure, and his officers and crew. They had braved great hardships, and it would have been a fitting reward for all their labours had they been permitted to sail onward to Lancaster Sound.

But a passage was discovered, and it is quite possible that the ice may have opened sufficiently this summer to allow the *Investigator* to be navigated eastward, and that she may be at the time we write on her way to England.

As may be supposed, Captain M'Clure and his officers did not remain inactive during their long imprisonment. When in the Prince of Wales Straits in 1851, several explorations were made in various directions, which have been the means of adding largely to our knowledge of the lands and sea north of Wollaston Land. It is worthy of remark that in one of the expeditions Captain M'Clure's officers were within twenty miles of Lieutenant Osborn, who was conducting an exploring party from Captain Austin's ships.

In April, 1852, a party headed by Captain M'Clure went across the ice to Melville Island, and deposited a notice at Winter Harbour giving an account of their proceedings. This document was discovered by Captain Kellett, who had been despatched

from Sir E. Belcher's squadron of search at Beechy island for the express purpose, as we have stated, of relieving Captain M'Clure.

Of course immediate steps were taken to communicate with Captain M'Clure, and the meeting is said to have been of the most joyous nature. A private letter thus describes the event:

At length Pim reached the party, quite beside himself, and stammered out on M'Clure asking him—Who are you, and where are you come from—'Lieutenant Pim,—*Herald*—Captain Kellett.' This was inexplicable to M'Clure, as I was the last person he shook hands with in Behring Straits. He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman, an angel of light. He was soon seen from the ship; they had only one hatchway open, and the crew were fairly jambed there, in their endeavour to get up. The sick jumped out of their hammocks, and the crew forgot their despondency; in fact all was changed on board the *Investigator*.

No wonder; after a solitude for nearly three years in the icy regions of the North, the sight of their countrymen with relief at hand must have been almost overpowering.

And it arrived most seasonably; for we are told that Captain M'Clure had thirty men and their officers fully prepared to leave the *Investigator* for the depôt at Point Spencer, while another party of seven men were to have gone to the M'Kenzie with despatches for the Admiralty, requesting that a ship might be sent to meet them at Port Leopold in 1854.

It is, of course, quite problematical whether the *Investigator* has been able to leave her present position this summer, and advance further to the east.

Such is the story of the discovery of a North-West, or more properly speaking, North-East passage. We have little doubt that more than one passage, navigable for ships during an open season, exists between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Mr. Rae, who is now exploring the lands and seas between Regent Inlet and Wollaston Land, will probably tell us of passages in that direction, and the explorations of Sir E. Belcher north of Wellington Channel show that there is an open Polar Sea covered by numerous islands, and that Jones and Smith Sounds communicate with that sea.

We are greatly surprised that Sir E. Belcher, with an efficient steamer at his command, and large depôts of provisions to fall back upon, did not attempt to explore the Polar Sea this summer, which is open as early as May, instead of returning to Beechy Island, as his despatches inform us he intended doing.

This is the more surprising, because in his explorations last year up Wellington Channel, he came upon what certainly appear to be fresh traces of Franklin's expedition. These are thus described:—

On the 25th of August, 1852, we landed on a low point, where the coast suddenly turns to the eastward, and discovered the remains of several well-built Esquimaux houses,—not simply circles of small stones, but two lines of well-laid wall in excavated ground, filled in between by about two feet of fine gravel, well paved, and withal presenting the appearance of great care,—more, indeed, than I am willing to attribute to the rude inhabitants or migratory Esquimaux. Bones of deer, walrus, seals, &c., numerous. Coal found.

Bearing in mind that no Esquimaux have been met with in Wellington Channel, we must regard these traces, to say the least, as affording strong evidence that Franklin's party went up that Channel,—and we do not think that the nation will feel satisfied until its head waters have been fully explored.

We cannot lay down our pen without expressing our great sorrow that the history of Captain Inglefield's expedition should be darkened by the death of that gallant and excellent officer, Lieut. Bellot, of the French navy.

Always eager to be of use, he literally lost his life in the performance of a service involving great danger. This was an endeavour to convey the Admiralty despatches to Sir E. Belcher. Captain Inglefield had failed in the attempt, and Lieut. Bellot was unfortunately swept from a hummock of ice into a deep fissure by a tremendous storm which overtook his party. The French navy by this sad event has lost a gallant officer, who had made many warm and fast friends in this country.

ANATOMY IN LONG CLOTHES.

THERE is an old folio, known to most men who have visited the fountain-heads of medical literature, and dear to bookworms for its woodcut illustrations, which in their own time were ascribed to Titian. It is the *Corporis Humani Fabrica* of Andreas Vesalius. The first page is adorned with a large and spirited woodcut, in which a young man, wearing professor's robes, is to be seen standing at the table of a lecture theatre, and pointing out from a robust subject that lies before him the inner secrets of the human body. The tiers of benches that surround the lecture-table are completely crowded with grave doctors, who are leaning forward, struggling to see, and even climbing upon railings, from which they look down with faces that present a striking group, expressive of much wonder, interest, and curiosity, mixed with a little awe. And yet they look upon a spectacle which is presented in our day as a matter-of-course to thousands of young men during the winter session at the hospitals.

The woodcut at once leads us to suppose that we have to deal in the book to which it is prefixed with a man who was the first to force his way into a path obstructed by a heavy barricade of prejudice. If we turn over a leaf, we find his portrait in another sketch, rough, bold, and masterly. It portrays spirit and flesh of a young man who has the marks of a hardworking brain upon his forehead, and of a firm will upon his face. He looks like a man born to do work for the world, and not unwilling at the same time to take ease in it. He evidently can enjoy as well as think, and will, and do. His beard is very trim, his senses look acute, his rather handsome features express much refinement, aptness also for a look of scorn. He shows like a chief in intellect, a gracious king over some region of knowledge, who possesses all he could inherit, and knows how to conquer more; a good companion to kindred minds when recognised among them as a leader. So we judge from the noble portrait of the young professor in his robes, Andrew Vesalius, aged, as we are told by the inscription on the border, twenty-eight; a man who at that age had already become the Luther of Anatomy.

We meet only occasionally with born poets and musicians. Vesalius had a native genius of a rarer kind —he was a born dissector. From the inspection of rats, moles, dogs, cats, monkeys, his mind rose, impatient of restraint, to a desire for a more exact knowledge than they or Galen gave of the anatomy of man. But in his day, to be dissatisfied with Galen was to be a heretic in medicine; and to touch with a scalpel the dead 'image of God' was reckoned impious in theology. There was no doubt left upon that latter point, for in the lifetime of Vesalius Charles the Fifth had brought the question formally before a consultation of divines at Salamanca. For purposes of ambition, living men might be blown asunder at the cannon's mouth, cut up with sword and axe, or probed into with military lances. For the purposes of science dead men were not to receive a wound.

Three weasels formed the family arms of Andreas, whose name was properly Wesalius, his forefathers having at one time belonged to Wesel, where they formed a portion of the noble Wittag family. The immediate progenitors of Andreas for several generations had been eminent for medical attainments. Peter Wesalius was a famous physician; John the son of Peter, another thriving doctor, had been physician to Mary of Burgundy, the first wife of Maximilian I. John, growing old, had retired from business, not, however, until he had introduced Everard, his son, to his distinguished mistress, and to all his profitable practice. John, in retirement at Louvain, had written verses and enjoyed much honour: men of learning dedicated books to him. Everard had kept up the reputation of the family, had written Commentaries on the books of Rhases, and upon the Aphorisms of Hippocrates. The son of Everard, and the father of Andreas, enjoyed another reputation of the same kind: he was apothecary

to the Emperor. The whole blood of the house was tinctured by this hereditary transmission through five generations of the same pursuit. When Andreas and his brother Francisco were destined to follow the two separate professions of medicine and law, their father found it very difficult to keep Francisco steady to his course of jurisprudence. Sending him out to study law his father found to be like throwing a ball against a blank wall, he came regularly back upon his hand. When afterwards Francisco saw his famous brother very much attacked by Galenists, and indisposed to pay attention to them, there was nothing nearer to the heart of the young lawyer than a desire to fight his battles for him. The veins of the family, in fact, ran medicine. Andreas, when he was not fifteen years old, attended plague cases, and practised surgery.

The toils and trials of an anatomical enthusiast who did his own dark deeds, and begot light of them, three centuries ago, before the very threshold of the Inquisition, form a pleasant chapter in the history of modern science. But since it is a chapter very seldom read, we have considered it worth while to collect together its essential details, chiefly from the narrative of Boerhaave and Albinus, partly from certain dustier and older men, whose company is good because, although they are upon the whole unquestionably tedious, they often have quaint facts to tell about the days in which they had their pleasure.

Andreas Vesalius was born on the last day of December, in the year 1514. His father, the apothecary, being attached to the service of Margaret, governor of the Netherlands, aunt of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Andrew was born at Brussels. He was sent as a boy to study at Louvain, where he made very rapid progress in all branches of knowledge taught to him. He manifested a great taste for science, and spent all his leisure upon practical research into the mechanism of the lower animals. He became very proficient in the scholarship of the day, so that in his great work, written before he had allowed his skill to rust, the Latin style is singularly pure. Riolanus, who took pains afterwards to show that Vesalius was but a shallow fellow, and that his knowledge of anatomy in particular was not much more than skin-deep, protested that he must have found some good scholar to write the Latin of his books. At the same time, however, that he might smite with a two-edged sword, the envious critic blamed the sentences of his opponent for their length, and its style for its obscurity; laying the law down, be it noted, in a style of his own ridiculously barbarous and complicated. The good Latin written by Vesalius while he was comparatively fresh from his studies at Louvain, became corrupted by disuse. The stagnant atmosphere of an Imperial court favoured the rotting of his scholarship. That Vesalius mastered not only Latin but Greek also, accurately, at Louvain, may be inferred from the fact that he wrote Greek annotations to the works of Galen. It is more certainly proved by the confidence with which the great Venetian printer, Aldinus Junta, in after years made application to Vesalius alone for a corrected text of Galen, and for castigation of a Latin rendering of Galen's works. The application was in part only responded to.

Greek and Latin were sources of pleasure to the young anatomist only because they enabled him to read medical books. Then also, as he soon discovered the corruptness of translations generally, he was not content to study the Arabians by aid of their interpreters, but betook himself to a scholar learned in Arabic and Hebrew, Lazarus Hebræus de Frigeis. With that teacher he read Avicenna in the original Arabic, and afterwards was able to write for himself a paraphrase of the ten books of Rhases to the Emir Almansor.

From Louvain the youth was sent to Paris, where he studied physic under a most eminent physician, Jacobus Sylvius, otherwise Jacques de la Boë. Sylvius found his new pupil disagreeably acute. It was the practice of that illustrious Professor to read to his class Galen on the Use of Parts. He began fairly, and when he had reached the

middle of the first book, at the point where the anatomy commences, he said, 'Gentlemen, we now come to a part too difficult for the comprehension of beginners. Were I to go through it with you, we should only be bewildering each other.' To save trouble, therefore, the Professor took a flying leap over all intervening matter, and descended on the fifth book, through which he cantered quietly to the tenth section. From the rest of the work he made selections, to the consideration of which he either gave a single lecture, or to which he devoted five or six lessons at most. This course of professional study was illustrated sometimes with the dissection of some portion of a dog, prepared for the purpose by a surgeon under the Professor's eye. This always was thrown away on the third day, when it became unpleasant to the smell.

Sylvius believed, like his brethren, that the anatomy of all flesh was contained in Galen. If he found anything in his dog that puzzled him, the fault lay always with the animal; the dog was wrong. Often the learned man—more used to turn over leaves of books than strips of muscle—blundered about his little preparation, vainly searching for some bloodvessel or tendon that he meant to show. At the third of his practical demonstrations witnessed by Andreas, the teacher was so much surprised at the confused construction of the animal before him that he called upon the newcomer, whose passion for dissecting was well known, to help him through his difficulty. The Professor's patience was tried farther by the fact that Andreas Vesalius, by the intensity of his own enthusiasm, infected his companions with a pitiless zeal after correct details of anatomy. Whenever Sylvius, unable to find some vein or nerve, excused its non-appearance and passed glibly on, he made work for his pupils. They slipped down when he was gone, hunted the dog through for the missing part, dissected it out for their master with great neatness, and triumphantly called his attention to it on his next appearance.

The influence of a commanding mind and of a strong enthusiasm was exercised over his associates in a yet more striking way by the ambitious student. He caused some of the young men to share his own impatience at the dog-anatomy to which they were confined. Pleasure loving youths, moved by his impulse, were to be found with him, haunting at ghostly hours the Cemetery of the Innocents. Once when he went with a fellow-pupil to the Montfauçon, where the bodies of executed criminals were deposited and bones were plentiful, they found themselves attacked by a pack of fierce dogs. Masters of the situation, they would by no means let a bone be touched, and there ensued so hard a battle with them that the young anatomist believed the hour of fate was come. It seemed for a short time likely that, the tables being turned upon him, his own body would be dissected for the profit of that very class to which so many of his victims had belonged.

Another of the teachers under whom Andreas studied in Paris was a man of great renown, Gauthier d'Andernach, or to speak learnedly, Guintherius. He was physician in ordinary to King Francis I. Guintherius, before he went to Paris, had been Greek Professor at Louvain. At Paris he occasionally ventured so far as to dissect human beings. We run over three years to state here that in his *Institutiones Anatomicæ*, published in 1536, Guinther took occasion to specify Andreas Wesalius (the classic V had not at that time been adopted in the name) as a youth of great promise, Vesalius then being twenty-one years old. Again, after three more years had elapsed, in publishing a new edition of his *Institutiones*, Guinther stated that he had been indebted largely to the helping hand of Andreas Vesalius, a youth most diligent in the study of Anatomy. The youth was then already himself beginning work upon a book that was to produce a revolution in the science.

At about the age of nineteen, however, the pupilage of Andreas at Paris, under Sylvius and Guinther, had been broken off by the French wars. He retired then to his alma mater at Louvain. Here continuing his studies, he for the first time openly demonstrated from the human

subject, offering to the scholars of Louvain an unaccustomed spectacle. He had himself in Paris only twice been present at a demonstration of the kind.

During this sojourn at Louvain, it happened one day that Vesalius walked with his friend Gemma Frisius outside the gates. By accident their country ramble brought them to the Tyburn of Louvain, the spot on which it was usual not only to execute criminals, but also to expose their bodies. It was a place of human bones, and of men's corpses in all stages of corruption. To such a spot the friends came very naturally, led to it no doubt by a familiar path, for where else was there a retired nook to be found of which the scenery was more completely in accordance with the taste of an anatomist. Vesalius loved nature with the ardour of true genius, but his love was not at all for—

> Russet lawns and fallows gray,
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
> Mountains, on whose barren breast
> The labouring clouds do often rest;
> Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;

He was a man who could have boiled his kettle with more pleasure in the valley of Jehoshaphat than in the vale of Tempe. Why should he not? Is the thighbone that propped up a lord of the creation less to be honoured than a primrose stalk? Or is the cup that has contained the brain and wit of man to be regarded with less tender reverence than buttercups and pumpkins?

Vesalius and Gemma Frisius, whose humour it was to admire nature in the mechanism of the human body, looked at the dead men with learned eyes. The botanist a-field looks out for specimens to carry home, so the anatomist Vesalius looked greedily about him, for in such a place the obvious question was, could he make any little addition to his *hortus siccus* of odd joints and bones?

Now there had been executed on that spot a noted robber, who, since he deserved more than ordinary hanging, had been chained to the top of a high stake, and roasted alive. He had been roasted by a slow fire made of straw, that was kept burning at some distance below his feet. In that way there had been a dish cooked for the fowls of heaven, which had been regarded by them as a special dainty. The sweet flesh of the delicately roasted thief they had preferred to every other; his bones, therefore, had been elaborately picked, and there was left suspended on the stake a skeleton dissected out and cleaned by many beaks with rare precision. The dazzling skeleton, complete and clean, was lifted up on high before the eyes of the anatomist, who had been striving hitherto to piece together such a thing out of the bones of many people, gathered as occasion offered. That was a flower to be plucked from its tall stem.

Mounting upon the shoulders of his friend, and aided by him from below, young Andreas ascended the charred stake, and tore away whatever bones he found accessible, breaking the ligaments which tied the legs and arms to the main trunk. The trunk itself was bound by iron chains so firmly to the stake, that it was left there hanging. With stolen bones under their clothes, the two young men returned into Louvain.

But in the evening Vesalius went out alone to take another walk, did not return in haste, and suffered the town gates to close against him. He had resolved to spend the night a-field under the stars; while honest men were sleeping in their beds he meant to share the vigil of the thieves. There was the trunk of the skeleton yet to be had. At midnight none would dare to brave the spectacle of fleshly horrors, to say nothing of such ghostly accidents as might befal them among corpses of the wicked, under rain, moon, stars, or flitting night-clouds. Certain, therefore, that no man would come to witness his offence, Vesalius at midnight again climbed the tree to gather its remaining blossom. By main force he deliberately wrested the whole set of bones out of the grasp of the great iron fetters, and then having removed his treasure to a secret spot, he buried it. In the morning he returned home empty-handed. At leisure then, and carefully, he smuggled through the gates, day after day bone after bone. But when the perfect skeleton was set

up in his own house, he did not scruple to display it openly, and to demonstrate from it, giving out that it had been brought by him to Louvain from Paris. The act of plunder was, however, too bold to escape attention. Vesalius afterwards was banished from Louvain for this offence.

In the next year, 1535, Andreas, having completed his twentieth year, served as a surgeon in the army of the Emperor, Charles V., during the Gallic war. He was then earning a salary, and finding subjects for dissection on the battle-field. Soon afterwards he went to Italy, making his head-quarters apparently at Venice, and displaying his zeal and ability as an anatomist by demonstrating publicly under the shadow of the most famous universities. Andreas Vesalius at once excited the attention of the learned men of Italy, as a remarkable youth of twenty-one or two, who could name, with his eyes blindfolded, any, even the smallest, human bone put into his hand, who was versed deeply in comparative anatomy, and had more accurate and practical knowledge of the structure of the human frame than any greybeard of the time had dared to master. He was a youth who had turned all the ardour and passion of his age into the service of that one mysterious pursuit at which his neighbours shuddered and admired; a youth who was at the same time an able scholar, and who could declaim his knowledge in sound Latin from the lecture-table. The intensity of his zeal and his own habit of mastery won for him in Italy so prompt a recognition of his genius, that he was only twenty-two years old when he was offered (in 1537) a professorship at Padua, created for him. It was the first purely anatomical professorship, and in accepting it Vesalius became the first professor of anatomy who taught the science, and received a salary for so doing from the funds of any university.

A good deal of morbid curiosity, a corrupt taste for witnessing dissections of the human body as a novel spectacle, no doubt increased the number of the new professor's hearers. He was doing a bold thing, his lectures were a striking innovation on the tameness of conventional routine, and his fame grew with proportionate rapidity. He continued to hold his professorship at Padua during seven years, but he was at the same time professor in two other universities. He was sought by the academies for the same reason that causes an attractive performer to be sought at the same time by rival managers. Wherever he appeared, the theatre would fill. When already appointed at Padua, he was graced with a professorship also at Bologna, in which town he put together and compared the skeletons of a man and of a monkey. Being thus doubly a professor, he accepted also the urgent invitation of Cosmo, Duke of Florence, who desired that he should take office as Professor of Anatomy at Pisa. Cosmo secured his man not only by offering a salary of six hundred crowns for a short course of demonstrations, but also by commanding that the authorities should furnish him with a free supply of bodies, whether from the cemetery or the scaffold. In each university the services of the professor were confined to a short course of demonstrations, so that his duties were complete when he had spent during the winter a few weeks at each of the three towns in succession. Then he returned to Venice.

At Venice, Andreas Vesalius studied indefatigably, at the same time that he practised physic. He not only solicited the bodies of condemned criminals, but also begged of magistrates that they would sentence such men to the modes of death that he from time to time suggested, in order that he might obtain physiological knowledge from his post mortem inspections. He was not afraid also to beg that executions might be delayed when he was well supplied with subjects, so that there might be material for him to work upon at a more leisure time. Furthermore, he watched—and incited his pupils to watch—all the symptoms in men dying of a fatal malady, and it was usual with him and them to note where, after death, such men were buried. For their bodies night-visits were paid to the churchyard, either by Vesalius or by some of his disciples, and a dili-

gent search was then made for the accurate determination of the cause of death. Many a corpse was in this way secretly conveyed by Andreas to his chamber, and concealed in his own bed.

At Padua and Bologna, where there was no bold Cosmo to back the teacher, no public means were ventured upon for the supply of the new lecture-table. It was supplied without trouble to Vesalius by the enthusiasm of the students, who became resurrectionists on his behalf. Thus it happened that on one occasion his class was edified by the emotion of a portly Petrarch under a monk's hood, who had sought in the excitement of anatomy a refuge from his grief for the recent death of a too well-known Laura. He sat down thinking of his old acquaintance with a sigh,—

Mai non fu' in parte, ove si chiar vedessi
Quel, che veder vorrei, poi ch'io nol vidi,—

and started with a shout that betrayed all his secret when he saw her stretched out on the demonstrator's table. She had been disinterred by the students as a friendless person—one who in life had not regarded her own flesh as sacred, and whose body, therefore, might be lectured from without risk of exciting any active outcry against desecration of the dead. Vesalius, who hated monks as false pretenders and obstructors of sound knowledge, enjoyed greatly this dilemma.

During the first three years of office as professor, Andreas did not depart or wish to depart from the approved rule of study. He praised the works of Galen in good faith, and made use of the anatomical writings of that ancient author as the text book upon which he founded all his demonstrations. With practical experience, however, the conviction grew, not only that the anatomy of Galen was extremely incomplete, but that it was often wrong. He had marked down upon the margins of his text-book as he detected them many discrepancies between the text of Galen and the human body. These variations he found, as he went on, were constant. Then, dissecting lower animals, and monkeys more especially, he made comparison between their parts and corresponding parts in man, until he became convinced that Galen very rarely wrote from actual inspection of the human subject, that he had been a great anatomist, but that his teaching was based on a belief that the structure of a monkey was a direct copy of the structure of a man. Galen had not ventured often to run counter to the tide of superstition, and defile himself by too close contact with the dead of his own race. This fact being ascertained with certainty, Vesalius took more than usual pains to note every discrepancy between the text of Galen and the actual parts which it endeavoured to describe. The list of these variations—annotations upon Galen—formed in a short time a volume of considerable thickness.

Having thus seen reason to distrust the foundations upon which the whole structure of medical science was, in his time, built, Vesalius, at the age of twenty-five, resolved to reconstruct more durably the science of anatomy. He perceived only one way in which this could be done: he would dissect minutely through the human body, and write down all that he found there carefully and accurately in a well-digested book. He would collate upon each point the evidence obtained under the scalpel with the writings of the authorities who occupied the schools before him, would retain their nomenclature, and repeat their truths, but rectify their almost countless errors. To this bold enterprise, after his genius had once admitted the idea, Vesalius was further impelled by the encouragement of his friends, and chiefly by the incitements of a colleague in the University of Padua, Mark Antony Genua, and of the patrician, Wolfgang Herwort. So it happened that, at the age of twenty-five, Andreas Vesalius, already a famous teacher, began to write, from actual scrutiny, his text-book of *The Fabric of the Human Body*. He at the same time practised medicine, and expressed loudly and often his regret that the art of healing and the science of anatomy were followed as two separate pursuits. He declared a correct knowledge of anatomy to be essential both to the physician and

the surgeon, and he taught the science in his writings with a constant reference to medicine and surgery, bitterly ridiculing those practitioners who got their knowledge of disease out of a study of syrups.

It is possible to tell in a few paragraphs all that is known to have been done before the time of Vesalius for the promotion of the study of true human anatomy. In very ancient times it is proved that there was no lack of dissectors, those of the Alexandrine school used the knife freely on the human subject. Herophilus is said to have cut up and examined three hundred bodies, without reckoning his vivisections. Of the anatomy of the ancients, however, nothing has been transmitted except what has come down to us in the extant works of Galen. Galen, it has been shown, dissected lower animals and monkeys—rarely man. When contact with a corpse made expiations and ablutions necessary, it was not an easy thing to be an accurate anatomist. After the death of Galen that chief still continued to hold sway for centuries over the world of medicine. The Arabians put implicit faith in him, and copied all his errors, adding many of their own.

In the middle ages practical anatomy, when it attempted any inspection of 'the Divine image,' was regarded as impiety; nevertheless, a first step in a right direction was made by Mundinus, about the year 1315. Mundinus, professor of medicine at Bologna, between the years 1315-18, exhibited the public dissection of three bodies, and by so doing was the cause of a great scandal. Alarmed by an edict of Pope Boniface VII., he gave up his dangerous experiment, but he had published a work, *De Anatome*, containing much original matter, which was adopted by the learned world, and prescribed to be read in all academics.

For three centuries this work continued to be in force as an authority. In the time of Vesalius, Mundinus was read commonly as a supplement to the anatomy contained in Galen, and if any anatomist had new facts to record he edited Mundinus, and attached to the text of that author his own experience in the form of commentary. In the year 1520, Mundinus had in that way been supplied with notes by Alessandro Achillino, and edited by his brother Philothes at Bologna, and in 1521 the book of Mundinus was again amply illustrated by Joannes Carpus Berengarius, the best of the precursors of Vesalius. Mundinus wrote succinctly, treating of parts in their natural order, but his information was not only succinct but also meagre; his style being obscure and barbarous, often incomprehensible, his errors many. His errors were so many that Matthew Curtius—who spoke before Vesalius had shaken the old paramount authority—said of Mundinus, 'all that is right in him is Galen's, but his own matter is always wrong.' Achillino was pronounced jejune, Berengarius diffuse, but really good. Carpus Berengarius introduced also into his edition, for the first time, pictures, by which the eye was enabled to comprehend the details given in the letterpress. The pictures were rude, nineteen in number, increased in another publication, two years afterwards, to twenty-two. These plates deserve to be remembered by anatomists as the first efforts that were made to facilitate their studies by depicting as well as describing the construction of the human frame. In 1534, Albert Durer depicted the symmetry of the body in four books, but rather as an artist than as an anatomist. The greatest painters, protected by Julius II. and Leo X., had been allowed to study practically just so much anatomy as was required for the perfection of their art. Drawings from nature of the superficial muscles had been made by Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaelle, and Michael Angelo. Representations of the anatomy of deep-seated parts immediately preceding the publication of the plates issued by Vesalius, were edited in 1540 by Walter Hermann Ryff; and a more valuable set, in which the brain is well depicted, and its parts figured and named, was published by Balthasar Pistor. None of these works were at all calculated to disturb the supremacy of Galen, or to create any revolution in anatomy. But they were indications of the ripeness of the field for work like that to which

Vesalius devoted himself with the whole fresh zeal of youth, and all the vigour of his genius.

The income derived by Andreas from three professorships, and from his practice among the Venetians, perhaps also the prosperous worldly condition of his family, enabled him to expend money freely in the prosecution of his literary work. He took pains to secure, not only for his descriptions of parts, but also for the representations of them to be published in his book, the utmost possible fidelity and beauty. It cost him not a little to tempt able artists from their studies of the beautiful to sit and paint, day after day, from a dissected corpse. Grudging no cost, he succeeded so well as to obtain for his book anatomical plates, not only incomparably better than any that had previously been published, but more excellent as works of art than very many that have appeared since his day. The chief artist engaged with him in this labour was Jean Calcar, native of Calcar, in the Duchy of Cleves. That artist studied during his best years in Italy, admiring chiefly the works of Raffaelle and Titian. He was one of the most able of Titian's pupils, and so accurately seized his master's style and manner, that many works from the hand of Calcar, portraits especially, have been attributed to Titian. Rubens kept, until his death, a Nativity by Calcar, that was remarkable for its effects of light; and Calcar is well known to many in our own day as the painter of the portraits which accompany Vasari's lives; Calcar, then, was the chief artist engaged upon the anatomical figures published by Vesalius, and this circumstance accounts for the fact that those figures were in their own time often attributed to Titian.

While Andreas was steadily at work upon his book, author and artists (the other artists were Joannes Stephanus and Nicolo Stopio) making simultaneous progress, the first few plates were sent to the professor's father, who, it may be remembered, was apothecary to the Emperor. By him they were shown to Charles V., also to many of his most distinguished courtiers, and in this way the praise of the young anatomist first came to be spoken from imperial lips. In the year 1539, at the age of twenty-five, Vesalius issued to the public a few completed plates as an experiment. Being successful in Italy, they were largely pirated by German publishers, and many bad copies of these plates are therefore extant. The *Opus Magnum* was again to be preceded by another herald, an epitome of its six books, with illustrations of the choicest kind. In this epitome the matter was arranged and the plates were chosen with a direct intent to supply that kind of information wanted commonly by surgeons. The chief care of the book was to describe and depict accurately those parts which are most frequently exposed to wounds, dislocations, tumours, and such ills of the flesh. It was to serve also as an index to the greater work. Although the epitome was finished first, and dedicated in due form to Philip, son and heir of the great Emperor, the actual publication of it was delayed until some months after the appearance of the full and perfect work, the *Corporis Humani Fabrica*, first published at Basle in the year 1543, its author being at that time twenty-eight years old.

With the famous treatise of Vesalius upon the fabric of the human body begins the history of anatomy as it is now studied. In that book the plates are throughout to the letter-press what the real subject is to the lecture of the demonstrator, and the references to the pictures are minute, distinct, and accurate. The groundwork of true human anatomy is laid throughout the book, with an exactness never before approached. The work is strictly anatomical, but it includes many important references to the allied subjects of physiology and surgery. The descriptions of parts are given in well-polished Latin, with the clearness of a man who is quite master of his subject, and as he goes on, the author makes a merciless comparison between the structure that is really found in man, and the description of it found in Galen. He shows, finally, by cumulative proof, that Galen taught from a knowledge not of men but of brutes. Because, in showing this Vesalius proved the errors not only of Galen but of the whole mass of his brethren who had gone to Galen only for their infor-

mation, and whom he would compel to sit at his own feet for better knowledge, he knew well that he was provoking all the brotherhood to war; he therefore made his onslaught upon error in a fighting mood.

Old men were not willing to tolerate dictation from a boy of twenty-eight. Professors and physicians who maintained a reputation for wisdom in their universities and in the world by propping it up on an intimate acquaintance with the works of Galen, were not disposed to let their prop be struck away; they clung to it tenaciously. Sylvius at Paris was especially indignant at the scientific heresies of his late pupil; he attacked his book with violence. Vesalius, therefore, wrote to his old master a letter full of friendly feeling and respect, inquiring wherein he had been guilty of error. Sylvius replied to this that he liked his old pupil very well, and would be glad to call him friend, but that he could do so only on condition that he would show proper respect for Galen. If he failed in that, he was to expect no quarter either from Sylvius or any pupils of his school.

Soon after the publication of his work in 1543 the name of Andreas Vesalius had become widely known at Court as that of a man gifted with preternatural skill in the art of healing. In the year 1546 Andreas went from Venice, then his home, in company with the Venetian ambassador, to Regenspurg, where he was to exercise his skill upon the Emperor, and from that date he was ranked among the Emperor's physicians. On his way to Regenspurg, he stopped for a short time at Basle, and there gave a few demonstrations from a skeleton prepared by himself, which upon leaving he presented to the university. The skeleton was hung up in the lecture-hall, with an inscription under it commemorating the event in this manner:—

ANDREAS VESALIUS BRUXELLENS.
CAROLI V. AVG. ARCHIATRUS
LAUDATISS. ANATOMICARUM
ADMINISTR. COMM.
IN HAC URBE REGIA
PUBLICATURUS
VIRILE QUOD CERNIS SCELETON
ARTIS ET INDUSTRIÆ SUÆ
SPECIMEN
ANNO CHRISTIANO
1546
EXHIBUIT EREXITQUE.

This skeleton, prepared and presented to its anatomical school by the father of modern anatomy, still continues to be one of the curiosities of Basle.

From the Emperor, Vesalius was sent in the same year to attend one of his nobles. Afterwards at Ratisbon he wrote and published (still in 1546) one of his works, a long letter to Joachim Roelants, entitled, *De Usu Radicis Chinæ*. In that work, while he professed to treat of the medicine by which the Emperor's health had been restored, he entered largely into a vindication of his teaching against all assailants, and a fresh exposition of the fact that Galen had dissected brutes alone. The letter, of which the greater part was devoted to the business of self-assertion, contains much autobiographic matter, and is the source from which many of the preceding details have been drawn.

Returning then to Italy—his age being thirty-two—Andreas again taught and dissected publicly at Bologna, Padua, and Pisa. His object was to battle against opposition from the orthodox. With few exceptions all the young men—all the next generation of physicians—declared themselves enthusiastically to be of the party of Vesalius. The old scholars and practitioners declared that innovator to be a mere infidel in anatomy, teaching a mass of errors. Vesalius, to put down these people, wrote always on the day before each of his demonstrations a public notice that it would take place, and that all men who decried his errors were invited to attend to make their own dissections from his subject, and confound him openly. Not a man ventured to accept the challenge, and in this way the opposition to Vesalius on the part of his immediate neighbours was held very much in check.

But from the old-fashioned teachers of the young in other towns—especially from Sylvius in Paris—the outcry against the heretic who had endeavoured to shake faith in the word of Galen was incessant. In the year 1551 Sylvius broke out in print, his wrath was a long madness, and in his published lucubration the display of it runs to an excess that is quite pitiable. He accuses his old pupil—whom, by way of

a dull, rude joke, he everywhere calls Vesanus—as a monster of ignorance, arrogance, and ingratitude—a man who poisoned Europe by the breath of his impiety, and who clouded knowledge by the infinitude of all his blunders. The animosity of Sylvius had become bitterly personal, and he even went so far as to accuse Andreas to the Emperor, and to seek an ally in one of the imperial physicians, Cornelius Barsdrop, whom he endeavoured to bribe not with money but with bones—namely, the skeleton of a child. All this hatred was not spent in vain. Sylvius was called upon, as a credible witness, to substantiate his charges, by exhibiting the errors of Vesalius from his own dissection of the subject. He was unable to do so. The human body was perverse, and followed the descriptions of the heretic; but so completely was belief in Galen the religion of the old physicians, that Sylvius next declared the men of his own time to be constructed somewhat differently from the men who had lived so many centuries before. The ancients, at any rate, it was quite certain that Galen had dissected and described infallibly. Rather let him believe that God's work had been altered than that Galen had confounded men with monkeys.

The outcry raised against him by so many grave authorities did in effect create in many minds a vague dread of Vesalius and his writings. They fell into bad odour at Court; he performed wonderful cures, but when so much testimony went to show that the young man's writing was arrogant and impious, it was felt that it must be wrong to countenance his books. When, therefore, for the sake of his reputed skill as a practitioner in medicine, Vesalius was called to reside permanently at Madrid, the summons was attended with so many circumstances showing the success of those who clamoured at his writings, that in a fit of proud indignation he spent one unlucky hour in burning all his manuscripts. Thus he destroyed a huge volume of annotations upon Galen—a whole book of medical formulæ—many original notes upon drugs—the copy of Galen from which he lectured, covered with marginal notes of new observations that had occurred to him while demonstrating—and the paraphrase of the books of Rhases, in which the knowledge of the Arabian was collated with that of the Greeks and others. The produce of the labour of many years was thus destroyed in a short fit of passion. While the ashes of his manuscripts were yet before him, Andreas repented of his deed.

He lived no more for science. As a Court physician at Madrid it was of no use for Vesalius to teach anatomy to the inquisitors from bodies robbed out of the consecrated ground. He lived upon his reputation, and indulged in all the ease compatible with the stiff life of a Spanish courtier. There was a second (augmented) edition of his *Fabric of the Human Body*, published at Basle in 1555, but it was left for scholars and physicians to fight out among themselves the question of its merits. Vesalius was dead to controversy and to study, but alive to gain and pleasure. The reputation he enjoyed as a physician was unbounded. One instance of his wonderful sagacity is an instructive example of the growth of knowledge among men of the lancet. There is now scarcely one hospital pupil in his third year who would not be ashamed to fail in the diagnosis of an aneurismal tumour. Such a tumour on a patient—a big and wonderful tumour on the loins—puzzled two famous imperial physicians, Adolf Occone and Achilles Piriminus. Vesalius being called into consultation said: 'There is a bloodvessel dilated; that tumour is full of blood.' They were surprised at so strange an opinion, but the man died, the tumour was opened, blood was actually found in it, and we are told, *in admirationem rapti fuêre omnes.*

Another case was of a more startling kind, though not so creditable to the wit of the physician. In 1548 Maximilian d'Egmont, Count of Buren, a favourite general, was ill at Brussels. He had a disease of the heart, and Vesalius being called in not only said that he would die, but undertook also to predict the day and hour of death. In those days of astrology and superstition the habit of desiring and of hazarding predictions was extremely common. Vesalius had seldom risked

his reputation by the use of them, but this one (as we hope he did not feel that it would do) brought its own fulfilment. The dread anticipation occupied the Count's mind, On the appointed day he called his relatives and friends together to a feast, distributed gifts, declared his last wishes, took formal leave of all, waited with strong suppressed emotion for the appointed hour of death, and at the hour predicted actually died.

After the abdication of Charles V., Vesalius remained attached to the Court of Philip II. Don Carlos, Philip's son, having received a severe blow on the head, his life was despaired of till they called in Vesalius, who cut into the pericranium and relieved him promptly. Brother physicians, however, said even at Court, that Vesalius understood only superficial injuries, and could not cure internal disease. Vesalius replied easily that the world outside the profession had a different opinion, and that he had no reason to envy any doctor in the world the income he could make out of his skill. When Henry II. of France was lying mortally sick of his lance wound, it was Vesalius whom Philip of Spain sent to save him from the clutch of death. But it was a long way from Madrid, and death was travelling much faster than the doctor.

The controversy concerning the infallibility of Galen was, in the meantime, raging with considerable violence. Renatus Henerus, a young man studying at Paris under Sylvius, felt annoyed at the incessant outcry against Vesalius, with which that professor was continually worrying his classes. He heard also that many sound and mature men disapproved of what, to his fresh heart, appeared very much like the bitterness of bigotry. Fuchs at Tübingen, Massa at Venice, and Rondolet at Montpellier, first-rate authorities, taught already without scruple many things that contradicted Galen. Henerus, finding this to be the case, determined on his own part to speak out on behalf of the too much abused reformer. He published, therefore, at Venice, in 1554, an apology for Vesalius, in which he spoke of Sylvius always with the respect due from a pupil to his teacher, and declared that he had never seen the man whose reputation he defended. Among other attacks upon the great anatomist was one published in 1562 by Franciscus Puteus Vercellensis; but at that time Vesalius had shaken off a little of his lethargy, being apparently impressed with the belief that his fame was not secure. There appeared, therefore, a sharp reply to Francis Pluteus from a writer calling himself Gabriel Cuneus. That writer, Cardan, his contemporary and friend, with the best opportunities of knowing the truth, identifies with Andreas Vesalius himself. Internal evidence corroborates the statement of Cardan.

The fears of Vesalius concerning his good fame in the world of science had been excited in the year 1561, by the appearance of the *Anatomical Observations* of Fallopius. Gabriel Fallopius had been one of his pupils, and having mastered all the knowledge of his chief, had, from the advanced point so attained, continued, with great skill and industry, to push forward the knowledge of anatomy. While the scalpel of Vesalius was rusting, Fallopius was making new researches, and when, in the year 1561, he published the results of his labours, after thirteen years of public teaching in Ferrara, and after having presided for eight years over an anatomical school, he was, of course, able to enlarge the borders of the science. With a temper that more suited the tone of feeling in a courtier than in a scholar, Vesalius regarded the advanced knowledge of his pupil as an infringement of his rights. Though he had been twenty years away from work as an anatomist, and had at that time in Madrid no opportunity of testing the discoveries of Fallopius by actual dissection, he wrote hastily an angry, wrong-headed reply, an *Examen Observationum Fallopii*, in which he decried the friend who made improvements on himself, as he had been himself decried for his improvements upon Galen. The manuscript of this work, finished at the end of December, in the year 1561, Andreas committed to the care of Paulus Teupulus, of Venice, orator to the King of Spain, who was to give it to Fallopius. War, however, so far obstructed travelling

that the orator did not reach Padua until after the death of Fallopius; he therefore very wisely retained and kept to himself all knowledge of the MS. Vesalius soon afterwards, on his way to Jerusalem, took possession of his work and caused it to be published without more delay. It appeared, therefore, at Venice in the year 1564.

The journey to Jerusalem, on which Vesalius set out from Madrid when in the full moon of his prosperity, is thus accounted for in a letter from Hubert Languet to Gasparus Teucerus:—'Vesalius, believing a young Spanish nobleman whom he had attended to be dead, obtained from his parents leave to open him, for the sake of inquiring into the real cause of his illness, which he had not rightly comprehended. This was granted; but he had no sooner made a cut into the body than he perceived the symptoms of life, and opening the breast saw the heart beat. The parents coming afterwards to know of this, were not satisfied with prosecuting him for murder, but accused him of impiety to the Inquisition, in the hope that he would be punished with greater rigour by the judges of that tribunal than by those of the common law. But the King of Spain interfered and saved him, on condition, however, that by way of atonement he should make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.'

Upon this part of the story Boerhaave and Albinus observe that the heart cannot well beat with life after so much dissection of the human frame as is necessary to expose it to the eye. It has been known, however, for centuries, that the irritability of muscles continues after death, differing in different parts, and may be excited mechanically by slight stimulus. The ventricles of the heart lose the contractile power within fifty minutes after death; but in the auricles it remains for hours; longer, indeed, than in any other muscle. Such facts had been observed even by Galen, who, perceiving that in the right auricle the power of contracting under stimulus remained longer than in any other portion of the body, described that part as the *ultimum moriens*—the last to die. Involuntary contraction of this kind may have helped in the ruin of Vesalius, or perhaps the priests, who had long watched their opportunity, took care to make the most of a mechanical gurgling in the body, or a chance movement occasioned by some shaking of the table, and contrived at last so to fix with a fatal weight the accusation of impiety upon the bold man who had so long set them at defiance. Imperialis ascribes the departure of Vesalius from Madrid to the cabals of jealousy, and Sweertius (*Athen. Belg.*), who may, perhaps, himself have been troubled with a crusty partner, declares that he went to Jerusalem in order to escape from the tormenting temper of his wife. It does not appear, however, that Vesalius was a married man.

Quitting Madrid for Venice, Andreas set out upon the next stage of his journey, from Venice to Cyprus, in company with Giacomo Malatesta di Rimini, general of the Venetian army. From Cyprus he went on to Jerusalem, and was returning, not to Madrid, but to the labours of his youth, as a professor at Padua, being invited by the Venetian Senate to occupy the chair of physic in that university, vacant by the death of Fallopius, when he was shipwrecked in the neighbourhood of Zante. Cast ashore upon that island, there he perished miserably, of hunger and grief, on the 15th of October of the year 1564, before he had quite reached the age of fifty. His body was found some days afterwards, in a miserable hut, by a travelling goldsmith, who recognised in its starved outlines the features of the renowned Vesalius.

At the goldsmith's cost, therefore, the shipwrecked man was buried among strangers. After his death a great work on surgery appeared in seven books, signed with his name, and commonly included among his writings. There is reason, however, to believe that his name was stolen to give value to the book, which was compiled and published by a Venetian, Prosper Bogarucci, a literary crow, who fed himself upon the dead man's reputation.

THE STORY OF CORFE CASTLE.*

HOW many of those who travel for pleasure see in the ivy-mantled ruin that crowns some lofty hill, or reposes, beautiful in its decay, in the lonely valley, a picturesque addition to the landscape, and nothing more. They gaze, admire, and pass on. With what different eyes does the acute observer view the scene. Enjoying all the loveliness that charms the common herd of tourists, the mouldering battlements, on which the wall-flower is now the only sentinel, are restored on the retina of his imagination. *Renascuntur quæ jam cecidere.* The castle stands again in its strength. Stalwart warriors man the wall, where

> Seething pitch and molten lead,
> Reek like a witch's cauldron red;

and the part that it once played in the history of the country is vividly called up.

If the walls of our palaces, castles, and abbeys

> By many a foul and midnight murder fed,

had language, what revelations they could unfold—what clouds would be cleared away — what fabrications would vanish into the chaos whence they were evoked by some mendacious archimage. For it seems to be a law that history is only to be written in the spirit of a partisan. Biographers are, for the most part, either worshippers or railers. Almost every one has his hero and his *bête noire*. To the Protestant historian our own Elizabeth is the chaste virgin throned in the west: the Roman Catholic's jaundiced eye sees in the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyne, a Messalina of the deepest dye. The royalist canonizes our first Charles as a martyr. 'Old Nominis Umbra,' who certainly was not much of a royalist, speaks the language of many a republican when he tells us that the King lived and died a hypocrite.

It was a saying of John Murray the Great that every man had a book in him. Every old building has a book in it. Every old palace, castle, and abbey has a history in it. Now, there are few old families in this kingdom who do not hold some noble relic of the masonry of ancient times, and who do not, moreover, possess in their archives valuable records of the scenes once enacted on that decaying stage. It is from the concentrated rays of historical monographs like that now before us that the clearest light may be thrown on many a dark passage; and we earnestly hope that not a few of our landed aristocracy will follow the edifying example of Mr. Bankes

The early condition of Corfe Castle looms indistinctly through the mists of antiquity; but there is reason for concluding that a castle existed at Corfe in the reign of Alfred. There is no doubt that this great king and reformer founded the abbey of Shaftesbury. His daughter, Ethelgiva, was the first abbess, and to her and her successors high rights and privileges were granted connected with the castle, which, in Alfred's time, consisted probably of only a single strong tower on the hill, watching over Wareham, well known to the Saxons for its resistance to the depredations of the Danes.

In the year of grace 875, Alfred made his agreement with those pagans, assigning to them a large portion of the northern provinces of the kingdom, flattering himself with the prospect of some repose in the south: but the Punic and Danish faith seem to have been about coequal; and in the spring of that very year Halfden the Dane, with a considerable force, surprised Wareham Castle, then the strongest place in all Wessex. The honest English were no match for such buccaneering enemies.

They considered the Danish irruptions as a regular war, wherein the whole invading nation was concerned. Accordingly they imagined that a treaty with one band or party was obligatory on all the rest. But the Danes proceeded on a totally different principle. They entered, with the consent of their kings, into private associations to man out

* *The Story of Corfe Castle, and of many who have lived there.* By the Right Hon. George Bankes, M.P. London: John Murray. 1853.

fleets, and go shares in what booty they could get in England and other countries. For this reason the several bands were independent of one another, each thinking himself bound by no other treaty but what they entered into themselves. Alfred had made an agreement with Hubba, but Halfden did not look upon himself as included in it. However, the English, considering the surprise of Wareham as a real treachery, called heaven and earth to witness the violation of the treaty.

Alfred, finding it was in vain to conclude treaties with such perfidious people, resolved to take more effectual means to secure himself from their deceits. To this purpose he convened a general assembly, and in a pathetic speech plainly showed them that they had nothing to trust to but their valour and courage, to deliver them from their miseries; that upon so urgent an occasion there was a necessity of venturing their lives in defence of their country, and of sacrificing part of their estates to preserve the rest; in fine, that a generous resolution was the only means of averting calamities which would come in turn to every man's hearth. These remonstrances having produced the effect he expected, an army was levied, with which he engaged the enemy seven times in one campaign. Fortune was not equally favourable to him in all these engagements, but the king succeeded in rendering their residence at Wareham so little commodious to them, that in the year 877 the army of Pagans quitted Wareham, partly on horseback and partly by water. The naval portion proceeded no further than Swanage; they were then attacked by ships provided by Alfred, and a furious storm coming on during the engagement, one hundred and twenty of their ships were driven on the rocks off Peveril Point, and the portion of the army contained in them was entirely destroyed. The other portion of the army was pursued by Alfred as far as Exeter. Weakened as they were, terms of accommodation were readily acceded to by them, and this band of depredators gave hostages that they would depart the kingdom. To effect a security against their return at some future time, was the object of a fortress at Corfe (Corffe's Gate it was then called), a break in the lofty range of the Purbeck hills, occurring at this spot, through which two small streams or rivers pursue their course to the sea, which is not far distant.

In the next century, the magnificent Edgar greatly extended and embellished the castle. He employed Italian workmen to instruct and aid the native artisans. The design and perfection of the masonry in portions of the structure give evidence of their cunning.

Death struck Edgar in the flower of his age. Before he had completed his thirty-third year, he went where king and artisan must one day go; and his queen took possession of this princely residence, which her royal husband had bequeathed to her as a dowry mansion, and on which he had bestowed so much cost and care for her sake, that in it she might plot and accomplish the murder of his beloved son Edward.

The *injusta noverca* has passed into a too true proverb; and, verily, Elfrida topped her part.

In the month of March, in the year 978, this unfortunate prince was hunting in a large wood near Wareham; towards evening, when the chase was ended, recollecting that his brother was living hard by, he resolved to make a visit at the castle, where he resided with his royal mother. The attendants of the king had been dispersed in the chace; he was alone, and Elfrida having notice of this favourable opportunity, came forth in a most affable and friendly manner, inviting him to alight from his horse. This he declined, and remained at the gate, expressing his desire to see his brother.

The next step in this tragedy brings home to us another proverb touching the cup and the lip.

The queen then called for wine, which he had scarce put to his lips when one of her attendants, who had given the king the kiss of peace, stabbed him in the back. Some of the ancient chroniclers affirm, that Elfrida herself gave him both the kiss and the mortal wound whilst he was drinking.

This, it must be acknowledged, is an oft told story, but Mr. Bankes has told it so well, and with such interesting accessories, in which we can trace the hands of the monks, that he must be permitted to finish it. In the last quoted paragraph we have another instance of the different versions of almost every remarkable event, and are reminded of the humiliation of Sir Walter Raleigh, who when he was writing his 'history,' heard in the morning we don't know how many varying accounts of the death of a man said to have been stabbed under his window during the previous night. To return, however, to our tale:—

Finding himself wounded the king rode away; but fainting with the loss of blood, his foot entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged a considerable distance until the horse stopped of his own accord at a bridge which crosses the small river that flows at the foot of the hill on which this castle stands. The servant sent by Elfrida to know the issue of her treachery, found the murdered prince terribly defaced with the flints over which he had been dragged. The queen, to conceal the fact, ordered his body to be lodged in a house near, where it was covered with such mean clothes as were at hand.

But murder will out:—

In this house was a woman who was born blind, and maintained by the queen's alms: at midnight she found her sight restored, and, to her great terror, the house filled with light. In the morning, the queen being informed of these circumstances, fearing a discovery, ordered her attendants to throw the body into a well. She then retired to a mansion of hers called Bere, ten miles distant. Her own son Ethelred expressing his grief for the inhuman act of his mother, she beat him so severely with some large wax tapers, for want of something else at hand, that he hated the sight of them ever afterwards. In the year following, the body of the murdered king was found: a pillar of fire descending from above illuminated the place where it was hid. Some devout people of Wareham brought it to the church of St. Mary, in that vill, and buried it in a plain manner. From this time the fountain where the body had lain yielded pure and sweet water, being called St. Edward's fountain, and infirm people were daily healed there. The news of these transactions being circulated, Alfer, Earl of Mercia, a faithful adherent to the deceased king, resolved to remove the body to a more suitable place of sepulture. Inviting all bishops, abbots, and nobility to assist him, he sent to Wolfrida, abbess of Wilton, to come with her nuns and perform the funeral rites with due solemnity. The noble company thus convened, being joined by a great number of the country people, came to Wareham, where the body, on being taken out of the tomb in which it had lain three years, was found as free from corruption as on the day when it was placed there: it was carried on a bier to Shaftesbury. Among the concourse of people were two poor lame persons, who were cured on approaching the bier. Elfrida, struck with remorse, prepared to join this funeral procession, hoping thus to make some atonement for her crime; but her utmost efforts could not prevent the horse she rode from running backwards. She tried several horses, being an intrepid lady; but not one of them would advance a step; she then attempted to go on foot, but with no better success. The royal corpse was received at Shaftesbury by the Abbess, and entombed at the north part of the principal altar.

Juvenile readers, ay, and some of maturer years, may be startled by the instrument of punishment which this strong-minded ungracious queen applied to her son's shoulders, and Mr. Bankes benevolently enlightens those who may wish to know what sort of wax candles these were:—

A drawing-room wax candle could hardly inflict such a blow as to induce the subject of correction to remember it during the remainder of his life, and a chapel candle, even the daring spirit of Elfrida would not have ventured to apply to such a purpose. We must remember that one of the noble institutions of King Alfred being then, and long afterwards, in force, the lapse of time was measured by the gradual consumption of wax candles, and Elfrida, in fact, corrected her son with the castle clock—a weapon of no small weight and magnitude.

And which, Mr. Bankes might have added, must on this occasion have *struck* to some purpose.

These time-measuring wax candles were marked by circular lines of divers colours, which served as hour indications, and they were committed by Alfred to the care of the keepers of his chapel, whose office it was to put him in mind of the flight of time.* We can fancy one of these officials addressing the care-worn king, wearied with nocturnal watching, in the words of Romeo:—

Night's candles are burnt out.

For defence of these lights the king had recourse to horn scraped very thin, for glass was then a great rarity in these islands. And 'thus,' writes our author, 'the royal Alfred became inventor both of clocks and lanterns.'

The monks gained largely by this step-mother's tragedy. The murdered Edward was canonized, and had his three festivals yearly—March

* Spelman.

18, the day of his assassination; February 18, and June 20, the days on which his corpse was removed. The murderess made her peace with the Church, if not with Heaven, in the usual way, by the foundation and rich endowment of the nunneries of Amesbury in Wiltshire, and Whorwel in Hampshire. The last-named religious house she selected as her abode for her remaining years of penitence, austerity, and ghostly dread, took the habit of the order, and died, doubtless, in the odour of sanctity.

This atrocious murder proved, in its consequences, to be the death-blow of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, just after it had been raised by King Edgar to a high degree of renown, and he had obtained for himself the title of the Honour and Delight of the English nation. He was also surnamed Edgar the Peaceable, being so well prepared for war, that neither his own subjects nor other nations dared to disturb the tranquillity of his dominions. His attention to maritime affairs was the chief glory of his reign, and his fleet was at once so powerful and so well conducted, that it effectually secured the coasts from all aggression. He retained also a permanent military force, composed of Danes, nor does it appear that any jealousy arose from this circumstance amongst the masses of his Anglo-Saxon subjects. In the higher ranks it is true that some uneasiness was felt, for we are told by the ancient chronicles, that these martial Danes introduced as courtly fashions the habit of combing their hair once a day, washing themselves once a week, and frequently changing their vestments—manners which, though censured as effeminate by the Anglo-Saxon nobles, met with the decided approval of their wives and daughters, the gay beauties of King Edgar's court.

These were not the only accomplishments which these *Lurdanes* introduced, for they were, as worthy William of Malmesbury tells us, the deepest of drinkers; and the English took so kindly to their tuition that King Edgar, by the advice of Dunstan of red-hot tongs memory, put down many alehouses, suffering only one to be in a village or small town, further ordaining that pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking cups and horns at stated distances, and that whosoever should drink beyond those marks should be punished. Hence the old sayings, 'You're a peg too high,' or 'a peg too low.' Drinking vessels so marked are still extant.

But the crown stained by the blood of young Edward had now devolved on a boy who was barely seven years old; and she who aspired to be the regent of his kingdom was red with murder, and blasted in character. Then ensued a period as calamitous as any that darkens the pages of our history.

The Danes, who had given very little disturbance to the English for more than half a century, awoke from their lethargy; and stimulated by the cowardly and sluggish character of Ethelred, who proved when he grew up to manhood utterly unworthy of the high position to which his mother's crime had raised him, again regarded this tempting country with rapacious eye. When this *faineant*, who has justly earned the title of the Unready, was considering, as well as such an animal could consider, how to oppose the landing of the Danes, they were in the heart of the country, and the pettifogging prince could find no better mode of getting rid of them than by promised bribes, which he could not pay when the day of reckoning came. The consequence would have been patent to anybody but Ethelred. They broke into ungovernable fury, and all the old timber-built houses, monasteries, and churches were destroyed by the avenging torches of these fiery creditors. With the exception of Corfe Castle, and a few other places similarly fortified, all Dorsetshire fell under the Danish yoke.

The Danegeld of the year 1002 capped the climax of disgrace, and the whole kingdom trembled before the *Lord Danes*, who received the shameful tribute.

But though the people of this country may for a season be cowed, they are not so easily conquered. Irritated by the indignity of the tax, and their slavish position, Ethelred found them ready for any means by which they could shake off the degrading burthen. Cowards are always cruel, and Ethelred suggested a general massacre of all the Danes in England. With wonderful secresy of preparation this atrocity

was carried into effect in a single day, and the sister of Sweyn, who had married an English noble, was included in the slaughter. Her brother speedily avenged her and his butchered countrymen, landed the next year in Cornwall, marched to Exeter, which he utterly destroyed, and spared none of its inhabitants. To fire and slaughter succeeded the famine of the year 1005, which, by those who could find wherewithal to satisfy their hunger, was hailed as a blessing, because, for a time at least, it expelled the Danes. But these marauders returned with returning prosperity, and in the year 1014, the wretched Ethelred having fled with his family to Normandy, Sweyn became King of England. But his rule was of the shortest, for he died in the same year, and fugitive Ethelred was, not without difficulty, persuaded to return and occupy his tottering throne for two miserable years, at the expiration of which time, and in 1016, he finished his ignoble reign.

The brave Edmund, his eldest son, was immediately crowned in London, but the gallantry of his spirit and all the noble qualities of his nature were in vain. The curse of bloodshed seemed to rest upon his house; his reign did not continue for a year; he was murdered by the contrivance of a traitor, one of his family, before the close of the year 1017.

Edmund left two sons, neither of whom succeeded to the throne. The line of his descendants, excluded first by Danish usurpation, and afterwards by the Normans, was restored to the crown after the lapse of six hundred years; but it was restored in that fated royal line, of whose destiny this ruined castle stands the monument—as it was the victim.

During the reign of John, the castle again became a royal residence. Here the felon king deposited his treasure and regalia; here the jealous tyrant confined his state prisoners. When, in 1202, he took the 'pretty Arthur' at the castle of Mirbel, in Poitou, he captured many barons and above two hundred knights of Poitou and Guienne, who were in arms with the ill-fated prince, his nephew. These, loaded with irons, he distributed among the Norman and English prisons, where many of them perished under cruel treatment, 'and no fewer than twenty-two of the noblest and bravest of them were starved to death in Corfe Castle.'*

On the 15th of May, 1213, John resigned England and Ireland 'to God, to St. Peter and St. Paul, and to Pope Innocent and his successors;' and, after doing homage to Pandolph, the Pope's legate, comforted himself by dragging Peter of Pomfret (whom he had thrown into the dungeons of Corfe Castle, for prophesying that he would lose his crown in this very year) at horses' tails to Wareham, through its streets, and back again, and hanging him, with his son, on a gibbet erected within sight of the castle. In 1215 (June 19), he signed Magna Charta, became sullen, melancholy, and dejected accordingly, and retired to the Isle of Wight.

The next year was the last of his wretched life. He was now in perpetual motion, not knowing whither to go nor whom to trust. He therefore carefully avoided fighting, and incessantly marched from place to place to break the measures of his enemies. He thought himself safest in the county of Norfolk, where he chose the town of Lynn to secure his treasures, including his crown and sceptre. This town had expressed for him such affection and loyalty, that as a mark of his gratitude he granted it great privileges, presenting to the first mayor his own sword, which is said still to be preserved there. However, fearing his treasures were not safe even in this his favourite town, he resolved to remove them into Lincolnshire. Endeavouring to effect this removal, he very narrowly escaped drowning with his whole army, in the large Marsh or Wash which parts the two counties of Lincoln and Norfolk. He had himself barely effected the crossing, together with a portion of his forces, when the tide coming rapidly up the river Well-stream, the marsh was overflowed, and his baggage containing the treasure, also the remainder of his troops and attendants, were swallowed

* The mixture of demoniacal blood, to which the Plantagenet princes attributed their paroxysms of fury, seems to have been of the strongest in John, whose outbreaks are described by Richard of Devizes, as something beyond anger. On such occasions he was terribly changed. His forehead, like Redgauntlet's, was corrugated, his flaming eyes glistened, and his colour became livid.

up by the waters. He arrived that night at Swineshead Abbey, where he lodged. His vexation for the loss threw him into a violent fever, which he aggravated by eating largely of peaches. On the morrow, he was carried on a litter to Seaford Castle, and thence next day to Newark. Some will have it that he was poisoned by a monk of Swineshead Abbey, and Shakspeare has adopted this tradition; but the contemporary historians have not attributed his end to such a cause, nor is it asserted by any one who wrote within sixty years of that time. The stories of his being poisoned are also various in their particulars; the one attributes the king's death to the poison extracted from a toad put into a cup of wine, the other to a dish of poisoned pears, of which the monk who presented them ate three, which were not poisoned, leaving all the rest for the use of the king.

Thus the curious in obituaries may choose between the fever, the indigestion, the toad-drugged posset, and the monk's pears daintily spiced with the manna of St. Nicholas: we think it pretty clear that King John died of Magna Charta.

When Henry the Third, who succeeded in the tenth year of his age, was crowned at Gloucester, under the auspices of the wise, brave, and honest Earl of Pembroke, who had so faithfully served his miserable master, John, and had been unanimously chosen guardian of the young king, and protector, a portion of the regalia was still at Corfe Castle; and Peter de Maulay, the constable, delivered there for the king's use, on the demand of the new Protector, the crown—a plain circle or chaplet of gold, and probably Saxon—which was placed on his head. Henry's second coronation, at a later period, was celebrated in Westminster Abbey. The castle was now delivered to Pembroke, and a fair prisoner, the Princess Eleanora, who had passed many sad years in the custody of her infamous uncle, was found incarcerated. Here, too, were found, in addition to jewels and other valuables, large stores of military engines, which John had collected in the vain hope of subjugating the barons and revoking the Great Charter.

But the Protector died; and then commenced the troubles of the weak Henry. Peter de Maulay forcibly resumed possession of the castle, which was held in such high consideration by Simon de Montfort and his adherents, that it was the third which they demanded to be ceded as pledges for the future good conduct of the king.

Whether the unfortunate second Edward enjoyed this castle as a residence is uncertain; but there is no doubt that, in his reign, it was put into complete repair at the expense of the crown, and that it became his prison when the Queen and her paramour took the fallen monarch out of the honourable custody of Henry of Lancaster, to hand him over to the tender mercies of those shames to knighthood, Maltravers and Gournay. Those ruffians removed him from Kenilworth Castle, where he had passed the winter under the wardship of his uncle the Earl, and hurried the doomed prisoner from place to place under cloud of night, that no one might with certainty know his whereabout. First they brought him to Corfe Castle, then to Bristol Castle, whence the worthy citizens would have delivered him, but his inhuman keepers got scent of the scheme, and conveyed him to Berkeley Castle, whose roofs soon rung with the

Shrieks of an agonizing king.

Brilliant as was the reign of our third Edward, his early days were gloomy enough. He must soon have discovered the nature of the connexion between his mother and 'her gentle Mortimer;' and the cruel position in which he was placed in her hands may, as Mr. Bankes charitably observes, palliate the crimes into which he was driven; 'but he must always, even in the brightest days of his triumphant glory, have shuddered when he called to recollection the dark dawn of his splendid career;' and if a public condemnation and execution, the records of which exist, had not taken place, it would have been difficult to find credit for the romantic story of the Earl of Kent.

Of all the mysterious transactions of that day, none will appear more extraordinary than that of which Corfe Castle was the scene. The Earl of Kent, brother to Edward II., had no great genius for public affairs, but was naturally sincere and generous. He

had suffered himself to be deceived by the artifices of Queen Isabella, and joined her against his own brother, never imagining she would have carried matters so far: when once engaged in the rebellious party, the suddenness of the revolution would not permit him to recede. The disorderly behaviour of that queen, the insolence of Mortimer, and general ill conduct of public affairs, which clouded the new reign, now brought a deep conviction to his mind, of repentance for the course he had taken. Too generous to conceal his feelings, Isabella and Mortimer resolved on his destruction, and, in order to accomplish this, they prepared for him a most extraordinary snare. It is probable that they found rumours already rife through the kingdom, to the effect that Edward II. was not dead; and whether they first originated or only cultivated those reports, an opinion to that intent did prevail for a long season.

Two persons, pretended friends, came to the Earl of Kent, and informed him that his brother, Edward II., was still a prisoner in Corfe Castle, strictly guarded, and suffered to be seen by none but his domestics, who were guarded with him. This pretended secret was confirmed by the testimony of several persons of distinction, including two bishops. The Earl of Kent had himself assisted at the private funeral of the King, his brother, but he had not seen the body, and might have been deceived in the obsequies; he determined to release him, if he were still alive. About this time (says Stow) the Queen Isabella, who bore an inveterate hatred against Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Kent, one of the King's uncles, chiefly for the Earl of Marche's sake, to whose unreasonable pride the noble Prince's courage scorned to yield, began earnestly to inform the King her son against him, as guilty of matters into which the subtle Mortimer had craftily ensnared the open-hearted gentleman.

It may well excite surprise how any man should now be accused of endeavouring to deliver the murdered king, who had been two years in a bloody grave; but the arts by which the innocent Earl was led to his destruction were worthy of the fiends in human shape who invented them, and might have deluded a less suspicious person.

Mortimer, to carry on the delusion, is said to have appointed several knights to make shows, masks, and other diversions upon the battlements and roofs of Corfe Castle, which the country people observing, could not but imagine that some great prince or king was there, for whose pleasure and honour these pageants were performed. The rumour that the old king was alive soon spread, and at last, as was designed, came with some show of authority to the ears of the Earl of Kent, who, in his desire to sift the truth out, entangled himself more strongly in an error.

The Earl had a confidant, a preaching friar, whom he privily sent to the castle with a charge to dive into the matter.

He, at last, under much caution, with a great to-do, obtaining to be admitted into the castle, was even then, under pretended fear, kept close, all day, in the porter's lodge; but, at night, being, for more security, disguised in lay habit, he was brought into the great hall, where he beheld one clothed in royal habiliments, to personate a king, so that the friar himself, either deceived by the glimmering of the lamps, or the distance which he was forced to keep, or the strength of prejudice working upon his fancy, did really take him for the father of the young King, as he sat, with seeming majesty and princely attendants, at a royal supper.

Whether the friar was an instrument in the plot, or was really persuaded that he had seen the King, certain it is that he convinced the Earl that he had seen his royal brother alive and well, at supper. The generous Earl then declared with an oath that he would rescue the King from that unworthy confinement.

It should be borne in mind that, while the rumours were rife, the Earl, having occasion to be at the court of Rome, had held a conference at Avignon with Pope John XXII. on other matters, and afterwards desired counsel of his Holiness relative to Edward his brother, the late King, since it was current through England that he was alive and well. On hearing this, the Pope commanded him, as he valued his blessing, to help towards the King's deliverance to the utmost of his ability, giving him and all his partakers plenary absolution, promising to bear the charges of the whole undertaking, and threatening him with excommunication if he did not use his best endeavours for his brother's right and liberty.

On the Earl's return he sent his confidential friar to Corfe with the result above stated; and the Earl was further confirmed in his belief by the assertions of another friar, who rejoiced in the name of Dunhead. Magic was as much credited by the aristocracy of that day as table-turning is in this year of grace 1853, so that some of our earls and countesses must not smile if they should chance to hear or read that Dunhead, 'discoursing' with the chivalrous Earl of Kent, at Kensington, told him 'that he had conjured up a spirit which assured him that Edward, the late King, was still living.' That this Dunhead was one of Mortimer's emissaries can hardly be doubted, whatever may be thought of the other friar.

The credulous Earl thus assured went to the castle, and there

Spake with the constable thereof, Sir John Daverill, and, after many rich presents, desired secretly to know of him whether his brother, the late King, was yet alive or dead, and if he were alive, that he might have a sight of him. Now this Sir John Daverill, being Mortimer's creature, answered, that indeed his brother was in health, and under his keeping, but that he durst not show him to any man living, since he was forbid, in behalf of the King that now was, and also of the Queen-mother and of Mortimer, to show his person to any one whatsoever, except only unto them.

No woodcock ever walked into a springe more contentedly than the poor Earl, who was so completely deceived that he delivered to the constable a letter, desiring him to bear it to his brother, which he promised to do, and carried it to Mortimer.

This letter, sealed with the Earl's seal, began thus:—

To the noble knight, Edward of Caernarvon, Edmund of Woodstock, worship and reverence, with brotherly allegiance and subjection:—Sir knight, worshipfull and dear brother, if it please you, I pray heartily that you be of good comfort, for I shall so ordain for you that you shall soon come out of prison, and be delivered of that trouble which you are in; and may your highness understand that I have unto me assenting almost all the great men of England, with all their apparel—that is to say, with armour and treasure exceeding much, for to maintain and help your quarrel so far forth, that you shall be King again, as you were before, and thereto they have all sworn to me upon a book, as well prelates as earls and barons.

All was accomplished. Mortimer immediately gave the letter to the Queen, who laid it before the King, her son, not without magnifying the peril which awaited him from his uncle's practices, and obtaining his leave to secure that prince's person. The Earl was apprehended at Winchester, where the Parliament was assembled, impeached, brought before his peers, and his own letter, which he could not disown, produced against him. Defence, it seems, he felt to be useless, but said that several lords, among whom were the Archbishop of York and Bishop of London, were concerned in the plot, and that they had assured him of five thousand men to assist in it. He was condemned to lose his head for the treason, and was brought out to die, in his twenty-eighth year, on the 9th of March, in the year 1329. The head was ready, but where was the executioner? The Earl was so much beloved that the headsman who had been engaged slunk secretly away. Hour after hour passed; noon, afternoon, evening came, but no one could be found to do the horrid work. At last, towards nightfall, the old resource of giving a condemned criminal his life upon condition of his taking that of a fellow-creature, was put in action—the Earl's long agony was terminated, and his head rolled on the scaffold.

An uncle and a father! an early death-load that for a young king's conscience; but a mother and her loving friend helped him to bear the burden. Wherever there is mischief, the choicest weapon in the armoury of the prince of darkness is sure to be at the bottom of it, and we have only to ask with Quevedo's honest functionary, 'Who is she?'*

The beautiful Countess of Kent was the mother of Richard II., and in his time Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, and Alicia his wife, near relatives of the King, possessed the castle, which they appear to have held unmolested through the

* *Fraser's Magazine* for October, 1853, p. 416.

troubles that closed their unhappy kinsman's reign. When they died, Henry IV. granted 'this royal property' to the head of the house of Beaufort,* and in that family it continued until the reign of Henry VI., when, though the war of the roses did not reach the castle walls, the owner was at last overwhelmed in the common ruin of the Lancastrians, and the castle, with the rest of the Duke's forfeited estates, was granted to George Duke of Clarence. On his death—Mr. Bankes sticks to the Malmsey butt—the castle and royal domains of Corfe reverted to the Crown.

When the third Richard fell at Bosworth, and

> The rose of snow
> Entwined with her blushing foe,

Henry VII. prepared Corfe Castle for the residence of his mother, the Countess of Richmond and Derby; and a very good countess too. She erected the noble monument to her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, that still graces Wimborne Minster, and endowed in that town a school which bears, most unrighteously, the name of Queen Elizabeth. The Countess outlived the King, her son, but only for one year; and at her death the castle again reverted to the Crown, and became the property of Henry VIII.

Corfe Castle remained unappropriated by any favoured courtier during the reign of the bluff King. All who had won any favour in his eyes were intent upon the plunder of the bags and lands of hoarding abbots; but at his death, and when the proud and grasping Seymour† became protector, Corfe was added to the vast amount of property, religious and royal, which this most industrious of Earls had accumulated and was accumulating, till his high career terminated in blood on Tower-hill, in January, 1553; and so the castle again lapsed to the Crown.

In Elizabeth's time the castle was granted to a fortunate subject, and became a step in the advancement of the handsome Hatton, ere

> The seals and maces danced before him.

Born he was of a family more ancient than wealthy in Northamptonshire. Being young and of a comely tallness of body and amiable countenance, he got into such favour that she took him into her band of fifty gentlemen pensioners; and afterwards, for his modest sweetness of condition, into the number of the gentlemen of her Privy Chamber; made him captain of her guard, vice-chamberlain, and one of her Privy Council; and lastly made him Lord Chancellor of England, and honoured him with the order of George.

But he grew old and ailing—her Majesty snubbed him, and, as he died unmarried, the castle passed to his nephew, Sir William,‡ son of a sister of Sir Christopher. Sir William left no children, and the property came ultimately to his widow, the Lady Elizabeth Hatton, daughter of Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, who became the second wife of Lord Chief Justice Coke, to whose domestic happiness she by no means contributed, though she, as well as her beautiful daughter, 'the Lady Frances,' did, not a little, to the scandalous chronicles of gentle King Jamie the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, and of his unfortunate son.

This dashing lady was fond of field sports, hawking especially, and, among other fashionable pursuits, was much addicted to necromancy.

The celebrated wizard, Forman, was said to be much in her confidence. Persons of both sexes, and of all ranks of life, resorted to him in large numbers, to consult his art in the marshes of Lambeth, where he dwelt. He adopted a rule which confined the list of his inquiries to those who had some degree of education; for, in no case would he answer any questions, unless the inquirers first wrote with their own hands their names at length in a book, which he kept for this purpose, and thus, by means of these names, he had more than

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* The Earl of Somerset. † Earl of Hertford.

‡ 1588, which the astronomer Koningsberg had foretold, an hundred years before, would be an admirable year, produced the Spanish Armada, and Corfe was now again to become a fortress. Cannon were for the first time mounted on its battlements, and the Queen, to encourage the good spirit which was abroad, gave a charter to the inhabitants of the castle and borough, conferring on them the same rights and privileges as those enjoyed by the inhabitants and barons of the Cinque ports, including the right of returning two members to Parliament.

half of the greatest personages of the court in his power. This book was produced in court at the trial of the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury, those infamous persons having consulted Forman on the subject of their horrible design, also with regard to their own ultimate fate. Sir Anthony Weldon, in his amusing memoir, tells us 'There was much mirth made in the court upon the showing this book, for it was reported the first leaf my Lord Coke lighted on he found his own wife's name.'

Upon his death Corfe Castle became the property of Sir John Bankes, of whom Mr. Garrard thus writes, in a letter to the Earl of Strafford, then Lord Wentworth, and Lord Deputy in Ireland:—

Shall I tell yourself how Bankes, the Attorney-General, hath been commended unto his Majesty—that he exceeds Bacon in eloquence, Chancellor Ellesmere in judgment, and William Noy in law? High praises. Pray God he answers his expectation that so praised him.

It is not to be wondered at that the widow and daughter of Sir Edward Coke should have taken advantage of their liberty to dispose of Corfe.

The very entrance of this castle, with its massive barriers and ponderous portcullis, could hardly fail to remind the ladies of the Gatehouse, in which each of them had passed a portion of their time not very agreeably.

The dragon's teeth sown in the last reign began now to spring up into a sufficiently strong crop. The most efficient man in the King's service had received his first blow in the following letter:—

Wentworth,—Certainly I should be much to blame not to admit so good a friend as you are to speak with me, since I deny it to none that there is not a just exception against it; yet I must freely tell you that the cause of this desire of yours, if it be known, will rather hearten than discourage your enemies, for if they can once find that you apprehend the dark setting of a storm, when I say no, they will make you leave to care for anything in a short while but for your fears; and, believe it, the marks of my favours that stop malicious tongues, are neither places nor titles, but the little welcome I give to accusers and the willing ear I give to my servants. This is not to disparage those favours (for envy flies most at the fairest mark), but to show their use, to wit, not to quell envy, but to reward service, it being truly so when the master, without the servant's importunity, does it; otherwise, men judge it to proceed more from the servant's wit than the master's favour. I will end with a rule that may serve for a statesman, courtier, or a lover,—never make a defence or apology before you be accused. And so I rest your assured friend.

CHARLES R.

Lindhurst, 3rd Sept., 1636.

Prynne had now (1637) twice lost his ears; he had them sewn on again after the first excision. But there was a good time coming for him and his friends.

Laud and his surplices had received more than one rude hint; and in his diary the Archbishop writes (1640):—

October 27, *St. Simon and Jude's Eve.*—I went into my upper study, to see some manuscripts which I was sending to Oxford. In that study hung my picture, taken by the life, and coming in, I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in Parliament. God grant this be no omen!

December 18, *Friday.*—I was accused by the House of Commons for high treason, without any particular charge laid against me. Mr. Holles was the man who brought up the message to the Lords. Soon after, the charge was brought into the Upper House by Scots commissioners, tending to prove me an incendiary, upon which I was presently committed to the gentleman usher. I was permitted to go in his company to Lambeth, for a book or two to read in. I stayed at Lambeth till the evening, to avoid the gazing of the people.

On the 22nd of March in the next year the Earl of Strafford was brought to trial; all know with what result:—

The populace at first interrupted his dying speech with insults, but his demeanour and his voice so touched upon the generous feeling inherent in the British character, that when he had concluded his speech and his prayer, there did not appear to be one ruffian left in the multitude, except the brutal hireling who performed the execution. 'The headsman' (says the *True Relation of the Manner of the Execution of Thomas, Earle of Strafford*, published at the time), 'letting fall the fatall axe, caught up his head, and showed it to all the people; his eyes rolled up and downe, but his body stirred very little; but the bloudy executioner is to be ad-

mired at, for he laughed whilst he had the head in his hand.'

Carte throws no little doubt on the celebrated letter, dated from the Tower, May 4, 1641, and delivered to the King, in the name of the Earl of Strafford, expressing his resolution to give up his life with all the cheerfulness imaginable in the just acknowledgment of his Majesty's exceeding favours, and for the prosperity of his sacred person and the commonwealth, &c. If Mr. Sidney Wortley Montague, second son of Edward, the first Earl of Sandwich, is to be credited, he had, according to Carte, been assured by William, son of the great Earl, that when he was admitted to visit his father the night before the execution, upon occasion of the condemned Earl's advising him to a private life, to have nothing to do with courts, and alleging his own melancholy case of being given up a sacrifice to party rage and malice, after all his merits and services to the Crown, as an instance how little dependence was to be had upon them, he could not help expressing his wonder at those complaints of being given up, and then mentioned the affair of the letter, and the consequences thereof. His father, he said, received the account with all the surprise imaginable, and declared to him very solemnly 'that he had never wrote any such letter; and that it was a pure forgery of his enemies, in order to misguide the King to consent to his death.'

It is difficult to deal with historic doubts, but we incline to agree with Mr. Bankes that—

> The story of Lord Strafford's last letter to the King will probably continue to be received as related by Hume and others; nor is it easy to conceive such an extent of villany as the allegation contained in Carte's history implies; and yet it has always appeared inconsistent with the truly noble character of the Earl of Strafford that he should make a generous offer of his life to the King, and afterwards utter reproaches when he found that the offer made by him was acted upon.

The King and the Parliament were soon at deadly strife, and the coming man, who was to reap the bloody harvest, soon began to show himself in the field as one 'that would sett well at the mark.'*

> The first time I ever took notice of Mr. Cromwell (says Warwick) was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640. I came into the house one morning, and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor; his linen was plain and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour. For the subject matter would not bear much of reason; it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's: I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for this gentleman was very much hearkened to.

Why was he hearkened to in his plain suit, little blood-specked band, and not over-clean linen? Because he was terribly in earnest; because the cup of bitterness was full to overflowing; because his spirit was strong in him, and he felt that the plain cloth suit—the cloth of frieze—would one day be an overmatch for the cloth of gold.

As the civil war spread, the castles and strong places, such as Corfe Castle and Basing House, became of no small importance, and the former was for a long time loyally kept against all comers by an heroic lady, whose name will go down to posterity with that of the celebrated Countess of March, known in Scotland as *Black Agnes*, who gallantly and successfully defended the Castle of Dunbar against the Earl of Salisbury and his English army.

Lady Bankes, the wife of Sir John Bankes, the lauded Attorney-General of former years, and at the time to which we now allude Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, was a daughter of the ancient family of the Hawtreys of Rislip, Middlesex. They were of Norman descent, and came to England at the time of the Conquest.

* Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs.

Sir John had received commands from the King to attend him at York in Easter Term, 1642, and had leave from the two houses to obey. The breach between the King and the Parliament growing wider daily, Lady Bankes retired with her children and family to Corfe Castle, and there they remained in peace all the winter, and a great part of the spring until May, 1643, about which time 'the rebels,' as the forces under the command of Sir Walter Erle, Sir Thomas Trenchard, and others are designated by that loyal diurnal, 'The Mercurius Rusticus,' had possessed themselves of Dorchester, Lyme, Melcombe, Weymouth, Wareham, and Poole (Portland Castle having been treacherously delivered up), so that Corfe Castle alone remained in obedience to the King. It was of great importance to secure a fortress whose addition would make the whole sea-coast for the Parliament, and a plan for securing it was accordingly laid.

The Mayor and Barons of Corfe Castle had, it seems, permission from the lord of the castle to course a stag on May-day, a solemnity which drew forth the gentry of the island and a great concourse of people. Some troops of horse from Dorchester and other places came into the island ostensibly for the hunting, but with very different game in view, for it occurred to them that it would be no difficult matter to surprise the gentlemen during the hunt, and then take the castle. Forewarned is forearmed. The news of their coming dispersed the hunters, spoiled the sport, and Lady Bankes gave orders for the safe custody of the castle gates, and to keep them shut. The troopers having missed their game on the hills, came, some of them, to the castle under a pretence of wishing to see it; but entrance being denied them, the common soldiers confirmed the common report by using threatening language, and words implying intention of taking the castle. The disgusted commanders utterly disavowed any such thought, and denied that they had any such commission; but the wise lady, thinking that such visitors were better out than in, kept her gates closed. Nay, she took occasion to call in a guard to secure the castle against any design of the rebels.

The taking in this guard, as it *secured* her at home, so it rendered her *suspected* abroad; from thenceforward there was a watchful and vigilant eye to all her actions; whatsoever she sends out or sends in is suspected; her ordinary provisions for her family are by fame multiplied and reported to be more than double what indeed they were, as if she now had an intention to victual and man the castle against the forces of the two Houses of Parliament. Presently letters are sent from the Committee at Poole to demand the four small pieces in the castle, and the pretence was, because the islanders conceived strange jealousies that the pieces were mounted and put on their carriages. Hereupon the Lady Bankes despatched messengers to Dorchester and Poole, to entreat the commissioners that the small pieces might remain in the castle for her own defence; and to take away the ground of the islanders' jealousies, she caused the pieces to be taken off their carriages again: hereupon a promise was made that they should be left to her possession. But there passed not many days before forty seamen (they in the castle not suspecting any such thing) came very early in the morning, to demand the pieces; the lady in person (early as it was) goes to the gates, and desires to see their warrant. They produced one, under the hands of some of the commissioners, but instead of delivering them, though at the time there were but five men in the castle, yet these five, assisted by the maid-servants, at their lady's command, mount these pieces on their carriages again, and loading one of them, they gave fire, which small thunder so affrighted the seamen that they all quitted the castle, and ran away. They being gone, by beat of drum she summons help into the castle, and upon the alarm given, a very considerable guard of tenants and friends came in to her assistance, there being withal some fifty arms brought into the castle from several parts of the island; this guard was kept in the castle about a week. During this time many threatening letters were sent unto the lady, telling her what great forces should be sent to fetch them if she would not by fair means be persuaded to deliver them; and to deprive her of her auxiliaries, all or most of them being neighbours thereabouts, they threaten that, if they oppose the delivery of them, they would fire their houses: presently their wives came to the castle, there they weep and wring their hands, and with clamorous oratory persuade their husbands to come

home, and not by saving others to expose their own houses to spoil and ruin. Now to reduce the castle into a distressed condition, they did not only interrupt two hundred weight of powder, provided against a siege, but they interdict them the liberty of common markets. Proclamation is made at Wareham that no beef, beer, or other provisions should be sold to Lady Bankes, or for her use; strict watches are kept that no messengers should pass into or out of the castle. Being thus distressed, all means of victualling the castle being taken away, and being but slenderly furnished for a siege, either with ammunition or with victual, at last they came to a treaty of composition, of which the result was, that the Lady Bankes should deliver up three or four small pieces, the biggest carrying not above a three-pound bullet, and that the rebels should permit her to enjoy the castle and arms in it, in peace and quietness.

No experienced general could have acted with more sagacity than this lady. The paltry pieces being given up, her enemies thought that they might possess themselves of the castle at any moment, relaxed in their vigilance, and instead of the interdict, Lady Bankes had now only to ask and have, and improved the occasion by furnishing the stronghold with provisions of all sorts, a hundred and a-half of powder, and a quantity of match in proportion. On the advance of Prince Maurice and the Marquis of Hertford towards Blandford, she sent a messenger to them, signifying her condition, the importance of the place, and desiring their assistance. Whereupon they sent Captain Lawrence, son of Sir Edward, to command in chief; but as he was without a commission, he could not command money or provisions to be brought in until it was too late.

There was, besides, in the castle, Captain Bond, a trusty old soldier. The place was first attacked by between two and three hundred horse and foot, and two pieces of ordnance, which played from the hills on the place, and fired four houses in the town. The besiegers then summoned the castle in vain, and for that time they left it. On a misty morning in June (23rd), Sir Walter Erle, three captains, and between five and six hundred men threw themselves into the town, and commenced operations in earnest, bringing with them a demi-cannon, a culverin, and two sacres.

Then follows an account of the siege, and of the usual methods of exciting the soldiery with promise of plunder, &c.

When all these arts took no effect, then they fall to stratagems and engines; one they call the 'sow,' and the other the 'boar,' being made with boards lined with wool to dead the shot. The first that moved forward was the sow, but not being musket proof, she cast nine of eleven of her farrow; for the musketeers from this castle were so good marksmen at their legs, the only part of all their bodies left without defence, that nine ran away as well as their broken and battered legs would give them leave, and of the two which neither knew how to run away, nor well to stay for fear, one was slain. The boar, of the two (a man would think) the valianter creature, seeing the ill success of the sow to cast her litter before her time, durst not advance.

The cost of this Boar and Sow—engines somewhat similar to the χελώνη (*testudo*) of the Greeks, and another engine of theirs composed of boards, like the Roman *Pluteus*,—appears among the charges upon the Dorset county rate for the year 1643:—

July 7. For boards, hair, and wool, for making a sow against the Castle	£2	3	4
July 12. For three truckle wheels for the sow . .	0	0	0

W. Stewart Rose, addressing the castle, thus commemorates the onslaught and defeat in his poem on the death of Edward the Martyr:—

Then when you rear'd, mid sap and siege,
The banner of your rightful liege,
At your she-captain's call:
Who, miracle of womankind!
Lent mettle to the meanest hind
That mann'd her castle wall.

What time the banded zealots swore,
Long foil'd thy banner'd towers before,
Their fearful entrance made,
To raise thy walls with plough and harrow,
Yet oft the wild sow cast her farrow,
And well the boar was bay'd.*

* A similar story is related of Black Agnes, who, when the battering engines of the besiegers flung massive stones on the battlements of the castle of Dunbar, caused her maidens, as if in scorn, to wipe away the dust with their handkerchiefs; and

But to continue the account of the siege:—

The most advantageous part of their batteries was the church, which they without fear of profanation used, not only as their rampart but their rendezvous; of the surplice they made two shirts for two soldiers; they broke down the organ, and made the pipes serve for cases to hold their powder and shot; and not being furnished with musket-bullets they cut off the lead of the church, and rolled up and shot it without ever casting it in a mould. Sir Walter and the commanders were earnest to press forward the soldiers, but as prodigal as they were of the blood of the common soldiers, they were sparing enough of their own. It was a general observation that valiant Sir Walter never willingly exposed himself to any hazard, for being by chance endangered with a bullet-shot through his coat, afterwards he put on a bear's skin; and to the eternal honour of the knight's valour be it recorded, for fear of musket-shot (for others they had none) he was seen to creep on all four on the sides of the hill to keep himself from danger. * * * * Being armed with drink, they now resolve to storm the castle on all sides and apply their scaling-ladders, it being ordered by the leaders (if I may without a solecism call them so that stood behind, and did not so much as follow) that when twenty were entered they should give a watch-word to the rest, and that was 'Old Wat,' a word ill chosen by Sir Watt Erle, and considering the business in hand, little better than ominous, for, if I be not deceived, the hunters that beat bushes for the fearful timorous hare call him Old Watt.'

Here again Mercurius is confirmed by the charges on the county rate for 1643:—

August 2.—For a firkin of hot waters for the soldiers when they scaled the castle £1 12 0

But to return to the siege:—

Being now pot-valiant and possessed with a borrowed courage, which was to evaporate in sleep, they divide their forces into two parties, whereof one assaults the middle ward, defended by valiant Captain Lawrence and the greater part of the soldiers; the other assaults the upper ward, which the Lady Bankes (to her eternal honour be it spoken) with her daughters, women, and five soldiers, undertook to make good against the rebels, and did bravely perform what she undertook; for by heaving over stones and hot embers, they repelled the rebels, and kept them from climbing the ladders, thence to throw in that wildfire which every rebel had already in his hand. Being repelled, and having in this siege and this assault lost and hurt an hundred men, old Sir Watt, hearing that the king's forces were advanced, cried, and ran away crying, leaving Sydenham to command in chief, to bring off the ordnance, ammunition, and the remainder of the army, who, afraid to appear abroad, kept sanctuary in the church till night, meaning to sup and run away by starlight; but supper being ready and set on the table, an alarm was given that the king's forces were coming. This news took away Sydenham's stomach; all this provision was but messes of meat set before the sepulchres of the dead: he leaves his artillery, ammunition, and (which with these men is something) a good supper, and ran away to take boat for Poole; leaving likewise at the shore about an hundred horse to the next takers, which next day proved good prize to the soldiers of the castle. Thus, after six weeks' strict siege, this castle, the desire of the rebels, the tears of old Sir Watt, and the key of those parts, by the loyalty and brave resolution of this honourable lady, the valour of Captain Lawrence, and some eighty soldiers (by the loss only of two men), was delivered from the bloody intentions of these merciless rebels, on the fourth of August, 1643.

The fury with which the castle of Sir John Bankes was attacked at this particular time arose from his conduct on the summer circuit. Presiding at the Salisbury assizes, he had, in his charge to the grand jury, denounced the Earl of Essex, Lord Manchester, and others, as guilty of high treason for continuing in arms against the King, to whose necessities he had liberally subscribed.

when the Earl of Salisbury commanded a huge military engine, called a *sow*, to be advanced to the foot of the walls, she, in a scoffing rhyme, advised him to take good care of his sow, for she would make her farrow her pigs. She then directed that an enormous piece of rock should be discharged on the engine, which crushed it. On another occasion, an arrow shot by an archer of her train pierced the heart of an English knight through his complete suit of armour. 'There goes one of my lady's tiring pins,' said the gallant Earl of Salisbury, in stern admiration of his opponent: 'the countess's love-shafts pierce to the heart.' After a successful defence of six weeks the siege was abandoned by the English troops.

For this act, by an ordinance of the Parliament, he forfeited all property, as well real as personal; and for his charge to the grand jury was proclaimed a traitor to the state.

The circuit was now terminated; and when Chief Justice Bankes returned after his long absence, he was welcomed by his heroic wife in the castle which she had saved, and found the king's forces in the west in the full tide of success. In July, Sir William Waller had been totally defeated at Roundaway Down, and Bristol had surrendered to the fiery Rupert.

In the preceding month, on the 18th of June, Hampden had been mortally wounded in the skirmish of the Chalgrove-field. A clergyman of a neighbouring parish sent the intelligence to the King's quarters, and Sir Philip Warwick introduced the messenger into the royal presence. 'I found,' says Warwick, 'the King would have sent him over any chirurgeon of his, if any had been wanting.' In London the parliamentary party was in great difficulties, and republican principles were openly avowed by a few. Harry Martin was sent to the Tower for his bold utterance* of what many secretly felt and wished, but not long to remain there incarcerated. The Independents began to menace the Presbyterians, and the daring enthusiasm of the former broke forth in declarations indicating the most extreme measures. In London the pulpit drum was again vigorously beat to rouse the fainting spirits of the populace, and the metropolis was fortified.

On the 10th of August, the King, with his triumphant army, arrived before Gloucester; that city saved London, and the King lost three of his noblest supporters by the deaths of Lord Falkland, the Earl of Carnarvon, and the Earl of Sunderland.

The queen had now fled to France, and the tide of the royal success began to ebb in the west. Corfe Castle was almost the only place of strength between Exeter and London which still held out for the royal cause; and Lady Bankes, encompassed by threats and dangers on every side, had before her the prospect of a second gloomy winter, which had hardly set in when her husband, the Chief Justice, unexpectedly died at Oxford.†

The new year was ushered in by the execution of the Hothams, father and son, for treason in communicating with the queen. On the 3rd January, in this year,‡ the ordinance for abolishing the Book of Common Prayer was passed; and, on the 10th, Laud was beheaded. On the 14th of June, the decisively crushing battle of Naseby was fought, but some places held out yet.

The royal banner still floated over Corfe Castle and the widowed heroine; but it was now in a state of blockade.

On the 15th of August, Sherborne surrendered to the parliamentary forces; on the 14th of October, Basing House was taken; on the 28th, the blockade of Exeter was completed, and orders were sent for more effective operations against Corfe Castle to Colonel Bingham, governor of Poole.

But the age of chivalry was not gone,§ and perhaps there was no more gallant expedition during the whole course of the civil war than

* That it was better that one family—and he confessed that he alluded to the royal one—should be destroyed, rather than the whole people.

† 28th Dec. 1644. ‡ 1645.

§ Though the palmy days of heraldry were fast waning, the Mumblazons of that day made an expiring effort which would have done credit to the painters of the Shields of the Seven who went against Thebes. Thus, '*The Earl of Caernarvon* had for his device,' says Thos. Blount, gent., 'a lyon depainted, and six dogs bayting or baying at him; one of the six was bigger than the rest, from whose mouth issued a little scrowel, on which was written 'Kimbolton;'' the other dogs had each the name of one of the five accused members. *The Lord Mollenewx* figured a sun obscured by a crescent: the motto from the sun 'Quid si refulsero?' From the crescent the motto ran: 'Væ Cornibus meis.' A gross insult this on the matrimonial infelicities of the Earl of Essex, who, having married two wives in succession, had found just occasion to divorce them both. *Sir Thomas Lake* (the original of Hudibras) figured 'a Bible and a map of London.' With many more for the banners on both sides, showing the rancorous spirit that prevailed.

that undertaken on the 29th of January, 1246, by a young officer who singularly enough bore the name of Cromwell.

Hearing of the distressed condition of a widowed lady shut up with her daughters in a closely besieged castle, he resolved to make an effort for their relief. Accompanied by a troop which partook of the gallantry of their commander, numbering a hundred and twenty men, he set out, probably from Oxford, and marching with a degree of rapidity which anticipated all intelligence of his design, he passed through the quarters of Colonel Cooke undiscovered, and came to Wareham: the scarfs of Fairfax had replaced their own; the sentinels saluted the officer as he passed; and he rode with his troop into the town, and directly up to the governor's house. The governor, aware that no such troop was expected, took the alarm and barricaded his lodgings, firing from thence upon his assailants. They had not much time to bestow on this attack; therefore, in order to bring the contest to a conclusion, they set fire to a house in the vicinity, which stood near to the powder magazine; and the governor, finding it necessary to avoid this new danger, consented to yield himself a prisoner, and was carried, together with two committee-men mounted behind some of the triumphant troopers, to the foot of Corfe Castle. Here a large force was drawn out to oppose their further progress, but the gallant bearing of this little troop, and the besieged shouting their welcome from the walls, prepared to sally forth if a contest should commence, induced the besiegers to give way. The gallant band accomplished their purpose; and whilst tendering their services to the lady, they presented also for her acceptance the prisoners they had so gallantly captured.

The object of this chivalrous action was probably an offer of escape to the ladies from the castle; it was not, however, accepted; and in their return these brave men, surrounded by superior forces, and not acquainted with the country, sustained a defeat from Colonel Cooke; Colonel Cromwell and some of his troopers were taken prisoners, others of the troop escaped in various directions, and a portion of them returning found a refuge within the castle walls.

But the end was at hand, and treachery did what open force could not do.

The course of events shifted rapidly now, and though the lady of the castle was still as intrepid as at first, it was not so with all who were around her. The captive governor of Wareham prevailed on Colonel Lawrence, hitherto so trustworthy, and still thought to be so, not only to connive at his escape, but to accompany him in his flight. And there was within the walls another traitor, whose conduct was still more base, and his treachery far more fatal in its consequences. Lieutenant-Colonel Pitman, an officer in the garrison, had served under the Earl of Inchequin in Ireland, and, being weary of the King's service, let the enemy know that if he might have a protection, he would deliver the place to Parliament, which offer was accepted,' transmitted to London, and a protection sent down. On this, he proposed to Colonel Anketil, the governor, that he would fetch one hundred men out of Somersetshire to reinforce the garrison, and would get leave of the enemy's commander, under pretence of procuring an exchange for his brother, then prisoner in the Parliament quarters, for one of the enemy's officers, who was prisoner in the castle. This being approved of, he formed a design with Colonel Bingham, who commanded the siege, that under this colour he should convey above one hundred men into the castle, and as soon as they were entered the besiegers should make an attack.

Pitman led the men in the night to the post agreed upon for their entrance. Colonel Anketil was ready to receive them. Some were in disguise, and knew every part of the castle. Anketil seems to have had some misgivings, for when fifty were entered, seeing more behind, the governor ordered the port to be shut, saying there were as many as he could dispose of. Pitman expostulated with him, but apparently in vain, and those who entered possessed themselves of the King's and Queen's towers, and the two platforms, expecting the time of attack, it being then two hours after midnight.

The besieged, as soon as the fraud was discovered, fired, and threw down great stones upon these intruders, but they maintained their post. There were, in fact, only six men of the garrison in the upper part of the castle, for that was considered impregnable. The remainder of the defending force was placed in the lower wards, which had hitherto been the post of danger. The besieging forces, as soon as they saw their friends on the towers and platforms, began to advance; and it was then clear to the inmates of the castle that they were betrayed. A parley was demanded,

and the circumstance of a Parliamentary officer being there with others of that party prisoners in the castle, induced the besiegers to offer conditions which were accepted; but the truce was broken almost as soon as it was agreed upon: two of the besiegers, anxious for the spoil, came over the wall by means of a ladder; some of the garrison fired upon them, and the risk now became imminent of a general slaughter throughout the castle. Colonel Bingham, however, who was no hireling officer, but a descendant of a family long known and highly respected in the county, could not but admire the courage of the lady who was his foe, and he succeeded in preserving the lives of one hundred and forty persons then within the castle; two of the garrison were killed, and one of the besiegers, in this final struggle. Thirty prisoners of the Parliamentary party being found in the castle, were now set at liberty.

Thus, after a resistance of nearly three years' duration, this brave lady was dispossessed of the fortress which she continued to defend so long as a chance remained for the preservation of the crown; and when thus suddenly sent forth with her children to search for a home, it was her comfort to remember how faithful had been the attachment of all her humble neighbours, when the treachery of hireling strangers had accomplished what threats and force had failed to effect. The work of plunder throughout the castle was soon achieved. Here were found stores of victuals and supplies, including seventeen barrels of powder, with match, &c., and there are not a few of the fair mansions of Dorsetshire which have been constructed, in a large measure, with the stone and timber carried away from this castle. The halls, galleries, and other chambers throughout the building were nobly decorated with rich tapestry and carpeting; other articles of furniture also, suitable in taste and value, which had remained, probably, since the splendid days of Sir Christopher Hatton, were there in abundance, and all these fell into the hands of the despoilers. The county sequestrators,* and officers commanding at the siege, had been ordered by the Parliament to slight the castle, but the solidity of the walls defied in many parts even the force of gunpowder. Whole months were occupied in the endeavour, and heavy charges thrown upon the county-rate for effecting the slow progress of this destruction; and in spite of all these endeavours, the remains of the castle present at this day one of the most imposing masses of architectural structure that are to be seen throughout the kingdom. These ruins have now ivy mantles on their towers, and the grass grows in the vaults and dungeons; but the lapse of two centuries has had no more effect than the ravaging attempts of man for destroying the substantial portions of the building. One large tower was displaced, many years ago, by the effects of a violent thunder storm, and it rolled into the stream below. The weight of this mass is said to have shaken the ground to a degree which produced the effect of an earthquake throughout the neighbouring borough.

The last carriage which is known to have passed over the castle bridge was that of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, in October, 1814, not without danger from the absence of the parapet and the elevation of the narrow causeway; but it was not then that she was to make black cloth dear in England, amid a nation's tears.

We wish our space would permit us to dwell longer on these pages, which abound with legends, anecdotes, and historical memoranda; but we must unwillingly quit Corfe Castle, not without our hearty thanks to the worthy descendant of worthy ancestors, for his well-written and most amusing book.

* There is a letter extant from the Dorsetshire Committee of Sequestrators, signed by 'Ri. Broderipp' and 'Jno°. Whitway,' to their superiors in London, requesting their 'Lordships'' advice as to the prosecution of the sequestration, and the case of difficulty arising concerning the Lady Bankes. But, as Mr. Bankes observes, their Lordships in London were at that time too much occupied in the division of the spoil to find time for an answer to inquiries which related only to the maintenance of those who had been plundered.

THOUGHTS ON SHELLEY AND BYRON.

THE poets, who forty years ago proclaimed their intention of working a revolution in English literature, and who have succeeded in their purpose, recommended especially a more simple and truthful view of nature. The established canons of poetry were to be discarded as artificial; as to matter, the poet was to represent mere nature as he saw her; as to form, he was to be his own law. Freedom and nature were to be his watch-words.

No theory could be more in harmony with the spirit of the age, and the impulse which had been given to it by the burning words of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The school which arose expressed fairly the unrest and unruliness of the time, its weariness of artificial restraint and unmeaning laws, its craving after a nobler and a more earnest life, its sense of a glory and mystery in the physical universe, hidden from the poets of the two preceding centuries, and now revealed by science. So far all was hopeful. But it soon became apparent, that each poet's practical success in carrying out the theory was, paradoxically enough, in inverse proportion to his belief in it; that those who like Wordsworth, Southey, and Keats, talked most about naturalness and freedom, and most openly reprobated the school of Pope, were, after all, least natural and least free; that the balance of those excellencies inclined much more to those who like Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, and Moore, troubled their heads with no theories, but followed the best old models which they knew; and that the rightful sovereign of the new Parnassus, Lord Byron, protested against the new movement, while he followed it; upheld to the last the models which it was the fashion to decry, and kept crying to the last, in poetry as in morals, 'Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor,' and uttering prophecies of the downfal of English poetry and English taste, which seem to be on the eve of realization.

Now no one will, we presume, be silly enough to say that humanity has gained nothing by all the very beautiful poetry which has been poured out on it during the last thirty years in England. Nevertheless, when we see poetry dying down among us year by year, although the age is becoming year by year more marvellous and inspiring, we have a right to look for some false principle in a school which has had so little enduring vitality, which seems now to be able to perpetuate nothing of itself but its vices.

The answer so easy twenty years ago, that the new poetry was spoiled by an influx of German bad taste, will hardly hold good now, except with a very few very ignorant people. It is now known, of course, that whatsoever quarrel Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe may have had with Pope, it was not on account of his being too severe an artist, but too loose a one; not for being too classical, but not classical enough; that English poets borrowed from them nothing but their most boyish and immature types of thought, and that these were reproduced, and laughed at here, while the men themselves were writing works of a purity, and loftiness, and completeness, unknown to the world—except in the writings of Milton—for nearly two centuries. This feature, however, of the new German poetry, was exactly the one which no English poet deigned to imitate, save Byron alone; on whom, accordingly, Goethe always looked with admiration and affection. But the rest went their way unheeding; and if they have defects, those defects are their own; for when they did copy the German taste, they, for the most part, deliberately chose the evil, and refused the good; and have their reward in a fame which we believe will prove itself a very short-lived one. On this subject we had occasion to speak in our last number. We now go on to consider a few points which, as it seems to us, are connected with it.

We cannot deny that, in spite of all faults, these men had a strength. They have exercised an influence. And they have done so by virtue of seeing a fact which more complete, and in some cases more manly poets, did not see. And strangely enough, Shelley, the man who was the greatest sinner of them all against the canons of good taste, was the man who saw that new fact, if not most clearly, still most intensely,

and who proclaimed it most boldly. And his influence, therefore, is outliving that of his compeers, and growing and spreading, for good and for evil; and will grow and spread for years to come, as long as the present great unrest goes on smouldering in men's hearts, till the hollow settlement of 1815 is burst asunder anew, and men feel that they are no longer in the beginning of the end, but in the end itself, and that this long thirty years' prologue to the reconstruction of rotten Europe is played out at last, and the drama itself begun.

Such is the way of Providence; the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor the prophecy to the wise. The Spirit bloweth where He listeth, and sends on His errands—those who deny Him, rebel against Him—tyrants, profligates, madmen, Henry the Eighths and Voltaires, hysterical Rousseaus, hysterical Shelleys, uttering words like the east wind. He uses strange tools in His cosmogony: but He does not use them in vain. By bad men if not by good, by fools if not by wise, His work is done, and done right well.

There was, then, a strength and a truth in all these men; and it was this—that more or less clearly, they all felt that they were standing between two worlds; amid the ruins of an older age; upon the threshold of a new one. To Byron's mind, the decay and rottenness of the old was, perhaps, the most palpable; to Shelley's, the possible glory of the new. Wordsworth declared—a little too noisily, we think, as if he had been the first to discover the truth,—the dignity and divineness of the most simple human facts and relationships. Coleridge declares that the new can only assume living form, by growing organically out of the old institutions. Keats gives a sad, and yet a wholesome answer to them both, as, young and passionate, he goes down with Faust 'to the Mothers,'

> 'To the rich warm youth of the nations,
> Childlike in virtue and faith, though childlike in passion and pleasure,
> Childlike still, still near to the gods, while the sunset of Eden
> Lingered in rose-red rays on the peaks of Ionian mountains.'

And there, amid the old classic forms, he cries—'These things, too, are eternal:

> A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

These, or things even fairer than they, must have their place in the new world, if it is to be really a home for the human race.' So he sings, as best he can, the half-educated and consumptive stable-keeper's son, from his prison-house of London brick, and in one mighty yearn after that beauty from which he is debarred, breaks his young heart, and dies, leaving a name not 'writ in water,' as he dreamed, but on all fair things, all lovers' hearts, for evermore.

Here then, to return, is the reason why the hearts of the present generation have been influenced so mightily by these men, rather than by those of whom Byron wrote, with perfect sincerity—

> 'Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe, will try
> 'Gainst *you* the question with posterity.'

These lines, written in 1818, were meant to apply only to Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. Whether they be altogether just or unjust, is not now the question; yet it must seem somewhat strange to our young poets, that Shelley's name is not among those who are to try the question of immortality against the Lake School, and yet many of his most beautiful poems had been already written. . . . . Were, then, 'The Revolt of Islam and Alastor,' it seems, not destined, in Byron's opinion, to live as long as the 'Lady of the Lake,' and the 'Mariners of England?' Perhaps not. At least the omission of Shelley's name is noteworthy. But still more noteworthy are these words of his to Mr. Murray, dated January 23, 1819:—

'Read Pope—most of you don't—but do . . . . and the inevitable consequence would be, that you would burn all that I have ever written,

and all your other wretched Claudians of the day (except Scott and Crabbe) into the bargain.' . . . .

And here arises a new question—Is Shelley, then, among the Claudians? It is a hard saying. The present generation will receive it with shouts of laughter. Some future one, which studies and imitates Shakspeare instead of anatomizing him, and which gradually awakens to the now forgotten fact, that a certain man named Edmund Spenser once wrote a poem, the like of which the earth never saw before, and perhaps may never see again, may be inclined to acquiesce in the verdict, and believe that Byron had a discrimination in this matter, as in a hundred more, far more acute than any of his compeers, and had not eaten in vain, poor fellow, of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. In the meanwhile, we may perceive in the poetry of the two men deep and radical differences, indicating a spiritual difference between them even more deep, which may explain the little notice which Byron takes of Shelley's poetry, and the fact that the two men had no deep sympathy for each other, and could not in anywise 'pull together' during their sojourn in Italy. Doubtless, there were plain outward faults of temper and character on both sides; neither was in a state of mind which could trust itself, or be trusted by those who loved them best. Friendship can only consist with the calm and self-restraint and self-respect of moral and intellectual health; and both were diseased, fevered, ready to take offence, ready, unwittingly, to give it. But the diseases of the two were different, as their natures were; and Shelley's fever was not Byron's.

And it is worth remarking, that it is Shelley's form of fever, rather than Byron's, which has been of late years the prevailing epidemic. Since Shelley's poems have become known in England, and a timid public, after approaching in fear and trembling the fountain which was understood to be poisoned, has begun first to sip, and then, finding the magic water at all events sweet enough, to quench its thirst with unlimited draughts, the Byron's Head has lost its customers. Well—at least the taste of the age is more refined, if that be matter of congratulation. And there is an excuse for preferring *eau sucré* to waterside porter, heady with grains of paradise and quassia, salt and *coccum indicum*. Nevertheless, stronger ingredients than capillaire may be disguised by the delicate draught, and the Devil's Elixir may be made fragrant, and sweet, and transparent enough, as French moralists well know, for the most fastidious palate. The private tippling of eau-de-cologne, say the London physicians, has increased mightily of late; and so has the reading of Shelley. It is not surprising. Byron's Corsairs and Laras have been, on the whole, impossible during the thirty years' peace; and piracy and profligacy are at all times, and especially now-a-days, expensive amusements, and often require a good private fortune—rare among poets. They have, therefore, been wisely abandoned as ideals, except among a few young persons, who used to wear turn-down collars, and are now attempting mustachios and Mazzini hats. But even among them, and among their betters—rather their more-respectables—nine-tenths of the bad influence which is laid at Byron's door, really is owing to Shelley. Among the many good-going gentlemen and ladies, Byron is generally spoken of with horror—he is 'so wicked,' forsooth; while poor Shelley, 'poor dear Shelley,' is 'very wrong, of course,' but 'so refined,' 'so beautiful,' 'so tender'—a fallen angel, while Byron is a satyr and a devil. We boldly deny the verdict. Neither of the two are devils: as for angels, when we have seen one, we shall be better able to give an opinion; at present, Shelley is in our eyes far less like one of those old Hebrew and Miltonic angels, fallen or unfallen, than Byron is. And as for the satyr; the less that is said for Shelley, on that point, the better. If Byron sinned more desperately and flagrantly than he, it was done under the temptations of rank, wealth, disappointed love, and under the impulses of an animal nature, to which Shelley's passions were

As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

And, at all events, Byron never set to work to consecrate his own sin into a religion, and proclaim the worship of uncleanness as the last and

highest ethical development of 'pure' humanity. No—Byron may be brutal; but he never cants. If at moments he finds himself in hell, he never turns round to the world, and melodiously informs them that it is heaven, if they could but see it in its true light.

The truth is, that what has put Byron out of favour with the public of late, is not his faults, but his excellencies. His artistic good taste, his classical polish, his sound shrewd sense, his hatred of cant, his insight into humbug, above all, his shallow, pitiable habit of being always intelligible; these are the sins which condemn him in the eyes of a mesmerizing, table-turning, spirit-rapping, Spiritualizing, Romanizing generation, who read Shelley in secret, and delight in his bad taste, mysticism, extravagance, and vague and pompous sentimentalism. The age is an effeminate one; and it can well afford to pardon the lewdness of the gentle and sensitive vegetarian, while it has no mercy for that of the sturdy peer, proud of his bull-neck and his boxing, who kept bears and bull-dogs, drilled Greek ruffians at Missolonghi, and 'had no objection to a pot of beer;' and who might, if he had reformed, have made a gallant English gentleman; while Shelley, if once his intense self-opinion had deserted him, would have probably ended in Rome, as an Oratorian or a Passionist.

We would that it were only for this count that Byron has had to make way for Shelley. There is, as we said before, a deeper moral difference between the men, which makes the weaker, rather than the stronger, find favour in young men's eyes. For Byron has the most intense and awful sense of moral law—of law external to himself. Shelley has little or none; less, perhaps, than any known writer who has ever meddled with moral questions. Byron's cry is, 'I am miserable, because law exists; and I have broken it, broken it so habitually, that now I cannot help breaking it. I have tried to eradicate the sense of it by speculation, by learning, by action: but I cannot—

The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.

There is a moral law independent of us, and yet the very marrow of our life, which punishes and rewards us by no arbitrary external penalties, but by our own conscience of being what we are.

> 'The mind which is immortal, makes itself
> Requital for its good or evil thoughts;
> Is its own origin of ill, and end—
> And its own place and time—its innate sense
> When stript of this mortality, derives
> No colour from the fleeting things about,
> But is absorbed in sufferance or in joy,
> Born from the knowledge of its own desert.'

This idea, confused, intermitted, obscured by all forms of evil—for it was not discovered, but only in the process of discovery—is the one which comes out with greater and greater strength, through all Corsairs, Laras, and Parisinas, till it reaches its completion in Cain and in Manfred, of both of which we do boldly say, that if any sceptical poetry at all be right, which we often question, they are right and not wrong; that in Cain, as in Manfred, the awful problem which, perhaps, had better not have been put at all, is nevertheless fairly put, and the solution, as far as it is seen, fairly confessed; namely, that there is an absolute and eternal law in the heart of man, which sophistries of his own, or of other beings, may make him forget, deny, blaspheme; but which exists externally, and will assert itself. If this be not the meaning of Manfred, especially of that great scene in the chamois hunter's cottage, what is?—If this be not the meaning of Cain, and his awful awakening after the murder, not to any mere dread of external punishment, but to an overwhelming, instinctive, inarticulate sense of having *done wrong*, what is?

Yet that this law exists, let it never be forgotten, is the real meaning of Byron, down to that last terrible Don Juan, in which he sits himself down, in artificial calm, to trace the gradual rotting and degradation of a man

without law, the slave of his own pleasures; a picture happily never finished, because he who painted it was taken away before he had learnt, perhaps when he was beginning to turn back from—the lower depth within the lowest deep.

Now to this whole form of consciousness, poor Shelley's mind is altogether antipodal. His whole life through was a denial of external law, and a substitution in its place of internal sentiment. Byron's cry is, There is a law, and therefore I am miserable. Why cannot I keep the law? Shelley's is, There is a law, and therefore I am miserable. Why should not the law be abolished? —Away with it, for it interferes with my sentiments—Away with marriage, 'custom and faith, the foulest birth of time.'—We do not wish to follow him down into the fearful sins which he defended with the small powers of reasoning—and they were peculiarly small—which he possessed. Let any one who wishes to satisfy himself of the real difference between Byron's mind and Shelley's, compare the writings in which each of them treats the same subject—namely, that frightful question about the relation of the sexes, which forms, evidently, Manfred's crime; and see if the result is not simply this, that Shelley glorifies, what Byron damns. 'Lawless love' is Shelley's expressed ideal of the relation of the sexes: and his justice, his benevolence, his pity, are all equally lawless. 'Follow your instincts,' is his one moral rule, confounding the very lowest animal instincts with those lofty ideas of right which it was the will of Heaven that he should retain, ay, and love, to the very last, and so reducing them all to the level of sentiments. 'Follow your instincts'—But what if our instincts lead us to eat animal food? 'Then you must follow the instincts of me Percy Bysshe Shelley. I think it horrible, cruel; it offends my taste.' What if our instincts lead us to tyrannize over our fellow-men? 'Then you must repress those instincts. I Shelley think that, too, horrible and cruel.' Whether it be vegetarianism or liberty, the rule is practically the same,—sentiment; which, in his case, as in the case of all sentimentalists, turns out to mean at last, not the sentiments of mankind in general, but the private sentiments of the writer. This is Shelley; a sentimentalist pure and simple: incapable of anything like inductive reasoning; unable to take cognizance of any facts but those which please his taste, or to draw any conclusion from them but such as also pleases his taste; as, for example, in those seventh and eighth stanzas of the Ode to Liberty, which, had they been written by any other man but Shelley, possessing the same knowledge as he, one would have called a wicked and deliberate lie—but in his case, are to be simply passed over with a sigh, like a young lady's proofs of table-turning and rapping spirits. She wished to see it so—and therefore so she saw it.

For Shelley's nature is utterly womanish. Not merely his weak points, but his strong ones, are those of a woman. Tender and pitiful as a woman —and yet, when angry, shrieking, railing, hysterical as a woman. The physical distaste for meat and fermented liquors, coupled with the hankering after physical horrors, are especially feminine. The nature of a woman looks out of that wild, beautiful, girlish face—the nature: but not the spirit; not

> 'The reason firm, the temperate will
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.'

The lawlessness of the man, with the sensibility of the woman. . . . Alas for him! He, too, might have discovered what Byron did; for were not his errors avenged upon him within, more terribly even than without? His cries are like the wails of a child, inarticulate, peevish, irrational; and yet his pain fills his whole being, blackens the very face of nature to him: but he will not confess himself in the wrong—Once only, if we recollect rightly, the truth flashes across him for a moment, amid the clouds of selfish sorrow—

> 'Alas, I have nor hope nor health,
> Nor peace within, nor calm around;
> Nor that content surpassing wealth
> The sage in meditation found,
> And walked with inward glory crowned.

'Nor'——alas for the spiritual bathos, which follows that short gleam of healthy feeling, and coming to himself—

—'fame nor power, nor love, nor leisure,
Others I see whom these surround,
Smiling they live and call life pleasure,
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure!'

Poor Shelley! As if the peace within, and the calm around, and the content surpassing wealth, were things which were to be put in the same category with fame, and power, and love and leisure. As if they were things which could be 'dealt' to any man; instead of depending (as Byron, who, amid all his fearful sins, was a man, knew well enough,) upon a man's self, a man's own will, and that will exerted to do a will exterior to itself, to know and to obey a law? But no, the cloud of sentiment must close over again, and

'Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne and still must bear,
Till death like sleep might seize on me,
And I might feel in the warm air,
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony!' . . .

Too beautiful to laugh at, however empty and sentimental. True; but why beautiful? Because there is a certain sincerity in it, which breeds coherence and melody, which, in short, makes it poetry. But what if such a tone of mind be consciously encouraged, even insincerely affected as the ideal state for a poet's mind, as his followers have done?

The mischief which such a man would do is conceivable enough. He stands out, both by his excellencies and his defects, as the spokesman and ideal of all the unrest and unhealth of sensitive young men for many a year after. His unfulfilled prophecies only help to increase that unrest. Who shall blame either him for uttering those prophecies, or them for longing for their fulfilment? Must we not thank the man who gives us fresh hope that this earth will not be always as it is now? His notion of what it will be may be, as Shelley's was, vague, even in some things wrong and undesirable. Still, we must accept his hope and faith in the spirit, not in the letter. So have thousands of young men felt, who would have shrunk with disgust from some of poor Shelley's details of the 'good time coming.' And shame on him who should wish to rob them of such a hope, even if it interfered with his favourite 'scheme of unfulfilled prophecy.' So men have felt Shelley's spell a wondrous one—perhaps, they think, a life-giving, regenerative one. And yet what dream at once more shallow, and more impossible? . . . . Get rid of kings and priests. . . . Marriage may stay, pending discussions on the rights of women. . . . Let the poet speak—what he is to say being, of course, a matter of utterly secondary import, provided only that he be a poet; and then the millennium will appear of itself, and the devil be exorcised with a kiss from all hearts—except, of course, those of 'pale priests,' and 'tyrants, with their sneer of cold command,' and the Cossacks and Croats whom they may choose to call to their rescue. . . . . And on the appearance of said Cossacks and Croats, the poet's vision stops short, and all is blank beyond. A recipe for the production of millenniums which has this one advantage, that it is small enough to be comprehended by the very smallest minds, and reproduced thereby, with a difference, in such spasmodic melodies as seem to those small minds to be imitations of Shelley's nightingale notes.

For nightingale notes they truly are. In spite of all his faults—and there are few poetic faults in which he does not indulge, to their very highest power, . . . in spite of his 'interfluous' and 'innumerous,' and the rest of it—in spite of bombast, horrors, maundering, sheer stuff and non-

sense of all kinds, there is a plaintive natural melody about this man, such as no other English poet has ever uttered, except Shakspeare, in some few immortal songs. Who that has read Shelley does not recollect scraps worthy to stand by Ariel's song—chaste, simple, unutterably musical? Yes, . . . when he will be himself—Shelley the scholar and the gentleman and the singer, and leave philosophy and politics, which he does not understand, and shriekings and cursings, which are unfit for any civilized and self-respecting man, he is perfect. Like the American mocking bird, he is harsh only when aping other men's tunes—his true power lies in his own 'native wood-notes wild.'

But it is not this faculty of his which has been imitated by his scholars; for it is not this faculty which made him their ideal, however it may have attracted them. All which sensible men deplore in him, is that which poetasters have exalted in him. His morbidity and his doubt have become in their eyes his differential energy, . . . because, too often, it was all in him with which they had wit to sympathize. They found it easy to curse and complain, instead of helping to mend. So had he. They found it pleasant to confound institutions with the abuses which defaced them. So had he. They found it pleasant to give way to their spleen. So had he. They found it pleasant to believe that the poet was to regenerate the world, without having settled with what he was to regenerate it. So had he. They found it more pleasant to obey sentiment than inductive laws. So had he. They found it more pleasant to hurl about enormous words and startling figures, than to examine reverently the awful depths of beauty which lie in the simplest words, and the severest figures. So had he.

And thus arose a spasmodic, vague, extravagant, effeminate, school of poetry, which has been too often hastily and unfairly fathered upon Byron. Doubtless Byron has helped to its formation; but only in as far as his poems possess, or rather seem to possess, elements in common with Shelley's. For that conscious struggle against law, by which law is discovered, may easily enough be confounded with the utter repudiation of it. Both forms of mind will discuss the same questions; both will discuss them freely, with a certain plainness and daring, which may range through all grades, from the bluntness of Socrates down to reckless immodesty and profaneness. The world will hardly distinguish between the two; it did not in Socrates' case, mistook his reverent irreverence for Atheism, and martyred him accordingly, as it has since martyred Luther's memory. Probably, too, if a living struggle is going on in the writer's mind, he will not have distinguished the two elements in himself; he will be profane when he fancies himself only arguing for truth; he will be only arguing for truth, where he seems to the respectable undoubting to be profane. And in the meanwhile, whether the respectable understand him or not, the young and the inquiring, much more the distempered, who would be glad to throw off moral law, will sympathise with him, often more than he sympathises with himself. Words thrown off in the heat of passion; shameful self-revealings which he has written with his very heart's blood; ay even fallacies which he has put into the mouths of dramatic characters for the very purpose of refuting them, or at least of calling on all who read to help him to refute them, and to deliver him from the ugly dream, all these will, by the lazy, the frivolous, the feverish, the discontented, be taken for integral parts and noble traits of the man to whom they are attracted, by finding that he, too, has the same doubts and struggles as themselves, that he has a voice and art to be their spokesman. And hence arises confusion on confusion, misconception on misconception. The man is honoured for his dishonour. Chronic disease is taken for a new type of health; and Byron is admired and imitated for that which Byron is trying to tear out of his own heart, and trample under foot as his curse and bane, something which is not Byron's self, but Byron's house-fiend, and tyrant, and shame. And in the meanwhile that which calls itself respectability and orthodoxy, and is—unless Augustine lied—neither of them, stands by, and instead of echoing the voice of him who said, 'Come to me ye that are weary and

heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' mumbles proudly to itself, with the Pharisees of old, 'This people, which knoweth not the law, is accursed.'

We do not seek to excuse Byron any more than we do Shelley. They both sinned. They both paid bitter penalty for their sin. How far they were guilty, or which of them was the more guilty, we know not. We can judge no man. It is as poets and teachers, not as men and responsible spirits; not in their inward beings, known only to Him who made them, not even to themselves, but in their outward utterance, that we have a right to compare them. Both have done harm. Neither have, we firmly believe, harmed any human being who had not already the harm within himself. It is not by introducing evil, but by calling into consciousness and more active life evil which was already lurking in the heart, that any writer makes men worse. Thousands doubtless have read Byron and Shelley, and worse books, and risen from them as pure as when they sat down. In evil as well as in good the eye only sees that which it brings with it the power of seeing—say rather, the wish to see. But it is because, in spite of all our self-glorifying pæans, our taste has become worse and not better, that Shelley, the man who conceitedly despises and denies law, is taking the place of Byron, the man who only struggles against it, and who shows his honesty and his greatness most by confessing that his struggles are ineffectual; that, Titan as he may look to the world, his strength is misdirected, a mere furious weakness, which proclaims him a slave in fetters, while prurient young gentlemen are fancying him heaping hills on hills, and scaling Olympus itself. They are tired of that notion, however, now. They have begun to suspect that Byron did not scale Olympus after all. How much more pleasant a leader, then, must Shelley be, who unquestionably did scale his little Olympus—having made it himself first to fit his own stature. The man who has built the hay-rick will doubtless climb it again, if need be, as often as desired, and warble on the top, after the fashion of the rick-building guild, triumphantly enough. . . . . For after all Shelley's range of vision is very narrow, his subjects few, his reflections still fewer, when compared, not only with such a poet as Spenser, but with his own contemporaries, above all with Byron. He has a deep heart, but not a wide one; an intense eye, but not a catholic one. And, therefore, he never wrote a real drama; for in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, Beatrice Cenci is really none other than Percy Bysshe Shelley himself in petticoats.

But we will let them both be. . . . Perhaps they know better now.

One very ugly superstition, nevertheless, we must mention, of which these two men have been, in England at least, the great hierophants; that namely, on which we touched in our last—the right of 'genius' to be 'eccentric.' Doubtless there are excuses for such a notion; but it is one against which every wise man must set his face like a flint, and at the risk of being called a 'Philister' and a 'flunkey,' take part boldly with respectability and this wicked world, and declare them to be for once utterly in the right. Still there are excuses for it. A poet, especially one who wishes to be not merely a describer of pretty things, but a 'Vates' and seer of new truth, must often say things which other people do not like to say, and do things which others do not like to do. And, moreover, he will be generally gifted, for the very purpose of enabling him to say and do these strange things, with a sensibility more delicate than common, often painful enough to himself. How easy for such a man to think that he has a right not to be as other men are; to despise little conventionalities, courtesies, even decencies; to offend boldly and carelessly, conscious that he has something right and valuable within himself, which not only atones for such defects, but allows him to indulge in them, as badges of his own superiority!

This has been the notion of artistic genius which has spread among us of late years, just in proportion as the real amount of artistic genius has diminished; till we see men, on the mere ground of being literary men, too refined to keep accounts, or pay their butchers' bills; affecting the pettiest absurdities in dress, in manner, in food; giving themselves credit for being unable to bear a noise, keep their temper, educate their own

children, associate with their fellow men, and a thousand other paltry weaknesses, morosenesses, self-indulgences, fastidiousnesses, vulgarities—for all this is essentially vulgar, and demands, not honour and sympathy, but a chapter in Mr. Thackeray's Book of Snobs. *Non sic itur ad astra* Self-indulgence and exclusiveness can only be a proof of weakness. It may accompany talent, but it proves that talent to be partial and defective. The brain may be large, but the manhood, the 'virtus,' is small, where such things are allowed, much more where they are gloried in. A poet such a man may be, but a world-poet never. He is sectarian, a poetical quaker, a Puritan, who, forgetting that the truth which he possesses is equally the right and inheritance of every man he meets, takes up a peculiar dress or phraseology, as symbols of his fancied difference from his human brothers. All great poets, till Shelley and Byron, as far as we can discern, have been men especially free from eccentricities, careful not merely of the chivalries and the respectabilities, but also of the courtesies and the petty conventionalities, of the age in which they lived; altogether well-bred men of the world. The answer, that they learnt the ways of courts, does not avail; for if they had had no innate good-breeding, reticence, respect for forms and customs, they would never have come near courts at all. It is not a question of rank and fashion, but of good feeling, common sense, unselfishness. Goethe, Milton, Spenser, Shakspeare, Rabelais, Ariosto, were none of them high-born men; several of them low-born; and only rose to the society of high-born men because they were themselves innately high-bred, polished, complete, without exaggerations, affectations, deformities, weaknesses of mind and taste, whatever may have been their weaknesses on certain points of morals. The man of all men most bepraised by the present generation of poets, is perhaps Wolfgang von Goethe. Why is it, then, that of all men he is the one whom they strive to be most unlike?

And if this be good counsel for the man who merely wishes—and no blame to him—to sing about beautiful things in a beautiful way, it applies with tenfold force to the poet who desires honestly to proclaim great truths. If he has to offend the prejudices of the world in important things, that is all the more reason for his bowing to those prejudices in little things, and being content to be like his neighbours in outward matters, in order that he may make them like himself in inward ones. Shall such a man dare to hinder his own message, to drive away the very hearers to whom he believes himself to be sent, for the sake of his own nerves, laziness, antipathies, much more of his own vanity and pride? If he does so, he is unfaithful to that very genius on which he prides himself. He denies its divinity, by treating it as his own possession, to be displayed or hidden as he chooses, for his own enjoyment, his own self-glorification. Well for such a man if a day comes to him in which he will look back with shame and self-reproach, not merely on every scandal which he may have caused by breaking the moral and social laws of humanity, by neglecting to restrain his appetites, pay his bills, and keep his engagements; but also on every conceited word and look, every gaucherie and rudeness, every self-indulgent moroseness and fastidiousness, as sins against the sacred charge which has been committed to him; and determines, with that Jew of old, who, to judge from his letter to Philemon, was one of the most perfect gentlemen of God's making who ever walked this earth, to become 'all things to all men, if by any means he may save some.'

DARTMOOR PRISON:

AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

FEW travellers can have passed for the first time over the line of railway between Exeter and Plymouth, without looking with some curiosity toward the 'hilly wilderness' of Dartmoor—towering like a great rocky fortress above the meadows and orchards of the South Hams. Like all similar districts, it has a strange power over the imagination:—

> Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
> Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
> Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
> Inter aquas ———.*

We must not add the 'nemorumque noctem' which completes the line; for although M. le Baron Maurice does propose that the gabions and fascines for his siege of Plymouth should be cut from the *forêt de Dartmoor*, we beg to assure him, that Dr. Johnson's walking stick would be there regarded as a considerable piece of timber. It is exactly the solitude a hermit would have chosen for retiring into from the world; and St. Bruno himself might have been satisfied with its melancholy wastes of heather, and its ranges of grey tors, lifting their crests one after another into the remote distance.

The reader need not, however, be reminded, that Dartmoor has been supplied with a Chartreuse of a very different character. It was here that the chief prison of war was built in 1806; the sparkle from the roofs of which, in the midst of the surrounding moors and mosses, is one of the few signs of life and occupation occurring throughout the district. The whole character of Dartmoor, with its mysterious circles of unwrought stone, 'whose birth tradition notes not,' its ancient mining trenches, its rocky fire beacons, and its deep ferny hollows, once the strongholds of the red deer, insensibly carries the mind far away from 'this present now,' and calls up many a wild vision of history or romance. And yet strange enough as it is to find the events of little more than thirty years since falling in with, and adding to this feeling, so it was before the prisons were re-occupied as a convict station. The buildings, under all the influences of 'winter and rough weather,' soon became darkened and lichen-spotted, and their open courts were again covered with the short turf of the moors. Their great extent and utter desertion—yet their evident military aspect—combined with the loneliness of the site to produce a singular impression. They became as 'ghaist alluring' as any roofless old border tower. And to add to the effect, stories were afloat of dismal crimes committed within and around them, not the less striking for being obscurely hinted at, rather than told in full broad daylight detail.

All this is now much changed; but some notice of the early condition of the prison will, perhaps, be worth recording; and although the present convict establishment is of the highest interest and importance, we shall begin by carrying back the reader to the time of their original occupation. We have before us the narratives of French and American prisoners,† who were detained here among the *rochers sauvages*—the *montagnes nues et decolorées* of Devonshire—*sous un ciel sombre et melancholique*—in the most unfavoured (*disgracié*) corner of England;—a very Siberia, where the snow lies through eight months of the year; 'a place,' according to our friend of New York, 'deprived of everything that is pleasant and agreeable, and productive of nothing but human woe and misery.' Perfidious Albion has, no doubt, much to answer for; but in spite of all this 'blaming of climates,' the placing of the prisons on Dartmoor was scarcely one of her enormities; for although the 'ancient moore,' as

* Gray's *Ode on the Chartreuse.*

† *La Prison de Dartmoor; ou Récit Historique des Infortunes et Evasions des Prisonniers Français en Angleterre.* Par L. Catel. Paris. 1847.

The Prisoner's Memoirs; or, Dartmoor Prison. An Impartial Narrative, &c. From the Journals of Charles Andrews. New York. 1815.

Drayton calls her, may be as barren as Justice Shallow's domain, it is, at least, entitled to his one qualifying recommendation—'Marry, good air!' Before, however, proceeding to draw upon the stores of these edifying journalists, we must endeavour to convey some idea of the appearance and management of the buildings—so far, at least, as we can do so without the aid of drawings.

After the battle of Trafalgar, the number of prisoners brought to England increased so rapidly, that it became necessary to make additional provision for their safe keeping. The hulks at Chatham and at Plymouth were no longer sufficient; and in the absence of regular fortresses the difficulty was considerable. Many plans were suggested; among others, it was proposed to refit some of the old Scottish towers. Thrieve was to have been one, whose walls were still 'warstling with time;' and the fine old palace of Linlithgow, in Sir Walter's words, 'narrowly escaped being defaced and dishonoured' by an attempt to convert it to the same purpose. Two large prisons were, at length, built in Scotland; and a third, larger and more important than either, at Dartmoor; the position of this last being determined by Sir Thomas Tyrrwhitt, then Lord Warden of the Stannaries. The site for its erection was granted by the Regent, who, as Duke of Cornwall, was Lord of the Forest. The foundation stone was laid by the Warden himself, on the 20th of March, 1806; and the design for the whole structure was supplied by a Mr. Alexander. It was built throughout of granite from the surrounding hills, and cost about 127,000*l*.

We will now suppose that the visitor has passed through the highland village of Prince Town, with its turf smoke and its peat stacks, and is standing before the main entrance of the prisons, as they were some ten years since; gloom and restraint before him—the grey hills of heather, with all their freedom of earth and sky, stretching away from him in all directions. The form of the whole enclosure is circular, with a segment cut off. In this is the principal entrance; a lofty arch, formed of huge masses of granite, chiselled in heavily cut letters, with the words PARCERE SUBJECTIS. Passing through an outer court, the visitor then found himself on the military way which surrounded the whole building, between the extreme outer wall and that enclosing the courts of the prisons. The outer wall is a mile in circumference, and sixteen feet high. Round it, when the prisons were occupied, went a chain of bells, fastened to a wire, the slightest touch of which set every bell in motion. On the top of the inner wall a guard was placed, at the distance of every twenty feet. Crossing the military way, and still in a line with the main gates, a small square is entered, which served as a market for the prisoners, from whose court it was divided by a strong iron railing. To the right and left are the hospital, and a barrack for the guard within the walls. Beyond the market square are the prisons themselves, seven in number, divided by two lofty walls into groups of three, thus leaving one prison in a court of its own in the centre. Each prison had a small yard attached, through which ran a stream of the purest water (*d'une crudité meurtriere*, says M. Catel, who would have preferred a rivulet of cherry-brandy), supplied from a reservoir fronting the main gates. Encircling the courts of the prisons, and within the inner walls of the military way, ran a strong and lofty iron railing, on which lamps were fixed, supplied with powerful reflectors, and kept burning not only at night but also during mists and dark weather. A dreary *cachot*, stone floored and vaulted, for the punishment of the refractory, was attached to the first group of prisons.

Each prison is three stories high, 180 feet long, and 40 broad; and each could contain 1500 men. One story in each building formed but a single apartment, having six parallel rows of upright joists running its whole length, to which the prisoners fastened their hammocks. Low-roofed, long, and obscurely lighted, these gloomy rooms were sufficiently *eerie* during the abandoned condition of the prisons. As you passed up the broad, dark staircase leading to each floor, and gazed into the shadows of the lengthening cham-

bers, you caught yourself half listening for the tread of other feet than your own along the blackened floors.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.

The number of prisoners at Dartmoor at one time exceeded 10,000. There were among them subjects of almost every European Government—Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Swiss, Germans, Poles, Swedes, French of all departments, from the vine-covered hills of the south to the broomy 'landes' of Britany; and toward the end of the war, Americans, one of whose greatest complaints was that the blacks (upwards of one thousand in number) who had been taken in the vessels with them, were confined in the same prisons. Almost every trade and profession was here represented. Soldiers and sailors—among the latter the crew of very many merchant ships—formed, of course, the majority. But there were also artists, literary and scientific men, many priests—or, perhaps, we should say, ex-priests—and ordinary workmen in great numbers. One of the prisons, to which its inmates gave the name of *le petit cautionnement* (the Americans called it 'The Commodore'), was set aside for the officers of merchant ships, state officers who had broken parole, and had been retaken, and especially many of those (among them a negro general) attached to the expedition against St. Domingo under General Rochambeau, in 1803, when, it will be remembered, the sudden rupture of the peace of Amiens led England to join in the blockade of Cape Town, where Rochambeau surrendered at discretion, and was himself sent to Jamaica. These Domingo officers had in their prison an excellent military band, which was permitted daily to execute 'those national hymns, those warlike marches, which on the field of battle had electrified our armies of Egypt and of Italy. Their heroic tones put our cruel keepers to shame, and, rousing our national pride, elevated us far above our tyrants.'

So says M. Catel, whose ingenious *Récit Historique* we shall henceforth use, so far as we can do so with safety; a matter of some difficulty, since its lively author has thought fit to 'furbelow his plain discourse' with a series of narratives as startling and romantic as any Surrey Theatre melodrama. On the other hand, Mr. Andrews, of New York, tells his story after a plainer and more straightforward fashion, contenting himself, by way of embellishment, with a few hard words equally divided between the English guard and his French brethren in misfortune. His *Impartial Narrative* is to be admired. But still we confess a leaning toward the *Récit* of M. Catel. To adopt worthy Mrs. Primrose's distinction: we 'like my Lady Blarney vastly—so condescending; but Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has our warm heart.'

As soon as the prisons were filled, the French, of their own accord, proceeded to 'organise a constitution.' First of all the inhabitants of each prison elected a president, and then each separate apartment chose its own commissary, who was to bear rule under the former. The suffrage was universal, and the election by ballot. As a necessary consequence, bribery and corruption were altogether banished from this retreat of equality and fraternity, and none were chosen for either office who were not the 'wisest, virtuousest, discretest, best' among the whole community. The authority of the presidents and commissaries extended to every point on which it could possibly be exercised. They were at once magistrates, judges, and policemen, and sometimes had to carry their own judicial sentences into execution. On one occasion the cooks of a certain ward were condemned to death by the president and commissary, because unfortunately a number of rats were discovered boiled in the soup. They were respited, however, on making a sufficient apology, and laying the crime of the unhappy potage to the door of the perfidious British guard. At another time, a prisoner convicted of having stolen a shirt was deprived of his political privileges, declared incapable of voting at any elections, and finally sent to Coventry for a period of six months. But ennui, says M. Catel, 'marked him for her own.' He was taken to the hospital,

and died there of 'langueur.' We will add, and not from M. Catel's authority, that all offenders did not escape so easily as the cooks. It is known that very many murders,—judicial or otherwise—took place within the prisons. Among their inmates were men well acquainted with various methods of secret despatch, fortunately unknown in this colder blooded north, so that the judges of the Dartmoor Vehme had no difficulty in finding officers who could carry out their sentences with scarcely a mark of external violence, if they happened themselves to be unlearned in such matters.

The whole body of the prisoners were self-arranged under the following heads:—

1. The *Lords*. These were the richer prisoners, who received regular supplies from home, and carried on a traffic within the walls, making their own purchases at the grating of the market square. They had from sixty to eighty shops in each prison, where they sold tobacco, thread, soap, coffee, &c.

2. The *Labourers*. Those who worked at different trades, thereby supplying themselves with the means of procuring something more than the ordinary prison comforts.

3. The *Indifférents*, who did nothing, but resigned themselves *philosophiquement* to the tender mercies of the English Government.

4. The *Minables*. Gamblers who were ready to sell their last shirt to satisfy their love of play.

5. The *Kaiserlichs*. Gamblers like the last, but who had attained a more imperial elevation above human cares and necessities. When the annual supply of clothing was distributed,—a pair of trowsers, a yellow jacket marked with black letters, a shirt, and a pair of shoes—the Kaiserlichs at once sold their allotments to the highest bidder, and went all the rest of the year barefoot and shirtless.

6. Last and lowest of all, the *Romans*. So called because they occupied the highest story of each prison, called the *Capitol*. They possessed no single article of clothing. Each man wore only a blanket—looked upon as common property—with a hole cut in the middle, through which the head was passed. In order to become a Roman it was necessary that the candidate's hammock should be sold, and tobacco bought with the proceeds for the enjoyment of the whole society. They might be seen in the common passages of the prisons, five or six together, fighting like dogs for some chance bone or potato peeling, and on one occasion, when the governor's cart had been sent into the court of the prison, the Romans seized the horses, killed and devoured them. When the 'Capitol' was closed for the night, their general, who alone had a hammock, but without mattrass or covering, arranged his men in two lines on either side, and at the word *bas* all stretched themselves on the floor in perfect order and silence. Even the solitary blanket was laid aside in their own wards; but the general, besides the dignity of his hammock, was allowed on certain occasions to wear a kind of uniform, of which the embroidery was of straw, curiously worked. Once, when the whole body of the Romans, about six hundred in number, had been permitted to visit the court of another prison, they seized the supplies in the kitchen, actually made prisoners of the guard sent to suppress the riot, and then paraded the court with loud cries of *Vive l'Empereur*. The guard were speedily relieved, and the Roman general dismissed to the cachot; but the scanty military strength which could be allowed for Dartmoor was a source of considerable apprehension during the whole time the prisons were occupied.

Many details respecting these unhappy Romans are here purposely omitted, although M. Catel does not hesitate to relate them, and we have been assured of their truth from other quarters. But the reader will easily conceive them as exhibiting perhaps the very lowest degradation of which humanity is capable. An intense passion for play, manifested more or less by the whole body of prisoners, was the main cause of their condition; but crime in all its shapes was common among them, not the less horrible on account of the reckless and frantic merriment—*gaîté*, M. Catel calls it—with which it was accompanied. And yet among them were some of

the best educated men in the prisons. M. Catel thinks it necessary, before telling their story, to apologise for them, by asserting that in the very heart of London whole bodies of men are to be found equally miserable and equally degraded. We will not ask whether the purlieus of London are worse than those of Paris, because neither one nor the other has anything to do with the matter. What was exhibited at Dartmoor was that same dark tendency of human nature which in all ages has led men encompassed by great and irremediable difficulties—the sword or the fiery pestilence—to catch at the first enjoyments that present themselves. 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' The bad then indeed become worse,

Till sometimes their most devilish merriment
Chills their own souls with horror, and they stare
Upon each other, all at once struck dumb.*

At Dartmoor everything tended to this result, far more even than in a crowded and plague-stricken city. The throng of prisoners, housed together for long and dreary years, were, it must be remembered, without any of that surveillance which they would have had as criminals or convicts. The object was merely to keep them in safety. Moreover, the mass of them was from classes always more or less uneducated; but in the then state of France utterly without any training but what was military. Can we wonder that they should have become thus degraded, when we have but to turn to the pages of Boccaccio or Defoe to learn what was the state of society in refined and luxurious cities, under circumstances far less unfavourable?

It is worthy of notice, that the Romans of Dartmoor, in spite of their ten years' imprisonment, winter and summer, utterly without clothing, were more healthy than any other men in the depôt. Their bodies, says Andrews, had acquired a sort of hardness, like that of the stones on which they slept.† They were at last removed altogether to the prison No. 4, which was separated from the others. Regular supplies in money and clothing were sent them by our own Government four times during the year; but all was got rid of within a day or two. At last (M. Catel has of course forgotten this instance of perfidy) they were taken from their prison, clothed, and put on board a hulk at Plymouth, where they were allowed no intercourse with any but their guards, and carefully watched until their release at the end of the war. They were then 436 in number.

The French Government, from the beginning, contributed nothing whatsoever toward the support of the prisoners. By our own they were supplied with clothing‡ and sufficient daily rations of bread, meat, and soup, and a small sum of money. Each man had his own place in the prison, with a table, stool, and hammock, which last he was obliged to take every morning into the court, where all were piled up under cover. Every day the prisoners were counted in their yards, where, on the great anniversaries, they got up *promenades processionelles*, headed by the tricolor. A horn sounded at night was the signal for all to retire within the buildings.

The mass of the prisoners discovered numberless methods of beguiling their weariness. Their country's glory, says M. Catel, sustained them in their misfortunes. In addition to the regular English supplies, large sums were sent to many from their friends in France; and with these and their own earnings, this class

* Wilson's *City of the Plague.*

† They were, however, frequently brought to the hospital in a state of suspended animation, from which they were recovered by the usual processes. The general sanitary condition of Dartmoor was, considering the great number of men assembled, remarkably good. The hospital was admirably cared for; and the attention received there is acknowledged on all sides. Fever and small pox were at one time introduced; and the Americans suffered much. But these disorders were most skilfully treated; and letters of acknowledgment were afterwards sent by the prisoners to Sir George Magrath, the surgeon in attendance. There were a few instances of suicide among both French and Americans.

‡ Wooden shoes were provided for them.

traded with the country people admitted to the market grate, and became the merchants of the prison.* Some established coffee-houses in each building; others set up as cooks; and a certain ragout of mutton, potatoes, and peas, called *ratatouille*, is especially commended. Schools, in which every European language was taught, were to be found within these *murs gigantesques;* together with others for writing, drawing, mathematics, music, and dancing. There was no lack of books; and many of the younger men, who were passed in unable to read or write, left the prisons with a good stock of general learning. There was a theatre, where French comedies were performed with considerable *éclat*. Many were greatly skilled in straw and hair work, as well as in bone and ivory carvings, of which specimens are still frequently met with. A ship, two inches long, made of bone by a sailor of St. Malo, and so minutely finished as to be an *œuvre sans pareille*, was sold, M. Catel says, for 2500 francs; which we will not insist on the reader's believing.

There was another sort of work, however, in which they excelled, and which was not stopped without much difficulty. Spanish dollars were collected for them in great numbers by persons without the prison, and from every dollar they contrived to produce eight English shillings. There was also a manufacture of Bank of England notes among them, for which it was suspected the guard furnished materials. So perfect was the imitation, that even at the Bank itself the forgery was long pronounced impossible. In order to stop it, the guard was always searched before relieved. Many thousands, however, were put into circulation in this manner.

Such of the prisoners as were able were allowed to engage themselves as masons and carpenters on the works connected with the prison. Thus, two of the main prisons, and the walls of the chapel at Prince Town, were entirely built by the French themselves, at the time of their first removal from Plymouth to Dartmoor. Others were employed in repairing the roads, as blacksmiths, coopers, and painters, and as nurses in the hospital. All wore a small tin plate in their caps, and worked under the eye of a guard. If a single prisoner escaped, the pay of the whole party to which he belonged was forfeited,—a plan found sufficiently effectual.

Thus, in spite of their troubles, the mass of the French at Dartmoor (says Andrews) 'really seemed easy under them, lived well, and made money to lay up.' They were in general 'fort gais;' but although agreeing with the fat Knight of Eastcheap on most points, they differed from him in the matter of honour, holding it to be more than an airy word. They were, it appears, on this head *d'une grande susceptibilité*. The *combat au pugilat* was frequent, but the more refined preferred duels with broken scissors or points of compasses fastened to long sticks. It is to be hoped that their kind of honour had more skill in surgery than Falstaff's. M. Catel declares that frightful wounds were constantly the result of these encounters. But notwithstanding all this, the prisoners in general regarded themselves as brethren in misfortune, with the exception of the Americans, who kept as much aloof as possible from the 'ghastly fluttering phantoms' with whom they were compelled to associate, and declared that they had no heart, 'like the cockle in the fable, to sing and dance whilst their house was burning over their heads.' In one respect, it must be admitted, they had sound reason to complain. They were at first placed

* To prevent imposition, the prices of provisions were fixed before any were allowed to be taken into the market. Jews attended in great numbers, to sell old clothes, and to buy the carvings, &c., of the prisoners. One of these worthies met an honest farmer, quietly jogging across the moor, and accusing him of having escaped from the prison, insisted on taking him back for the sake of the reward. The Devonshire Dinmont saw his own advantage in the matter, and consented. He was, of course, recognised at the prison, to the dismay of the Jew, who was obliged to pay handsomely for his mistake.

in the same prison in which the French 'Romans' had been assembled; and although these last were soon afterwards removed to Plymouth, the shortest possible association with them must have been sufficiently revolting. Desperate fights took place more than once between them and the Americans.

Few prisoners succeeded in escaping from Dartmoor; but the attempt was frequently made, and the most vigilant guard was necessary, since it was well known that regular plans were organized for their escape, and that the large rewards many of them were able to offer had induced certain persons to become their agents in the matter. Eight-oared boats, of a peculiarly light build, and painted so as to escape observation, were in waiting, at different stations along the coast: and a sort of covered cart, with strong doors at each end, and seats within, for a number of persons, was contrived for their inland carriage. No less than 464 foreign officers, many of them persons of considerable rank and importance, broke their parole, and succeeded in escaping, between 1809 and 1812: when Lord Sidmouth, in introducing his bill for punishing, by transportation, such persons as should be convicted of assisting them, declared that, up to that time, there had been no single instance of an officer in the English service having broken his parole. The realities of these escapes were often sufficiently romantic, since the French officers were scattered throughout most of the principal towns, and had frequently to undertake a long inland journey before they could reach the coast.* But neither this, nor the stone walls of Dartmoor, proved an effectual obstacle. From Dartmoor some of the French managed to escape, by mixing with the guard, at night; and, during the intensely cold winter of 1813-14, a party of Americans actually succeeded in scaling the prison walls, although most of them were re-taken. On this part of the matter M. Catel has dwelt at length, and with no inconsiderable powers of romance. There is a story of the escape of two prisoners, who had taken part in a *comédie*, and who passed the gates, still dressed for their parts, as M. and Madame Calonne, for which we give him great credit. Another is of a party who escaped in the dress of the English guard, getting, with some difficulty, to Plymouth, where they were suspected, and followed; but, when the mob saw the glitter of their bayonets, they took to their heels at once; for all the world knows, says M. Catel, with what terror the English are always seized at the sight of *l'arme blanche*;†—how they succeeded in getting on board a certain Milord's yacht,—how they were received there, with champagne and *bols de ponch*;—how they played deeply, and won *guinées* and 'banck-notes,' without end;—how they managed to carry Milord and his yacht straight into the harbour of St. Malo, instead of Jersey;—how Milord was taken to Paris,—how the Emperor set him and his yacht free, without an instant's hesitation,—and how, as a necessary consequence, *le jeune lord s'enthousiasma fort de l'Empereur:* all this, and much more, will be found, with ample details, in M. Catel's edifying *Récit*.—'Souvenez vous, cher Marquis,' asks the disguised valet, in Molière's comedy, 'de cette demi-lune que nous emportâmes ensemble au siége d'Arras?'—'Que veux tu dire,' is the reply of the more thorough-paced hero, 'avec ta demi-lune? C'étoit bien une lune toute entière.'

The duty of the guard at Dartmoor was no very pleasant one, and on some points the soldiers required

* Officers on parole were allowed by our Government (France contributed nothing) eighteen-pence a day. Their liberty extended to one mile's distance of the town in which they were quartered. They were to be in their lodgings at a certain hour of the evening, and twice a week every officer was obliged to present himself before an inspector.

† The reader has, perhaps, heard a different story. But we none of us know ourselves. 'Here come the French dogs, huzza, huzza, huzza,' shouted the crew of an English ship, and this free translation was given on the spot—'*Voici ces terribles Français; notre dernière heure est arrivée*.'

as much watching as the prisoners. They carried in forbidden articles —such as rum, candles, &c., under their great coats, and certainly assisted in distributing the forged bank-notes. They caused much tribulation, also, at Plymouth, by turning off, in order to catch the trout, the leat that supplies the good town with water; thereby bringing an infinite loss on the corporation, for whose especial delectation the said trout were reserved. But in all difficult circumstances, with one exception, the guard—frequently a detachment of some militia regiment —behaved admirably. On one occasion, when the prisons contained about eight thousand men, a serious disturbance arose, in consequence of biscuit having been distributed among them instead of bread. The French assembled in their courts, and were only prevented by the quiet firmness of the guard from breaking through the gates *en masse*. As it was, the bars of the principal gate were broken by stones hurled against them from within. It was thought necessary to send for guns from Plymouth, which were planted so as to command the main entrances.* M. Catel complains that the English soldier, on many occasions, insulted the 'grand Empereur' and the tricolor; but on the whole we have both French and American testimony to their forbearance and general kindness. Strange recognitions sometimes took place between them and the prisoners. One evening a sentry on guard at the inner wall, commanding the courts, was found in a state of considerable alarm and agitation. On inquiry, it turned out that he had seen, or fancied he had seen, among the prisoners, a man whom he believed he had killed in a hand to hand fight, some years before, at Talavera. He could not be mistaken, for the look of the dying man he declared had haunted him ever since. The prisoners were examined, and those who had fought at Talavera made to pass before the sentry. Among them was the man whose supposed death had troubled him—no ghost, having been severely wounded indeed, but recovering to fight another day.

Notwithstanding the failure of all negotiations for an exchange of prisoners, caused, as is well known, by Napoleon's insisting on a general transfer, instead of one of French for English;† notwithstanding also that the French government had in no way contributed to their support or comfort, the prisoners, during the whole time of their detention at Dartmoor, continued firm in their devotion to the Emperor. The news of the Allies having entered Paris, although it promised their immediate release, was received almost as a calamity. Some persons who visited the prisons at this time distributed among them a quantity of white cockades, together with a large white standard, the old flag of the Bourbons. This last they destroyed at once, in sight of the officers standing on the wall; and having themselves mounted the tricolor, fastened the white ribbons on the heads of the dogs belonging to the prison. They were released in detachments, and marched, five hundred at a time, to Plymouth. The number of prisoners in England who were thus set free at the close of the war, exclusive of the Americans, exceeded sixty-seven thousand.

The first draft of American prisoners to Dartmoor was made in April, 1813. The contrast of their bravado with the French 'philosophie' was, from the first, sufficiently remarkable. On one occasion they prepared to celebrate the 4th of July 'in a manner becoming their situation;' and accordingly a flag

* The prisoners, says Andrews, did not consider the walls, nor the soldiers, any great obstacle to their escaping in a body; but they well knew that, supposing the sortie effectually made, the militia would be raised on them long before they could reach the coast.

† He required 'that all the prisoners, French, English, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Italians, should be exchanged, man for man, and rank for rank, on the same footing as the principal powers under whose banners they were respectively ranged. The effect of this would have been,' continues Alison, 'that Napoleon would have obtained restitution of fifty thousand French soldiers and sailors in exchange for ten thousand English prisoners, being all whom he had in his custody.'—*History of Europe*, vol. xiv. p. 104.

was displayed, with the words 'All Canada, or Dartmoor prison for life;' whilst one of the prisoners delivered a characteristic 'oration,' in which the stars and stripes were duly lauded, to the confusion of the British officers within hearing, who 'left the yard much chagrined at facts which they could not deny.'* 'There was,' continues our friend Andrews, 'scarce a day but some dispute or strife took place between the turnkeys or guards and the prisoners; who would not hear any abusive language against the President of the United States; and on the first disrespectful word from a sentry stationed singly in the yard, they would knock him down, and he could get no relief till they were willing to release him, for the prisoners immediately surrounded him by hundreds. And the garrison declared that they had more trouble with four thousand Americans than with twenty thousand Frenchmen.' 'Here be brave words:' nevertheless these worthies enlisted in the English service in great numbers.† It must be admitted, however, that their first acquaintance with Dartmoor was as unfavourable in every respect as it could well have been. They were placed in the same prison with the most degraded French, and mixed with the blacks from their own ships. And besides this, the winter of 1813-14 is still mentioned as having been the most severe that was ever remembered in Devonshire. The stream that ran through the prisons was frozen for many months; and the snow drifted in the yards as high as the walls—fifteen feet. The communication between Plymouth and Dartmoor was stopped for some time. Birds and animals everywhere died; and so intense was the cold that, as we have been assured, wine in the cellars at Prince Town was frozen into a solid mass. The prisoners were allowed to remain in their hammocks during the day; and no sentry could be kept on duty except in the barracks. Such a time promised much for those who were inclined to try the dangers of an escape; and many attempts were made accordingly, although few were successful.

After the release of the French (the war still continuing with the United States), the Americans were dispersed through the prisons, thus obtaining more space and liberty. They immediately set to work upon a plan for their escape which the French had never dreamed of attempting. It was found that a passage two hundred and fifty feet long, would carry them from three of the prisons to the road beyond the outer wall. Upon this they set to work in each building, digging by night in alternate parties, and carrying the earth from the passages into the stream that ran through their yard. About sixty feet of ground had been got through in this manner, when the proceedings in one of the prisons were discovered and stopped. After some delay the work was continued in the others, until the passages were within forty feet of the road without the wall. Every man was then provided with a dagger, made by the prisoners who worked as blacksmiths; and they proposed, on escaping, to make at once for Torbay, where lay, says Andrews, 'a large number of unarmed vessels, fishing boats, and other small craft.' But at this point, one of the prisoners, who perhaps had some discreet doubt as to the result of the enterprise, 'walked out in open day, before all then in the yard,—went up to the turnkeys, and marched off with them to the keeper's house,—

* The orator was most likely Andrews himself, who was also poet-laureate of the prison. He celebrated in verse the action in which the British frigate *Phabe* took the *Essex*; but gave, of course, the honour of the day to America. A more remarkable claim appears in the following lines to the memory of one James Hart:—

Your body on this barren moor,
Your soul in heaven doth rest,
Where Yankee sailors, one and all,
Hereafter will be blest.

† Two men who had thus enlisted afterwards claimed their American citizenship, and returned to Dartmoor. They were recognised by the prisoners, seized, and tattooed on each cheek with the letters, 'U.S.T.,' United States Traitor. Three men concerned in this matter were tried in consequence, at Exeter.

gave him information of all the operation and designs—and we never saw him after;' quite as well perhaps for the informer. The prisoners were at once removed to the opposite side of the enclosure.

The confirmation of the treaty of Ghent set free the Americans. There was still however much delay—perhaps unavoidable—in the arrangements for their final release; and considerable excitement was the result. They hung Beasley, the American agent, in effigy; and a few days later a very serious disturbance took place at the prisons, owing to some mismanagement in distributing the bread allowances. They broke open the first three gates, drove the sentries to the guard-house, and were only checked by the soldiers of the garrison, who advanced upon them with fixed bayonets. Not a blow however was struck; but the alarm was great; and the governor, who as it happened was absent at Plymouth, returned in the morning with additional strength from the troops there. On the evening of that day it was found that an attempt had been made to pierce the wall between the prisoners' yards and an adjoining court, in which were kept the arms of the guard who were off duty. As soon as this discovery was made, it was thought proper to place an additional force on the wall commanding the courts, and to ring the alarm bell, as a signal that 'all was *not* well.' Unfortunately the prisoners, who seem to have had no intention of at once creating a disturbance, crowded to the first gate: the iron chain by which it was fastened was broken; and as many as were able pressed into the market square. It was naturally inferred that they were on the point of a desperate attempt at an escape; and the governor, after for some time vainly endeavouring to induce the prisoners to return to their yards, at last ordered the guard to charge them back. This they did: but the Americans still refused to enter their prisons, insulting the soldiers, daring them to fire, and at last pelting them with large stones. Whether any command to fire was given is uncertain: but it then commenced; and was without doubt continued and renewed without orders, in spite of the governor's attempts to stop it. At first, the muskets were fired over the heads of the prisoners, who raised a cry of 'blank cartridges,' and continued their own attack on the guard. It is not to be wondered at that the soldiers lost their temper. Seven of the prisoners were killed, and sixty more or less dangerously wounded.

Such was Mr. Andrews's 'horrid massacre.' The jury who attended the inquest returned a verdict of justifiable homicide; and both the American and English commissioners who conducted a subsequent inquiry found it impossible to do more than express their sorrow at the whole affair.

The prisoners 'prepared a large white flag as a memento, and had in the middle of it the representation of a tomb, with the goddess of Liberty leaning on it, and a murdered sailor lying by its side, with this inscription over it in large capitals, 'Columbia weeps, and we remember.'' This was intended to be carried home with them as a record, and a token of respect for the sufferers. Their whole body, about five thousand, were almost at once released, and conveyed in cartels from Plymouth; and on the 23rd of April, 1815, our friend Andrews, as he left the Sound, took his farewell look of the rocky hills of Dartmoor.

We have been dwelling on what are at the best but sad details. 'Who loseth his freedom,' says old Lydgate,—

> 'In faith he loseth all
> And I had lever in the wooddes grene
> Mekely to sing among the leves small
> Than in a cage of silver, bright and shene.'

Of all the miseries caused by a long war, although many may be more sharp and sudden, few can be harder to endure, few more destructive to both mind and body, than these dreary imprisonments, where the captive, whose sole crime consists in having served his country, is in many cases not so well provided for as the convict or the felon stained with the very blackest guilt. It is, indeed, true that such statements of British cruelty as appear in the monstrous production of General Pellett, and even in the

Voyages of Dupin, generally so well informed, have been refuted over and over again. And yet, after all this has been deducted, how much remains painful even to read —what, then, to endure? The release of the prisoner, the alleviation of his sufferings, are among the great landmarks of Christianity. The nations of modern Europe may not, indeed, offer up their captive generals in solemn sacrifice, 'after the high Roman fashion,' or give over their prisoners to be the serfs of their captors; but has all been done that might be to soften what is necessarily so severe an infliction?' And yet, even in the darkest times, testimony as to the true Christian feeling in this matter has not been wanting. Many a bishop of the church has followed in danger and in pain the Saracen host as it retreated through the passes of the Pyrenees, or into the mountains of Piedmont, endeavouring to ransom, as best he might, the captives they were bearing with them; and many a saint's legend, wild and strange enough, nevertheless bears witness that in those ages, when the dungeon of the baron's tower was rarely without its victim, it was to the prayers of the hermit, or the power of the departed confessor, that the prisoner looked for succour or release. Among those alleviations of the sufferings of war which Dr. Arnold teaches us to look for with advancing civilization and increasing knowledge, a careful attention to the wants of the prisoner, together with the obtaining for him as great a measure of liberty as is at all consistent with his safe keeping, seem to be the least chimerical and the most to be hoped for.* There are other questions—such as the chartering of privateers, and the taking of merchant ships—which are connected, but which are, in every respect, more difficult of settlement. The abolition of war is, as human affairs are constituted, an utter impossibility; but let the Peace Society turn their attention to the alleviation of its sufferings, and they will, perhaps, not be without reward.

THE NORTH AMERICAN FISHERIES.†

THE twenty-second of December is often a very uncomfortable day in New York. If warm, the pulpy mud in Broadway is showered profusely by omnibus wheels upon the pedestrians who swarm the *trottoir*, and keep it in constant life, and suggests navigation to the person who is bold enough to think of crossing. If cold, on the contrary, the frost congeals the same mass into a river of frozen mud, which the constant passage breaks through in places, and makes appear like a badly ploughed field, over which the growling passengers jog along, bumping the body of the carriage on the axles every step, and trying their own temper even more than the spring elliptics. Or if the interregnum between the reign of the gods of the old and of the new year has commenced, and the uncertain skies now pour down sunshine, now rain, now sleet, now snow, into that to-be-magnificent street, it is still more disagreeable.

London uncertainty is well enough in London, with comfortable clubs, warm fires in chambers, plenty of jolly men in town, and with the liberty of doing nothing in grandiose style, and in his own way, for a lazy man like the writer. But a London day in New York, fogs and sleet, and blasts of wind chasing each other up and down the long back-bone of the island like a young lady's hand on the keys of the piano, and other blasts sweeping across from river to river as the same beautiful fingers

* The convention between St. Cyr and Reding, after the taking of Rens, in 1809, arranged that the wounded on either side should not be regarded as prisoners, but allowed to remain where they were, and rejoin their respective armies upon their recovery. We cordially re-echo Alison's wish that such an arrangement could be extended to all civilized warfare; but the difficulties are obvious.

† *Report on the Principal Fisheries of the American Seas.* By Lorenzo Sabine. Submitted to the Senate of the United States, in the Report of Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances. 1853.

glide over the harp, only ten thousand times less musically—pray that you may never suffer that infliction. If, however, it becomes your lot to be caught in that dear, gay, bright, lively, wicked capital on such a twenty-second of December, wrap your stoutest beaver about you, and take the Fourth Avenue railway from the Clarendon (of course you will stop there), and run down to Astor. New York is not unlike a Yankee—very long and very lean; but the enterprising Gothamites have contrived to turn even this to advantage by laying down several lines of railway in their broadest streets, on which they run large cars by horse power instead of omnibuses; and if they would be content with filling, instead of cramming them, and would not compel a gentleman, when the thermometer is ten below zero, or the snow is drifting before a hurricane, to stand upon the outside platform because a 'lady' wants his seat, the substitute would be a great improvement.

While we have been making these wise reflections, you have been carried, dear reader, over two or three miles of the city, and dismount in the Park (an open ground about half as large as Eaton-square), opposite the Astor House. You manage to cross Broadway without a ferry, though at the risk of life, and to the ruin of your cleanly lower man; and you ask Steton what is going on in the house. He tells you, that the New England Society are celebrating Pilgrims' Day, and probably will invite you in as a distinguished foreigner (for the Americans are very civil to Englishmen). You find the magnificent dining-room rather too full of tobacco smoke for real comfort; but being used to the weed, and to fogs and smoke at home, you are soon able to see through the haze, and take your bearings. You find yourself in the midst of Yankees, the original Simon Pures, who boast of their English descent, and meet once a-year, at this very disagreeable season, to celebrate the day when their ancestors first set foot on Plymouth Rock—the men who were said by Sam Slick to be so 'cute,' that put two in a room together, with a 'jack knife' a-piece, and they would come out in half an hour, each a gainer of five dollars by 'swapping;' and who are so ingenious, that the same authority tells us they will go into a tree with the same knife, stay an hour, and come down with a wooden clock under each arm. They boast that they are emphatically *the* Americans—that their race, emigrating to all parts of the country, has stamped its character on the institutions of every State, and impressed itself on every society. You see by a glance at the two or three hundred comfortable smokers before you, that their boast, like many others of the same sort, is not very well founded, and that these well-to-do gentlemen have little in common with the reckless, generous-hearted, lazy, adventurous, whisky-loving, manly, son of the Prairie, who already rules the destiny of the Western Empire.

Your entrance does not interfere with the oration of the tall gentleman speaking through his nose, and gesticulating forcibly with each period, and you seat yourself near the chairman, light a cigar, and pound upon the table with your knife and wineglass as lustily as anybody when he finishes. He tells you of the greatness of the Puritans (perhaps you have been at Boston and seen how their descendants still wear the mantle of their sanctity and ape their long-drawn faces), tells you how they fled from oppression (forgetting to say how well they profited by the lesson), dwells upon their since expanded influence, and sketches, in conclusion, the branches of industry which they have developed for the country—how they have created wealth out of barren rocks and fields of ice—how their ships go to every clime—how their manufactures thrive and increase—how their agriculturalists prosper from the same causes; and lastly, he touches mournfully on the fisheries—tells you of a people dwelling on rocks and sands, where literally no blade of grass will grow—how they came to this bleak coast, enticed by rumours of rich fisheries—how they suffered in their early days, and were driven on the water for the sustenance denied by the inhospitable shore, and established the fisheries in the American waters with the first northern British colony on the American continent—how they fought against the French for the

honour of the British crown, and to extend British dominion—how, at length, the foe was driven out—how they then began to quarrel with the mother country—and how, since the separation, they have gained a hardy livelihood, but have remained stationary while all around them has advanced. And if he touches upon the difficulties which surround the cherished interest of New England, the troubles between the fishermen of the States and of the Colonies, and the example set by departed statesmen of a zealous determination to stand by Yankeydom, 'hook and line, bob and sinker,' and protect this 'right arm of the national strength,' you feel, from the vociferous applause with which he is received, that he has reached a sensitive chord in the national heart.

The picture we have drawn is not one of pure imagination. The Bank and Coast fisheries, as is well known, have always been subjects of solicitude to the federal government, whom they furnish with a constant and sure supply of excellent sailors for the national marine. The late administration directed one of the Massachusetts Members of Congress, who had been long resident among the fishermen, and who had given his life to this one study, to report upon the history and the condition of this branch of the national industry. He did his work *con amore*. The curious document whose name stands at the foot of the first page of this article, contains some common-place matter, and is evidently the work of a person unaccustomed to book-making; but it also displays research, and an intimate knowledge of the subject; a good judgment in sifting the facts, and an indomitable antiquarian energy in bringing them to light, that redeem it from little errors of judgment and ignorance of art; and it is full of a generous enthusiasm rivalling that of old Izaak himself. We have read the historical, and the personal portions of it with great pleasure, and shall draw freely from the information it contains.

These fisheries have been the cause of more quarrel and bloodshed than any other interest of equal value in the world. A tithe of the treasure that has been expended in maintaining them (estimating national honour in the Manchester way, by pounds, shillings and pence), would buy up all the fish that ever swam—mermaids excepted. Barnum would bid too high for a '*feuchtes Weib*' fresh from the Rhine, to permit us to include them in the estimate. At this very moment it is understood that they (the fisheries, not the mermaids) are the subject of negotiation in London, in consequence of the repeated squabbles between the fishermen of the United States and of the British Colonies. *Fraser* is not disposed to take the question out of the hands of the negotiators. There let it rest quietly—let the American Legation duly bombard the Foreign Office with a 'note'—let Downing-street fire a full broadside of foolscap at Portland-place in reply—let the battle rage fiercely (taking good care to have a judicious bottle-holder)—let the war of words be magnificent, but take care that there is nothing but a paper contest; and when all is amicably arranged, let triumphal crowns of codfish and cotton deck the heads of the successful negotiators, and let Mons. Jullien compose an international quadrille, blending the stirring notes of Yankee Doodle and Rule Britannia; and then let the American Minister and Lord Clarendon lead off, while the fraternizing nations rejoice!

Until the triumphal procession is formed in honour of this peaceable settlement (which we shall join of course) we are disposed to leave the knotty questions in dispute exactly where they now rest.

English commerce is an affair of the last three centuries, and really began on an extensive scale in the prosecution of these very fisheries. An enterprising German, Dr. Pauli, who had before brought to light the Saxon treasures of the Bodleian, has lately discovered in the accumulated dust of the Tower, which he had the bravery to penetrate, a quantity of curious and instructive correspondence concerning the trade of the island with the Continent prior to and at the time of the discovery of America, when the Low Countries and the free towns of Germany controlled the commerce of the world. The more shame to Englishmen that this work has been done by a foreigner. It is evident that at that

time there was little foreign commerce of magnitude in English hands. Newfoundland was discovered by Cabot in 1497, but many years passed away before the English fishermen took advantage of the rights acquired thereby. Harry the Bluff was too much occupied with his wives and the Pope to pay that attention to the extension of the foreign power of the kingdom which had characterised the later years of the reign of his more vigorous father. In 1517 there were only about fifty vessels at Newfoundland—English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. The reign of Queen Elizabeth was distinguished by a more vigorous aid to this branch of national wealth. A succession of laws was passed for the encouragement of the fisheries, and the capital of the country was largely embarked in the business. In 1577 there were fifty English vessels on the banks, and in 1603 two hundred, employing ten thousand men. Sir Humphrey Gilbert had taken possession of the island in 1583, in the name of her Majesty, and planted a colony there. The sad fate of this heroic man is familiar to all through the touching poem of Longfellow. It was not thought beneath the dignity of the first men of the realm to enrich, or attempt to enrich themselves by these adventures. Raleigh took them under his protection, and Bacon was one of the patentees to plant a colony 'in the southern and eastern parts of Newfoundland, whither the subjects of the realm have been used annually in no small numbers to resort to fish.' The fisheries increased so rapidly, and became so prosperous, that large numbers made the island their permanent home, and began boat fishing from the shore, which so seriously affected the sea-fisheries that in 1670, instead of two hundred as in the beginning of the century, there were only eighty English vessels employed there. The alarm was sounded by the merchants interested in the trade, and the same year a Government force was sent out to drive away British fishermen and destroy British property in a British colony. The destructive measure had the desired effect; in four years after the annihilation of the rival boat fisheries the vessels employed had increased to two hundred and eighty, and the men to nearly 11,000. The destructive wars with France, which marked the eighteenth century, seem to have sometimes repressed and sometimes advanced this interest in the Island of Newfoundland. They resulted at last in driving the French out of the Continent, since which time the boat fishing has gained upon that carried on in vessels, until there are at present but eighty of the latter. The boats now number ten thousand, and produce an annual yield of a million quintals, valued at 600,000*l*. The total annual produce of the fishing interest of the colony is estimated at about 1,000,000*l*.

The fish are caught near the land with lines, and as often as the boat is filled the catch is put ashore, where the 'cut-throats,' the 'headers,' the 'splitters,' the 'dryers,' and the 'salters' pass them through from stage to stage, till they are converted into the identical salted codfish which constitute the Saturday's dinner and the Sunday's breakfast from Hudson's Bay to the Potomac.

The fluctuations of the French fisheries in these waters have been very striking. In the early part of the sixteenth century they had a dozen vessels there from the coasts of Normandy and Britany. In the beginning of the seventeenth they employed one hundred and fifty vessels in this branch of industry—how large a portion off Newfoundland we are not able to state, but probably a large one. In the middle of the eighteenth century, after the last fearful struggles of the reign of the magnificent Louis, but before the contest under his successor, which lost the Canadas to France, nearly six hundred French vessels, employing 30,000 men were engaged in codfishing. The magnificent fortress of Louisburg was erected at an expense of fifty millions of livres to protect their interest, and control the continent of America and the surrounding seas. It fell into British hands in 1763, and was entirely destroyed. The French have now the right to fish off a certain portion of the coast of Newfoundland, and also within the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and occupy as a rendezvous for their vessels in these rough seas the two desolate islands of St. Pierre and Mi-

guelon, only two leagues in extent, and without wood or fuel. By the help of a large bounty (fifty francs per man on the outfit, and from twelve to twenty francs per metric quintal on the produce) they succeed in maintaining four hundred vessels and twelve thousand men in this business, and produce annually from three to five hundred thousand quintals of fish. From this source, though not a commercial nation, they are assured of an unfailing supply of seamen for the national marine. There is no better school for sailors than those seas. We have crossed them often, and rarely seen them quiet. The mingling of the current of the gulf stream, setting up from the Bay of Mexico, densely charged with caloric, which it retains even until it settles about the British shores, with the ice-charged stream from the north, produces a constant restlessness in the air above and the water below. Even if engaged in the boat-fishing off the coast of Newfoundland, or about the Islands of St. Pierre and Miguelon, the French fishermen must pass through these seas; if engaged upon the Grand Bank, the most extensive submarine elevation in the world, and abounding in shoals of fish, he anchors with his little vessel of one or two hundred tons in deep water in the midst of them, and pursues his occupation in strong boats till the 'fare' is secured, and then takes it to St. Pierre for curing. The interest could not be supported without a large bounty. It requires larger vessels and a greater outlay of money than the rival colonial boat fisheries, and is carried on with the disadvantages of a distant home and uncertain market. It is to be regarded rather as an element in French naval strength than as an item in the national prosperity and wealth.

The Newfoundland and Labrador seal fisheries, one of the most valuable branches of this dangerous industry, were created by the French invasion of the British cod-fishing grounds, and have grown to their present magnitude within a very few years. The vessels employed for this purpose from Newfoundland now number three hundred and forty-one, and the men ten thousand. The annual yield of seal skin is 500,000, valued at 50,000*l*., and of seal oil over six thousand tons, valued at 170,000*l*. In the early spring, when the ice begins to descend, they leave the Islands in vessels hardly large enough for a Thames yacht, and force themselves into the floating fields as far as they can. They gather in the 'game' (rather than the 'catch') from all sides, stripping off the flesh and the fat, and leaving the coarse meat behind. It is not difficult for one who is familiar with the sea to picture the peril of such an occupation—the floating masses of ice tossing about on the restless ocean, the little craft wedged in among it, and liable at any moment to be crushed—the fearful storms descending from the Arctic—the hurricane dashing the snow over the deck and clothing the rigging with sleet—the tossing waters severing the loose ice and piling it in fragments—and above all, the prevailing northeast gales, driving the whole mass towards the mainland, and threatening instant destruction to all.

The codfisheries also upon the Labrador Coast have become very valuable, and are in the hands of the Newfoundland and United States fishermen. It is estimated 'that about twenty thousand British subjects are at present required during the fishing season, in the catching, curing, and transporting the various products of these remote seas.' The cod fishermen arrive on the coast in the latter part of May and early in June, and, anchoring in some quiet place, where they may ride in safety, they send out their boats with a shipper and a man in each to look up the fish. If, after search none are found, or not enough to make it worth while to stay, they change their anchorage, until they find themselves near good waters. The fishing is carried on by boats, which return to the vessels with their catch, and the cleaning and curing is generally done by a portion of the crew who are taken for that purpose. Frequently British vessels take two 'fares' in a season, in which case the second load is cured at home.

The other cod fisheries are at Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, Magdalen Islands, and the Bay of Chalevrs, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and in the Bay of Fundy, and about

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The descendants of the French Acadians, whose memories are embalmed in Longfellow's *Evangeline*, still clad, according to Mr. Sabine, in the peculiar costume of Normandy, feebly prosecute the fisheries of the Magdalen Islands and of the Bay of Chalevrs in boats. The valuable waters which surround Cape Breton are turned to even less account.

The disputes between the United States and the British Government grow out of alleged aggressions on the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick fisheries. Nova Scotia, the Acadia of *Evangeline*, is perhaps the richest fishing ground in the world. It is surrounded with deep bays and harbours, swarmed with every species of the piscatory creation, that come to the very door of the fisherman's hut. He is thus enabled, at little expense, to take cod with boats and lines and mackerel with sieves and nets, under the shore, safe from the reach of the storm and the swell of the Atlantic, and ought with an expenditure of the least possible energy to drive out of the market the foreign competitor, who is obliged to fit out a large vessel, bring it a long distance, and is then not permitted to fish within three miles from the shore. But instead of entering into a manly competition, he enacts a stringent law against poaching and calls upon the home Government to enforce it, which is done in a very prudent manner, while he does little, according to Mr. Haliburton, but 'eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, and lounge at taverns.' The Bank fisheries are nearer to this province than to any other, the cod and mackerel lie on the shore for their exclusive catch, the shad, the salmon, and the herring ascend their rivers, and yet they employ but ten thousand men in the business, and their exports of fish are less than 200,000*l.* a year. They have most especially advantages for taking the mackerel, which come from the south in large shoals in the latter part of May and early in June, and make into the narrow inlets and the straits of Canso, on their way to the bay of Chalevrs to spawn. The Americans are obliged to catch this fish in the deeper waters with the hook; but the colonists have the advantage of taking them in the shallow waters off the shore with nets and sieves. 'To secure two, four, six, and even eight hundred barrels at a time, it is only necessary to set a sieve, to tend it, and at the proper moment to draw it to the shore.' They exported in 1851 a hundred thousand barrels of mackerel, or about one-half of the whole catch of the same fish in Massachusetts the year before.

The American mode of catching this fish by line is enthusiastically described by Mr. Sabine:—

> The master of the vessel, after reaching some well-known resort of the fish, furls all his sails except the mainsail, brings his vessel low to the wind, ranges his crew at proper intervals along one of her sides, and, without a mackerel in sight, attempts to raise a *school*, *scool*, or *shoal*, by throwing over bait. If he succeeds to his wishes, a scene ensues which can hardly be described, but which it were worth a trip to the fishing ground to witness. I have heard more than one fisherman say that he had caught more than sixty mackerel in a minute; and when he was told that at that rate he had taken thirty-six hundred in an hour, and that with another person as expert, he would catch a whole fare in a single day, he would reject the figures as proving nothing but a wish to undervalue his skill. Certain it is that some active young men will haul in, and jerk off a fish, and throw out the line for another with a single motion, and repeat the act in so rapid a succession, that their arms seem continually on the swing. To be 'high-line' is an object of earnest desire among the ambitious; and the muscular ease, the precision, and adroitness of movement which such men exhibit in the strife are admirable. . . . Oftentimes the fishing ceases in a moment, and as if put an end to by magic: the fish, according to the fishermen's conceit, panic-stricken by the dreadful havoc among them, suddenly disappear from sight. . . . The approach of night, or the disappearance of the mackerel, closing all labour with the hook and line, the fish, as they are dressed, are thrown into casks of water to rid them of blood. The deck is then cleared and washed; the mainsail is hauled down, and the foresail is hoisted in its stead; a lantern is placed in the rigging; a watch is set to salt the fish, and keep a look-out for the night; and the master and the remainder of the crew at a late hour seek repose. The earliest gleams of light find the anxious master awake, hurrying forward preparations for the

morning's meal, and making other arrangements for a renewal of the previous day's work. But the means which were so successful then fail now, and perhaps for days to come; for the capricious creatures will not take the hook, nor can all the art of the most sagacious and experienced induce them to bite.

A word about the Bay of Fundy, and we have made the tour of the fishing-grounds. The fisheries within this bay are carried on by boats from the shore, and are deemed to be less important than those on the sea-side of the Peninsula. The men engaged in them are poor and thriftless, and are so scantily paid for their dangerous occupation, pursued on a stormy coast, with tides of fearful height and velocity, that they have little temptation or opportunity to become anything better. The shore fisheries of the States and the Colonies here touch each other: but there is, strange to say, little jealousy between the subjects of Her Majesty and the 'free and enlightened citizens' of the Republic, and the Colonial laws against poaching are consequently administered in the most lenient manner.

The rights of the United States fishermen in these waters are regulated by the Convention of 1818. They received by that instrument the liberty to fish 'on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Rameau Islands, on the western and northern coast of Newfoundland; from the said Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands, on the shores of the Magdalen Islands, and also on the coasts, bays, harbours, and creeks from Mount Joly on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the Straits of Belle Isle, and thence northwardly indefinitely along the coast;' and the liberty to dry and cure in the unsettled bays on the same Newfoundland and Labrador coasts; and they renounced the liberty 'to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America not included within the above-mentioned limits;' provided their fishermen should be 'admitted to enter such bays or harbours for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever.' The disputes grow out of this last clause, which John Bull says excludes his dear cousin from all the Nova Scotia bays, according to established principles of public law; while the young gentleman in return claims the right to fish in all bays over six miles from headland to headland at the mouth, and to enter the other for the specific purposes named. But, as we said before, we do not purpose to take this question out of the hands of the negotiators, and deprive them of the glory of settling it.

The inhabitants of New England have been fishermen from the outset. Gosnold went fishing off the Massachusett's coast in 1602, and in honour of his success gave the name of Cape Cod to the sandy arm which reaches round into the sea, and takes up a part of Massachusetts Bay. The steeple-crowned saints who followed in his footsteps some eighteen years after, had an eye to the same good things in coming to this 'stern and rockbound coast.' A ten years' residence among the herring-catchers in Holland had taught them the value of such matters, and they showed a commendable determination in taking hold of them and turning them to a good purpose, which their descendants have since been constantly striving to imitate.

In 1625 they had established a settlement at Gloucester, on the opposite promontory of the bay; and at the close of the seventeenth century the products of the colony of Massachusetts Bay amounted to 80,000*l*. They were undoubtedly injured by the witch mania which ran through that part of New England, to the terror of old women, honest men, and people whose measure of sanctity and reverence for the ecclesiastical rulers was in doubt; but the exports had advanced by the middle of the eighteenth century to 150,000*l*., notwithstanding the wars for the possession of Canada and the fishing grounds. So large had the interest become, that New England was able to furnish seven thousand sailors for the expedition against Louisburg. Since the peace of 1815

it has not advanced in proportion to the increase in the wealth and power of the country. American statesmen attribute the want of vitality to the superior advantages which the colonial fishermen enjoy in the exclusive use of their shore fisheries, to the stringent enforcement of the provincial laws, and to the want of sufficient protection to these interests in the United States. But we are inclined to think that the real cause of the decline is to be found in the impulse given to other and more lucrative branches of navigation and commerce in the United States, which draws away capital and men from the fisheries; and to the improved condition of the labouring classes, which allows them better food than cured fish.

It is impossible to conceive anything less inciting than the Massachusetts shore all the way round from Plymouth to Cape Cod. In some places there is scarcely a blade of grass to relieve the desolate appearance of the sand, and where the soil is firm enough to give it life, it is not deep enough to give it much strength. We have been told that the gardens, such as they are, in the extreme towns, are supplied with earth from Boston, brought down as ballast in the little craft which ply across the bay, and in the fishing smacks which land their cargo there, and then come home to winter. The island of Nantucket has even less claim to be called land. Without rocks, or rivers, or trees, or hills, and scarcely with grass, it just lifts its sandy surface above the level of the ocean, protected by a belt of breakers from the swell of the Atlantic, but by nothing from the storms that lash it into fury. As on the Western Irish, and the Eastern coast, so on Nantucket and Cape Cod everybody lives by the sea; and of course sometimes an unexpected hurricane brings mourning and desolation into every house. They have not much of this world's wealth, (or rather the Cape Cod people have not, for the islanders are rich from the whale fisheries,) but, on the other hand, they are not poor. In the winter, the young men and damsels go to the public schools, and the fathers look after their matters about home, get the vessel, lines, and nets in trim for the next year's work, read the local newspapers (and possibly a weekly journal from Boston), to 'post themselves up' as to what is going on in the outer world, of which this is the only time they get a glimpse. Some one, the staidest and most respectable, is selected for the 'General Court' in Boston: that is, for the Legislature of the State. Care is taken, however, to pick out a person who has not too recently enjoyed the lucrative salary of two dollars a day belonging to the office. He goes to Boston, finds lodgings in some cheap part of the town, votes knowingly on all questions relating to the inspection of fish, and leaves the rest of the legislation to take care of itself. Meanwhile, his neighbours have been getting ready for taking the spring fares, and in May or early in June they set sail for the Grand Bank or for Labrador, or the Bay of Fundy, or Nova Scotia. Their mode of fishing resembles substantially that of the French, which we have undertaken to describe; and if they are successful, they return home in the autumn, having suffered much and passed through many dangers, and with a reward quite inadequate to the difficulties and perils.

The American cod is not as good a fish as the one sold at Billingsgate. It is coarser, less firm, and not as well flavoured. The salmon is much the same as the English and Scotch. The turbot does not exist in those waters. Mr. Higginson, the first 'Minister' of Salem, published a pamphlet in 1630, giving an account of the colony, in which he says, among other things, that there were plenty of turbot, and some still earlier writers speak of having seen large soles in those waters. But we have never seen an American who had eaten the fish there. Captain Mackinnon, who knows America very well, asserts that the turbot is to be found (off the southern coast of Massachusetts or Rhode Island, we think, but are not positive). American lovers of good living, however, assure us that the Captain must be mistaken, and lament, with all the Yankee 'go-ahead' spirit, they have never yet been able to

'get up' turbots and soles. They fall back on their Shrewsbury oysters, which they assert to be more delicious than anything in Europe, and try to content themselves with them in the absence of the daily luxuries of an Englishman's table.

Mr. Sabine's quaint sketch of the fisherman shall close our remarks on this subject:—

His rank is humble, but sometimes he inscribes his name on the page of history. Beukels, who invented the process of preserving the fish of Holland in pickle, and who, according to the sneer, caused the 'Dutchmen's bodies to be built of pickled herrings,' was a benefactor to his race; and the Emperor Charles the Fifth, accompanied by his sister Margaret, of Hungary, visited his grave, and ordered a magnificent monument to be erected to his memory.

Massaniello, the young fisherman of Naples, led his countrymen in their revolt against the Spanish rule, and rose to supreme power more rapidly than mortal had ever done before him; but, shot down at last without trial, and like a dog, was dragged by the rabble, set on by the nobles, through the ditches of the city. In American annals, Phipps and Pepperell rose to the highest rank to which colonial subjects ever attained, and were envied and traduced in consequence of the honours bestowed upon them. In our own day, a Spanish fisherman, of the name of Jep-del Estango, joined the party of Don Carlos as a simple volunteer; but, promoted step by step, was finally appointed to the command of an army of eighty thousand men. So, too, the Count de Morello, whose father was of the same humble occupation, and who himself commenced life as a pauper-student, became, by the force of his talents and the circumstances of a civil war, the second general in the Carlist army.

The fisherman is a privileged man. In the colonization of Massachusetts, when every arm and every purse were needed for the public defence, he was relieved from the performance of military duty and the payment of taxes. In the time of William of Orange, when the avenue to the palace of Holland was supported by a toll of every passenger, he was excused and exempted. In war, and in the midst of hostile fleets, he has been allowed to pursue his avocation unharmed.

He is a grateful man. In the War of the Revolution he was the prisoner of Nelson, on the coast of Massachusetts. Released by the young hero, whose crew were sick and dying of the scurvy, he conveyed refreshments on board of the royal ship at the peril of his own life.

He is a patriotic man. His services, as a countryman of ours, and in the navies of England and France, have been related. In the recent struggle for liberty in Greece, he fled from the continent to the isles, where he was foremost in resisting the oppressors of his country. True to the end of the contest, he gave his boats and vessels freely, and without recompence, to be converted into war and fire-ships.

He relieves distress. Mungo Park, during his travels in Africa, passed through many fishing villages, and was kindly treated. At one the chief magistrate was rude and surly. Park was worn and weary. A fisherman kindly relieved him from the difficulties which surrounded him, by transporting him to a distance from the inhospitable ruler, in a canoe.

His wife may not be fitted to adorn the higher walks of life; but she is a woman in her affections and sympathies, for all that. It was a 'fish-woman' who carried Chateaubriand to a hut, who waited upon his wants, and to whom he owed his life, when sick, destitute, and about to perish. So, when Gifford, the critic, whose unsparing severity will not soon be forgotten or forgiven, was forlorn and in rags, and in his misery had ceased to hope, almost to wish, for a change, the pity of fishermen's wives, and their continual rehearsal of the story of his sufferings to others, caused his removal from a vessel to a school, and thus laid the foundation of his subsequent fame as a scholar. And who has not been touched at reading of the custom of the fish wives of Venice, who, repairing to the shores of the Adriatic sea, as evening approaches, chant a melody, and listen until they hear an answer from their husbands, who are guided by the sounds to their own village?

Last of all, and more than all, the fisherman is loyal to duty. 'Jesus of Nazareth reigned in the fishing-boat from which he taught.' The faithless one who betrayed him was not among the disciples who had cast their nets in the sea of Galilee: he who took the thirty pieces of silver was neither Andrew, the first chosen one, nor Peter his brother, nor Thomas, nor James, nor that disciple who, ever present with his beloved master, has come down to us as the one whom Jesus loved.

THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.*

BUT a short time ago it might have been thought that nothing could surprise the present age. Wonders, discoveries, revolutions of all sorts, had thronged so thick upon it, that it was fast falling into the most fashionable apathy, blasé with its own work, sceptical almost of its own existence, turning with vitiated appetite to every imposture which promised it an hour's enjoyment of mystery. Science was materializing the world; and the *souls* of men, yielding reluctantly to her dominion, rejoiced in any delusion which, were it but for a moment, reminded them of their spiritual life. No thaumaturgist was too fantastic for popular credulity, even while *Incredulus odi* trembled from every tongue. When suddenly from the far east, from the quarter whence least it could be expected, from that strange empire which had so long treated the rest of the earth as barbarian, came news of wondrous change—of change both political and religious, and in either respect of surpassing interest—tidings at which England started from table-turning and spirit-rapping; and almost halted in her material triumphs, to remember that she still possessed a conscience and a faith. China, we were told, was in open revolt against her Tartar usurpers; the insurgents were everywhere victorious; and their leaders were Christians.

Later intelligence has considerably modified these first advices, but it has also confirmed them in some important particulars, and has not diminished their interest. Nankin, according to the last accounts, had for some time been in the hands of the rebels, and more recently they had taken Amoy, one of the ports opened to commerce by our arms. But the reports of the religious character of the insurrection have assumed a more questionable shape, and the personality and position of its chiefs have become more obscure. The difficulty of forming a judgment is increased by the habitual mendacity of the Chinese in public affairs. The moral precepts of Confucius in this respect are neglected alike by imperialist and rebel, and the only trustworthy evidence is that of accomplished facts. Now, though under these circumstances it is clearly premature to dogmatize on the subject, and impossible to predicate results, the great interest attending the struggle may make a brief sketch of its rise and progress, derived chiefly from the work named in our note, not unwelcome to many of our readers.

M. Callery, as Mr. Oxenford informs us in his preface, was once a missionary, and afterwards interpreter to the French embassy in China. He is also the author of several works on the study of the Chinese language. His coadjutor, Dr. Yvan, physician to the same embassy, has written a book of travels. Both gentlemen, therefore, may be considered well qualified for the task they undertook. But it is impossible for a Frenchman to cast his skin, and we have been rather diverted at the decidedly French *tournure* which occasionally marks their narrative. This is lively and picturesque, and loses none of its spirit in Mr. Oxenford's translation. The latter gentleman has also added a supplementary chapter, in which he gives certain corrections afforded by recent information to the statements of the original authors. Plunging at once into our story, we shall begin with a quotation.

> On the 26th of February, 1850, at seven o'clock in the morning, the entrances to the imperial palace of Pekin were obstructed by a dense throng of mandarins of the inferior orders, and servants in white dresses and yellow girdles, who spoke in a whisper, and wore an aspect of official grief on their countenances. In the midst of this ocean of subalterns were stationed sixteen persons, each accompanied by a groom, who held a horse saddled and bridled. These sixteen persons wore the satin cap tied under the chin and surmounted by a white ball; also a girdle hung with bells; a tube of a yellow colour was slung diagonally over their

* *History of the Insurrection in China; with Notices of the Christianity, Creed, and Proclamations of the Insurgents.* By MM. Callery and Yvan. Translated from the French, with a Supplementary Chapter, by John Oxenford. London: Smith and Elder. 1853.

shoulders, and they held in their hand a long whip. One of the high dignitaries came out from the palace, and with his own hands gave each of these men a folded document, sealed with the red seal of the Emperor. The sixteen, after bowing to receive it, swung round the tube, which, with the exception of its yellow colour, perfectly resembled the tin cylinders in which soldiers, released from service, enclose their *congé*. In this they respectfully placed the official despatch; after which they mounted on horseback, while the grooms secured them on their saddles with thongs that passed over their thighs. When they were firmly fixed, the crowd gave way, and the horses set off at full speed. These sixteen horsemen, who are called *Fêi-ma*, or 'flying couriers,' had each of them to perform in twenty four hours a journey of six hundred *li*, or sixty leagues French. Their office was to carry the following despatch to the Governors-general of the sixteen provinces of the Celestial Empire:—

'The Board of Rites gives notice in great haste to the Governor-general, that on the fourteenth of the first moon, the Supreme Emperor, mounted on a dragon, departed to the ethereal regions. At the hour *mao* in the morning, his Celestial Majesty transmitted the imperial dignity to his fourth son, Se-go-ko, and in the evening, at the hour *haï*, he set off for the abode of the gods.'

In short, the Emperor, Tao-kouang, was dead, and was to be succeeded by his fourth son, who thereupon took the name of Hièn-foung, signifying 'Complete Abundance.' The change produced a more than usual crisis in Chinese politics. Tao-kouang, 'Brilliant Reason,' had been a monarch of energy and prudence, exhibiting upon the throne the same firmness and bravery with which in early life he suppressed an incipient rebellion against his father, Kia-king. A conservative at first, faithful to the old traditions of the kingdom, swelling with contempt for the outer barbarians, he had at length learnt wisdom in the opium war, and had for some years entrusted the government to mandarins of what we should call reforming tenets. An instance of his progressive spirit is given by an imperial edict, substituting percussion guns for the old arquebus, which was fired with a match. The accession of his son arrested this new civilization. The old ministers were ignominiously degraded, and their places supplied from among the most fanatical enemies of Europeans and European customs.

Strange rumours were already current among the people. Reports ran that the 48th year of the present cycle, which began in 1851, would witness the restoration of the dynasty of Ming, the last native royal house of China, overthrown by the Tartars in 1644. A sage who had lived under the latest of those monarchs was said to have preserved the imperial standard; the champion who should raise it would ascend the ancestral throne; and already this new Labarum was rumoured to be unfurled. Some fond folk might even look for the reappearance of that last sovereign in his own person, as the Britons expected the re-coming of their mythic Arthur, and as the Portuguese still await the avatar of Don Sebastian. A ferment seized the public mind. Under the direction of the 'men of letters,' a profession in China, clubs were formed; public meetings held in many places; and the instability of the Tartar dynasty became a common topic of discussion.

Secret societies, it is well known, have long existed in China, and have always excited the terror, and called forth the rigour, of its foreign despots. The sect of the White Water-Lily, whose badge was the lotus, that universal symbol of reproduction in the East, had been dissolved in 1803 by a vigorous proscription; but its scattered branches soon took fresh root, uniting into the more formidable Triad Society, which assumed for its new device the trinity of Confucius—Heaven-Earth-Man, and extended its ramifications to the farthest bounds of the vast empire. Externally this association bore no slight resemblance to Freemasonry. Its management is vested in three persons, who are denominated *Ko*, elder brethren. Initiation takes place at night. The oath of secresy is administered before an idol, to approach which the neophyte passes under a bridge formed of swords; and at the time of swearing the head of a cock is cut off to intimate, 'Thus perish all who divulge the secret.' Members make themselves known to each other either by mystical numbers, of which the chief is three;

or by signs, as for instance by raising a tea-cup in a particular way with three fingers. To pretend that the objects of the society are known would be to belie its quality of secresy. The ostensible aim is benevolence, as expressed in a distich motto :—

> The blessings mutually share,
> The woe reciprocally bear.

But its power appears to have been perverted to securing immunity for crime, and, included by Sir John Davis in the perversion, to acquiring political influence by the expulsion of the Tartar dynasty. To us it seems probable that the latter was always one of the chief objects of the association, and that it was very possibly coupled with a desire to rescue the ancient (Chinese) orthodoxy of Confucius from the mystic idolatry of Buddhism, and the superstitious rationalism of the followers of Laou-tse. These two aims are naturally accordant, and the latter especially might be favourable to the admission of Christianity. Meanwhile the presence of the unseen force was occasionally felt. In October, 1828, a paper, of which the following is an exact translation, was found in a burying-ground at Macao, and shown to the mandarin of the district, who, fearing punishment for its mere discovery, implored that it might be kept secret.

> Vast was the central nation—flourishing the heavenly dynasty,
> A thousand regions sent tribute—ten thousand nations did homage,
> But the Tartars obtained it by fraud, and this grudge can now be assuaged.
> Enlist soldiers, procure horses—display aloft the flowery standard ;
> Raise troops and seize weapons—let us exterminate the Mantchou race.

But beside the rumoured prodigies and the secret societies, another cause now favoured the outbreak of revolt. During the opium war the Government had excited to the utmost the popular hatred of foreigners. It had encouraged public meetings, and hired orators to stimulate their zeal. It had sanctioned patriotic clubs, and armed corps of volunteers. All these engines now recoiled upon their authors. The Government agitators were succeeded by others, who took advantage of the public appetite for excitement to turn opinion against the corruptions of the imperial court, and to preach the expulsion of the Mantchous. The terrified courtiers would have silenced them, but hesitated and were lost.

A yet further aid to the insurrection is mentioned by our authors. The 'men of letters' at Canton, easy and indolent, had hitherto neglected or despised the learning of the West. Our triumph in the opium war awakened their dormant curiosity. They sought the acquaintance of the Protestant missionaries. Gutzlaff, first interpreter to the English governor, and whom the French authors represent to be of Chinese extraction, although born in Pomerania, founded his Christian Union. A certain number of the disciples of Confucius learnt and adopted the creed of Martin Luther, and armed with that faith re-entered the consultations of the Triad.

A profitable mystery enveloped the leader of the revolt. Tièn-té, its first reputed chieftain, was described as a young man of three-and twenty. His name is translated by our authors 'Celestial-Virtue,' but we perceive that it might also mean 'Heaven-and-Earth,' and would so bear a seeming reference to the tenets of Confucius. In stature tall, of mild but determined countenance, he was reserved and taciturn in demeanour, exposing himself rarely to public view, and never to the hazard of the battle-field. It would appear that he desired to acquire a certain sacred character, an inviolability of holiness. And it was a good device towards this end that he assumed to be guided solely by one intimate adviser, whose history was unknown. This mysterious councillor attended him wherever he went, but no one of his train knew who or what he was—whether his father, his master, or simply his confidential friend.

The birthplace of the insurrection was equally advantageous. The province of Kouang-si, lying to the north-west of Canton, is a wild and mountainous region, full of jagged peaks of fantastic shape, bare of all vegetation. The strange landscapes seen on Chinese screens and vases are said to be derived from these in-

hospitable hills. The jutting rocks assume the forms of gigantic animals; the chasms worn by mountain torrents are crossed by frail and frightful bridges; the whole scene appears the capricious handiwork of some genie of eastern fable. Poverty often accompanies beauty in nature as in life, and the Kouang-si is miserably poor. An army of disaffected partisans might be easily raised among its barren hills, while its defiles and ravines afforded so many fortresses in case of a defeat. A miracle marked the first raising of the standard. The chiefs desired to celebrate the day by erecting a monument. In digging for its foundation the workmen came upon a stratum of singular and very heavy pebbles. These proved to be lumps of argentiferous lead of surprising richness. And by their means the young Pretender at once paid his soldiers their hire, and attached them to his enterprise by faith.

But more than this, the wild province was the abode of as wild a race. The Miao-tze are natives of a mountain chain which rises in the far north of the neighbouring Kouang-Toung, and stretches away to the centre of the empire. They dwell in secluded spots, in communities never exceeding 2000 souls, entirely apart from the rest of men. Their houses are raised aloft on poles, in the manner of the Malays, and their domestic animals share their roof. Brave, proof to fatigue, and reckless of danger, they have never succumbed to the Tartar usurpers. They preserve the ancient national costume, wear their hair long, and repudiate all the customs of their neighbours. Chinese geographers leave their country a blank in their maps, and Chinese superstition invests the Miao-tze with fictitious terrors. By many they are believed to have tails like apes, and to resort to various barbarities for steeling their children against fatigue, and imbuing them with ferocity. They are the ogres of Chinese nurseries. Descending armed into the plains, they have not seldom carried ruin and desolation on their way, and have also shown no little address in beguiling their enemies. Thus, in 1832, one of their war parties bound torches to the horns of a herd of goats, and sent the poor animals scampering by night down a long defile to become the mark of the Chinese gunners, while they themselves, rushing down another, took the enemy unexpectedly in the rear, and completely annihilated them. During the present contest the imperial troops on one occasion attempted to imitate this stratagem, substituting buffaloes for goats; but they so completely mismanaged the manœuvre, that the lights employed betrayed their own position, and simply served to direct the aim of their enemies.

It was, then, in the neighbourhood of this warlike race that the insurgents first set up their flag in the early part of 1850. Town after town fell rapidly into their hands. Their tactics consisted in feigning flight, and thereby drawing their enemies into an ambuscade, where they slaughtered them without mercy. The alarm spread far and wide. Siu, the viceroy of the province, betook himself to Pekin for advice. The advance of the rebels became bolder in his absence. The Emperor summoned old Lin, the celebrated commissioner of the opium war, to check their progress. They encountered the appointment with this remarkable proclamation:—

The Mantchous, who, for two centuries, have been the hereditary occupants of the throne of China, were originally members of a small foreign tribe. With the aid of a powerful army, they took possession of our treasure, our lands, and the government of our country, proving that superior strength is all that is required for the usurpation of an empire. There is, therefore, no difference between us, who levy contributions on the villages we have taken, and the officials sent from Pekin to collect the taxes. Taking and keeping are both fair alike. Why then, without any motive, are troops marched against us? This appears to us very unjust. How! Have the Mantchous, who are foreigners, a right to collect the revenues of eighteen provinces, and to appoint the officers who oppress the people; while we, who are Chinese, are forbidden to take a little money from the public stock? Universal sovereignty does not belong to any individual to the exclusion of all the rest, and no one ever saw a dynasty which could count a hundred generations of Emperors. Possession—and possession only, gives a right to govern.

The austere precision of this document is worthy of Tacitus. The frank assertion of parity between the rebel and the usurper, the attribution of title to possession alone, coupled with the protest against prescription—taking and keeping are both alike—show a clearness both of sight and aim, which may well carry their owner to his mark. This proclamation was the last act of the insurgents in 1850. The opening of the new year was signalized by a still bolder step. The long tail hanging from the crown, inseparable in our fancy from the idea of a Chinaman, is in fact a badge of servitude, imposed by the Mantchou conquerors. The same force had compelled the adoption of the Tartar tunic in place of the open-breasted jacket worn under the Mings. To cut off the tail was to commit high treason, to throw away the scabbard. But to this extreme the rebels now resorted, and not without sound policy, for the tailless were irretrievably committed to the cause, and better than be captured might perish in the field.

The proceedings of the imperialists were little calculated to gain the sympathy of the people. Was a town taken by the insurgents, abandoned, and then re-occupied by the 'Tigers,' as the Tartar soldiers are called, the exactions of the latter were generally greater than those of the former. Vainly might the distant court degrade governor after governor for bad fortune. Vainly might it give a command to the ferocious Tchang-tièn-tsio, the lip-slitter of opium eaters. Nothing checked the progress of the rebels. Soon it was known that their chief openly pretended to the throne of the Mings; he was dressed in the imperial yellow; his portraits were distributed among the people, arrayed in the ancient costume; but he himself was still veiled in an atmosphere of mystery; rumours began to circulate that he was really a descendant of the Mings; and it was added that his course was everywhere marked by the overthrow of pagodas and idols, and that he was in fact a Christian.

Siu, the old governor of the Kouang-Si, was at this time at Canton, raising supplies for the imperial forces. Among his other measures directed against the rebels, one was eminently Chinese. He ordered that no candidate from the insurgent districts should be admitted to the literary examinations, thus punishing the people in the persons of their most intelligent men. Nor was this a light punishment. Literature, we have already remarked, is a profession in China. It is always open to the humblest of her sons, and it may conduct an aspirant, much more certainly than in our own country, to the very highest dignities of the State. Success in examinations of continually increasing severity tests the qualifications of the candidates. The ordinance published by Siu closed this avenue to preferment to all concerned in the insurrection. Still literature turned against him. An insulting placard stared him in the face when on the point of quitting the city to march against the rebels. He was smarting under the affront, huddled up in a corner of his palanquin, when he reached the street 'Kind-Affection,' the Fauxbourg St. Germain of Canton, and suddenly ordered the porters to stop.

They were before the house of one of those poor artists who make large images of household gods, and paint family pictures. This man had displayed against the outer walls of his residence some of his most remarkable works; and, strange to say, in the midst of smiling deities, offended genii, and pictures of footless women, who seemed to fly about like birds in the fluttering folds of their light raiment, appeared the figure of a decapitated mandarin; the dignity of the person being indicated by the characters on his breast-piece. The body was on its knees, and the head, separated from the trunk, was lying near a felt cap, decorated with the ball of honour. It was this horrible painting which had called forth the wrath of the viceroy.

'Let the author of this painting be brought before me,' he exclaimed.

At these words a poor miserable painter came out of his shop, trembling, and fell on his knees before Siu's chair.

'Why did you set up this figure in my path?' cried the mandarin, in an angry voice.

'Only to dry it, my lord,' replied the artist.

'Was it not rather to put an evil omen in my path?' asked the Viceroy, enraged.

'How could I, your excellency's

humble slave, be guilty of such a crime?' cried the painter, with his face in the dust.

'Why, then, did you paint this abominable picture?'

'Alas! my lord, because it was ordered. I gain my living by my work.'

'Good! To teach you not to get your living by daubing horrible subjects of this sort, you shall have twenty strokes of the bamboo,' said the Viceroy, turning towards the officers of his suite.

The porters again set themselves in motion, while the poor painter was seized and taken to the city gaol, where the Viceroy's sentence was executed. It was with these two events fresh in his mind that our mandarin set off for the war.

We cannot follow him through his campaign, which was as unsuccessful as usual, although in support of his arms he resorted to the insidious aid of bribery. In the month of July an attempt was made, at Pekin, to stab the Emperor, as he was walking in the superb gardens of his palace. A chamberlain caught the arm of the assassin, and saved the life of the 'Son of Heaven.' Eighteen mandarins, with every member of their families, lost their heads to expiate the crime. The rebels regarded it as a favourable omen, and proceeded to assume another imperial prerogative, by an issue of coin stamped with the name of the Pretender. Success still waited on their arms. They had not, indeed, yet taken Kouei-Lin, the capital of the province, but many cities of note, and an immense amount of booty, had fallen into their hands. Occasionally they committed frightful massacres, but more generally contented themselves with executing or mutilating officers who refused to acknowledge their leader, Tièn-té, while they uniformly spared the people. Not so the imperial troops, whose cowardice before the enemy and cruelty to the populace occasioned the latter to exclaim, 'You are mice to the rebels and *tigers* to us.' Meantime the emperor, having recovered from his late shock, busied himself in writing a poem in celebration of a Tartar general who, in the mendacious gazette of Pekin, had been represented as victorious.

In the course of 1851, more than 700 executions took place at Canton. Every day some unhappy wretch, shut up in a bamboo cage, or shackled like a wild beast, was brought from the insurgent districts, to lose his head in the dismal street known to Europeans as the 'Potter's Field,' but to the Chinese as the 'Quay of the Thousand Characters.' An eye-witness describes the slaughter of one gang of fifty-three:—

In a short time the roll of the tam-tam announced to us the arrival of the whole procession. Mandarins of every degree, with the red, white, blue, or yellow ball, riding on horseback, or carried in palanquins, and followed by an escort of musicians, sbirri, and standard-bearers, alighted at a short distance from the place of execution. Contrary to their ceremonious habits, they arranged themselves in the dismal enclosure.

Then arrived the criminals. They were fifty-three in number, each shut up in a basket, with his hands tied behind his back, his legs chained, and a board inscribed with his sentence hanging from his neck.

* * * * * *

Many of these unfortunate persons were very young: some were not sixteen years of age; while others had gray hair. Scarcely were they thrown on the ground pell mell, when they were compelled to kneel; but the greater part of them were so debilitated from suffering, that they could not keep in this position, and rolled in the mud. An executioner's assistant then picked them up, and arranged them all in a row; while three executioners placed themselves behind them and waited the fatal moment. You doubtless recollect those horrible figures whom we have often seen together in the *cortége* of the criminal judge of Canton—those figures dressed in a red blouse, and wearing a copper crown, adorned above the ears with two long pheasant's feathers. Well! these were the executioners who now waited the signal with a rude and heavy cutlass in their hands. These enormous weapons are about two feet long, and the back of the blade is two inches thick: altogether it is a cumbrous instrument, shaped like a Chinese razor, with a rude handle of wood.

A mandarin who closed the *cortége* then entered the enclosure. He was adorned with the white ball, and held in his hand a board, inscribed with the order for execution. As soon as this man appeared the frightful work began. The executioner's assistants, each clothed in a long black robe, and wearing a sort

of head-dress of iron wicker-work, seized the criminals behind, and passing their arms under the shoulders of their victims, gave them a swinging movement, which made them stretch out their necks. The executioner, who was now in front, holding his sword in both hands, threw all his strength into the weapon, and divided the cervical vertebræ with incredible rapidity, severing the head from the body at a single blow. The executioner never had to strike twice; for even if the flesh was not completely cut through, the weight was sufficient to tear it, and the head rolled on the ground. An assistant then levelled the victim with a kick, for the corpse would otherwise have remained in a kneeling position. After three or four decapitations, the executioner changed his weapon; the edge of the blade seeming completely turned. The execution of these fifty-three wretches only lasted some minutes.

These severities wholly failed in arresting the progress of the insurrection. Before the end of 1852, the islands of Hai-Nan and Formosa, important as nurseries of soldiers, were completely revolutionised, and the insurgents had possessed themselves of several important towns in the central provinces of the empire. But a new characteristic was now becoming apparent, both in the proclamations of the chief, Tièn-té, and in the outbreaks of the revolt. At first, the rebels had marched from post to post, abandoning each as soon as it was conquered, pushing continually straight forward for the capital, and holding themselves out as commanded by one man. But now they begin to retain a longer hold of their new possessions; separate revolts are directed by independent chiefs, of whom the most remarkable is Tai-ping-wang, 'King-grand-pacificator;' and the rebel proclamations point to the establishment of a *federal* empire as the great aim of the insurrection. Such a constitution, we may observe, would partly accord with ancient precedent, China having been governed on a sort of feudal system, not unlike the clanship of the Highlands, until about the Christian era, when it fell under the strong hand of a Chinese Louis XI. The authors of the present revolt appear to have foreseen that so vast a territory could never be formed into a single sovereignty by revolution, and to have premeditated as the result of success its division into separate royalties, owing more or less allegiance to a central head. They thus tempted the ambition of independent adventurers, and postponed all internal jealousies, at least until after the prize should have been won. And in the secret societies which we have already described, the machinery of organization was ready to their hand.

The rebel chieftains sometimes attest their fidelity by ceremonies, of which we can hardly say whether they are more revolting or grotesque. Thus, two of them preparing for the conquest of Formosa,

> Made between them the oath of blood —that is to say, they swore to live and die together, fighting for the same cause; and for this purpose, putting off the Tartar dress, and putting on the austere costume of the time of the Mings, they went to a desert place on the sea-shore, where, in the presence of some friends, the elder of the two opened a vein in the hand of the younger, and received in a cup the blood which flowed from the wound. He then handed over the sharp instrument to his friend, who performed a similar service in return. After this operation the blood of the two friends was mixed with a small quantity of water, and the whole was poured into one of those metal cups which are used at marriage ceremonies. Houng and Ki then drank the sanguinary mixture alternately till the last drop was gone. From this moment the blood was supposed to flow in their veins, and they were bound by a tie which they could not break without infamy.

While the conquests of the rebels were thus extending over the empire, we obtain a singular glimpse of their mythic leader. Tièn-té had established himself on a mountain not far from Kouéi-Lin, and Siu, the governor, took advantage of his proximity to send him an embassy to treat for peace. Our authors present us with a translation of the ambassadors' report of their interview. They were received by a dozen officers dressed in the fashion of the Mings, ushered through a number of gates, and before entering the presence of the Pretender were compelled themselves to adopt the ancient costume. It is not said, however, that they lost their tails.

Tièn-té received them courteously, and listened attentively to their arguments, but answered haughtily, that they entirely misunderstood him. Could a prince submit to his own subjects? He was the eleventh descendant of the Emperor Tsoung-tching, of the great dynasty of the Mings, and rightfully levied troops to recover the possessions of his ancestors. 'Masters,' he concluded, 'you are still subjects of the Chinese empire, and you perfectly understand the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius. Can you have entirely forgotten your lawful prince, and remain contentedly the subjects of foreigners?' Plainly it was hopeless to treat with a spirit like this. Siu hit upon a notable and thoroughly Chinese expedient to exhibit his zeal to the Emperor. He sent an obscure captive to Pekin, to personate the rebel leader, and to feign a confession. In this curious document, published in the *Pekin Gazette*, Tièn-té is made to ascribe his first revolt to resentment at being 'plucked' at the literary examinations, a misfortune which he also attributes to some of his associates. The confession then alludes to the religious notions of the insurgents, and appears to claim the alliance of the Christian Union, under the name of the 'Society of the Chang-ti' (Protestants). Mr. Oxenford seems to think this paper more authentic than the French authors consider it, both on the internal evidence it affords, and because Tièn-té is alleged to have actually disappeared about this time. But we would observe that the evidence in question was matter of notoriety, and that the personality of Tièn-té seems to have been always very questionable.

The 'Son of Heaven' was now beginning to feel serious alarm. The rebels, under the command of Tai-ping-wang, who here assumes a prominent place among their leaders, had advanced to the Yang-tse-Kiang, the great river that waters Nankin, and were rapidly subduing the cities along its banks. The Viceroy of the province of Kouéi-Tcheou, towards the south-west, reported that his country was filled with armed rebels. The same *Pekin Gazette* which contained this news stated also that a mandarin of Chan-Toung, in the north-east, the birth-place of Confucius, had been slain by insurgents. The symptoms of insurrection were terribly strong in all directions. In the midst of these disasters, the imperial treasury was exhausted, and the finance minister came wailing to his master over the roguery of the tax-gatherers. For the 'Son of Heaven' is the best robbed man in his dominions, — robbed by his own officials, robbed by his generals, robbed by his mandarins of every rank and colour. In the present crisis he sought money by a miserable sale of titles and dignities, as if a country was ever saved by prostituting its honours.

Still the rebels held their triumphant way down the mighty Yang-tse-kiang. The triple city which stands at its confluence with the Han, with its 5000 richly freighted junks, its multitude of pagodas, its myriad of wealthy merchants, its enormous population, this great city fell almost without a blow. 'The troubles of the South,' wrote the afflicted emperor in announcing the calamity, 'deprive us of sleep at night, and of all desire to eat.' The same decree which contained these lamentable words, deprived Siu of all his dignities, and the wretched general, unable to survive this second disgrace, was reported to have put an end to his life by poison. A ball of gold leaf, say the Chinese physiologists, being taken into the stomach, unfolds there of itself, and coats the whole interior with a film of the precious metal, causing death within a few hours. Such is the fashionable suicide of melancholy mandarins, and such was now said to be the termination of poor Siu's career. He lived, however, as we find afterwards, to die by the sword of the executioner.

Meantime levies of troops were ordered, for the purpose of being concentrated at Nankin, now visibly threatened by the rebels. But few volunteers or regulars responded to the call. At Chang-Hai (Shang-hae) for instance, out of a population of 100,000, only 200 mustered in the cause. A more signal mark could hardly be found of the decadence of the empire. At length the 'Son of Heaven,' in the extremity of his dis-

tress, determined on appealing to the magnanimity of the barbarians. Ou, the provincial governor, despatched a circular for the consuls of all Christian states, imploring that the war-steamers of each honourable nation might advance to the protection of Nankin. Honourable nation now, and no longer outer barbarian. We know by this time that the request was not granted, and that the foreign consuls preserved a strict neutrality. The date of this application was March 16, in the present year.

The king-grand-pacificator and his four brother chiefs, the kings of the North, South, East, and West, being now marching on Nankin, our authors pause to describe the organization of their army. Here again we find it stated that there are Protestants among their councillors. Another proclamation stirs the people to revolt; tracts are distributed in great numbers; patriotic hymns, of a semi-religious character, are very popular in the camp; and the Trimetrical Classic, a confession of faith, of which more hereafter, is everywhere widely circulated. And thus, passing triumphantly from town to town, with a formidable fleet and an army estimated at 50,000 men, the five kings arrived before Nankin.

Nankin, say our French authors, is the Paris of China, *par excellence* the city of pleasure and learning, or only rivalled by Sou-Tcheou-Fou on the great canal; and they linger fondly over its luxurious magnificence. We quote a description of two of its fair ladies.

At Canton, the mandarin Pan-setchèn had two doves of Nankin in his harem. They were about seventeen years of age, of slight and graceful figures, like that of a young girl of thirteen; their features were childishly delicate, and they resembled those dolls which the artists of our *journaux de modes* give as specimens of French ladies. Their long, black, silken eyelashes, which seemed drawn towards the temples, almost concealed their small sparkling black eyes, while their narrow mouth was like a line drawn with carmine. One had her feet compressed, the other wore hers in their natural state; and beautiful they were: with such feet as those one ought to walk without shoes, or put on slippers of glass! These young girls wore round their heads a narrow band of black satin, adorned with pearls, garnets, and emeralds. They were crowned with flowers of lan-hoa, which emitted a most penetrating odour; and their hair, which was completely surrounded with this fragrant garland, terminated in a top-knot. Their faces were as white as milk: in China ladies paint *white*, and these were so completely white-washed that they positively resembled the fantastic figures which cover those screens and fans in which appear a swarm of young flying girls—the voluptuous visions of the artists of the Kingdom of Flowers. The girls had been very carefully educated. They made verses, which they sang, and accompanied themselves on the *kin*, a sort of primitive lyre with eight silken strings, which vibrate softly on a long sounding board of ebony inlaid with ivory. This is the piano of the Celestial Empire; a modest instrument, differing widely from that noisy machine which is often so overpowering in our saloons at the touch of the most delicate fingers.

The 'Son of Heaven,' in his sore distress, now resorted to an expedient which, if it could not redeem his fortunes, might at least procure him some domestic consolation. He married, and raised the new empress to a share of his throne. To us there is something unusually strange in the mode of announcing his intention to the people. Its apologetic gravity, mixed with singular good sense, has a ludicrous effect, and several of the details are curious to our ears. Thus, with little omission, runs the imperial manifesto:—

The Emperor, by the will of heaven and the perpetual revolution of the world, says—

Absorbed day and night by the vast occupations belonging to the inheritance with which Heaven has entrusted me, through the medium of my pious ancestors, I have need of an assistant actuated by the same spirit as myself. Niu-loukou is a lady of honourable extraction, whose excellent disposition is highly esteemed within the precincts of the palace, where the natural goodness of her heart, and her exemplary character, are shown by the scrupulous exactness with which she performs her domestic duties. Following the examples of antiquity, she does not shrink from washing fine or even coarse linen with her own hands. Frugal and amiable, kind and gentle, she deserves to enjoy every kind of happiness. We therefore desire that she be clad in the Imperial costume,

and be at the head of the ladies of the six pavilions. In conformity with ancient usage, I shall respectfully communicate this event to Heaven, to earth, to the manes of my ancestors, and to the tutelary spirits of the territory and of the harvests, on the seventh of the first moon—the day on which she will be seated by us on the Imperial throne. Then, also, it will be officially registered in the archives of the empire, that the virtuous and worthy lady Niu-lou-kou, is constituted Empress. From that date she will reside in the palace of the Nenuphars, and will aid us in our administration in the perfumed precincts of her apartments.

We cannot, of course, tell of what avail the inspirations of the new empress might have proved, had they been earlier employed; but we know they came too late to save Nankin. That great city fell into the hands of the insurgents on the 19th of last March, and was still in their possession in May, when they also added the open port of Amoy to their conquests. Some frightful butchery attended their success. The 20,000 Mantchous, men, women, and children, who occupied the inner city, flung themselves on their faces without striking a blow, and submitted to be massacred like so many sheep. Out of the whole number it is thought not more than one hundred escaped. But some degree of order was soon established. The rebel generals were visited by English officials, and found to be favourable to European intercourse; and more precise, but still uncertain, intelligence of their designs was obtained. Sir George Bonham tells us that little mystery was made concerning the origin of the great pacificator; it was admitted he was a literary graduate of the Canton province, who, being disappointed in taking honours, had studied what the Chinese call 'strange doctrine,' that is, the missionary tracts; and who, beginning with a scanty band of followers, had advanced from conquest to conquest to the capture of Nankin. Our readers will observe that this account is at variance with the theory of separate insurrections advanced by the French authors.

We have already said that it is as yet premature to speculate on the results of the revolt. This is felt in every page of the present volume, which reads more like a *réchauffé* of newspaper intelligence, varying from day to day, than a retrospective history. The facts are too recent, and too vaguely known, for such a review to be satisfactory. We fear, however, that the first impressions respecting the character of the insurgents have been too favourable. One of their latest proclamations, and a striking document it is, runs as follows:—

The object of this proclamation is to call upon you all to expel the Mantchous at once, wherever they are found, and to await the establishment of our court at Nankin, where those who pass their examinations with credit will receive degrees proportionate to their merit. Let the barbarians of other countries remain at a distance for awhile, until, after the due submission of the empire, we publish a proclamation respecting commerce. As for the stupid priests of Buddha, and the jugglers of Tao-se, they must all be put down, and their temples and monasteries must be demolished, as well as those of all the other corrupt sects.

Let every one tremble and obey!

The hope of commercial relations held out by this manifesto, is somewhat dashed by the arrogance exhibited towards the barbarians, which shows that the old Chinese bigotry still influences the insurgents. And the same spirit is displayed in their address to Sir G. Bonham of the 1st of May, in which they assume that the distant English, here so-called, 'have not deemed myriads of miles too far to come, to acknowledge their sovereignty.' It is needless to say that Sir George repelled this assumption in the most express terms. Then again, while MM. Callery and Yvan are silent respecting the morals of the rebels, we know from other quarters that they have not abandoned polygamy, and that they have practised horrible atrocities not only upon the Buddhists, but also, it is said, upon Roman-Catholics.

We wish we could speak with more decided hopefulness of their religious tenets. That they are thorough iconoclasts there is no doubt; but it is not so easy to say what faith they would set up on the ruins of the idols. The introduction of the name of the Saviour of the world into Chinese polytheism is no novelty. Dr. Milne mentions it as oc-

curring, with more or less of Christian history, in a treatise on the subject some two centuries old. It is well known, also, that the Roman missionaries had long familiarized the Chinese people with the Mother of our Lord. The Trimetric Classic of the insurgents, so called because every line contains three words, the authenticity of which is stated to be indisputable, claims an equal origin for the leader of the revolt. After a rapid abstract of the Old and New Testaments, and as brief an account of the growth of idolatry in China, this singular confession thus proceeds:—

God is therefore displeased,
And has sent his Son
With orders to come down into the world,
Having first studied the classics.
In the Ting-yew year (1837)
He was received up into heaven,
Where the affairs of heaven
Were clearly pointed out to him.
The great God
Personally instructed him,
Gave him codes and documents,
And communicated to him the true doctrine.
God also gave him a seal,
And conferred upon him a sword,
Connected with authority,
And majesty irresistible.
He bade him, together with his elder brother,
Namely Jesus,
To drive away impish fiends,
With the co-operation of angels.

Other details follow, more extraordinary, and to the Christian sense more revolting. In fact, the place assigned in this confession to the Founder of our faith is scarcely equal to that conceded by the prophet of Islam. And Mr. Oxenford remarks with great truth, that it gives no reason to suppose 'the insurgents are otherwise than orthodox Confucians, with a superstructure of spurious Christianity.' Three religious systems have divided China. That of Confucius was simply a material pantheism, without temples or priesthood, setting great store by human virtue and wisdom, but ignoring alike a Providence and a future state, under which, popularly, the visible heaven became the chief object of worship. The Taou sect, founded by Laou-tse six centuries before our era, deified pure reason, but surrounded her with a legion of demons and imps, to which evil influences the people made their prayers. Lastly, there was the spiritual pantheism of Buddha, degenerating into a very vulgar idolatry, but supported by a multitudinous priesthood, slothful and corrupt. Our extracts from the rebel proclamations have contained eulogies of Confucius and denunciations of the opposing sects. The Trimetric Classic gives a spiritual governor to the material universe, adopts the scriptural history of our race, and acknowledges an expiatory sacrifice and a judgment to come. In a despatch addressed to Sir G. Bonham, the insurgent rulers further admit that the English nation has preserved the truth, in worshipping the Father and the Son. But in the same document, as before in the Classic, they claim a divine origin for their sovereign chief. He is still the 'younger brother.' Even while we write, we receive news of their pretending to visits like those vouchsafed to the patriarchs of old. While, therefore, we gladly welcome their awakening from idolatry, we cannot but fear that the Chinese reformers are still far from Christianity.

Of the ultimate success of the insurrection there seems to be little doubt. Canton itself proclaims its sympathy with the new dynasty. In all the great cities hatred of the Tartars is openly displayed under the very eyes of the mandarins. The young men of fashion join the opposition by cutting off their tails, and adopting the Ming costume. And the achievement of success seems to be almost assured by the confidence with which it is anticipated. 'It would be wrong for you to help them,' said the rebel chiefs, in speaking to Mr. Meadows of the Mantchous; 'and what is more, it would be of no use. Our heavenly Father helps us, and no one can fight with him.'